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A ROMAN SINGER.

III.

Now I ought to tell you that many things in this story were only told me quite lately, for at first I would not help Nino at all, thinking it was but a foolish fancy of his boy's heart and would soon pass. I have tried to gather and to order all the different incidents into one harmonious whole, so that you can follow the story; and you must not wonder that I can describe some things that I did not see, and that I know how some of the people felt; for Nino and I have talked over the whole matter very often, and the baroness came here and told me her share, though I wonder how she could talk so plainly of what must have given her so much pain. But it was very kind of her to come; and she sat over there in the old green arm-chair, by the glass case that has the artificial flowers under it, and the sugar lamb that the padre curato gave Nino when he made his first communion at Easter. However, it is not time to speak of the baroness yet, but I cannot forget her.

Nino was very amusing when he began to love the young countess, and the very first morning — the day after we had been to St. Peter's — he went out at half-past six, though it was only just sunrise, for we were in October. I knew very well that he was going for

his extra lesson with De Pretis, but I had nothing to say about it, and I only recommended him to cover himself well, for the scirocco had passed and it was a bright morning, with a clear tramontana wind blowing fresh from the north. I can always tell when it is a tramontana wind, before I open my window, for Mariuccia makes such a clattering with the coffee-pot in the kitchen, and the goldfinch in the sitting-room sings very loud; which he never does if it is cloudy. Nino, then, went off to Maestro Ercole's house for his singing, and this is what happened there.

De Pretis knew perfectly well that Nino had only asked for the extra lesson in order to get a chance of talking about the Contessina di Lira, and so, to tease him, as soon as he appeared the maestro made a great bustle about singing scales, and insisted upon beginning at once. Moreover, he pretended to be in a bad humor; and that is always pretense with him.

"Ah, my little tenor," he began; "you want a lesson at seven in the morning, do you? That is the time when all the washerwomen sing at the fountain! Well, you shall have a lesson, and by the body of Bacchus it shall be a real lesson! Now, then! Andiamo — Do-o-o!" and he roared out a great note that made the room shake, and a man who was selling cabbage in the

street stopped his hand-cart and mimicked him for five minutes.

"But I am out of breath, maestro," protested Nino, who wanted to talk.

"Out of breath? A singer is never out of breath. Absurd! What would you do if you got out of breath, say, in the last act of *Lucia*, so — *Bell' alma ado* — Then your breath ends, eh? Will you stay with the 'adored soul' between your teeth? A fine singer you will make! *Andiamo! Do-o-o!*"

Nino saw he must begin, and he set up a shout, much against his will, so that the cabbage vender chimed in, making so much noise that the old woman who lives opposite opened her window and emptied a great dustpan full of potato peelings and refuse leaves of lettuce right on his head. And then there was a great noise. But the maestro paid no attention, and went on with the scale, hardly giving Nino time to breathe. Nino, who stood behind De Pretis while he sang, saw the copy of Bordogni's *soffeggi* lying on a chair, and managed to slip it under a pile of music near by, singing so lustily all the while, that the maestro never looked round.

When he got to the end of the scale, Ercole began hunting for the music, and as he could not find it, Nino asked him questions.

"Can she sing, — this *contessina* of yours, maestro?" De Pretis was overturning everything in his search.

"An apoplexy on those *soffeggi* and on the man who made them!" he cried. "Sing, did you say? Yes, a great deal better than you ever will. Why can you not look for your music, instead of chattering?" Nino began to look where he knew it was not.

"By the bye, do you give her lessons every day?" asked the boy.

"Every day? Am I crazy, to ruin people's voices like that?"

"Caro maestro, what is the matter with you, this morning? You have forgotten to say your prayers!"

"You are a donkey, Nino; here he is, this blessed Bordogni, — now come."

"*Sor Ercole mio*," said Nino in despair, "I must really know something about this angel, before I sing at all." Ercole sat down on the piano stool, and puffed up his cheeks, and heaved a tremendous sigh, to show how utterly bored he was by his pupil. Then he took a large pinch of snuff, and sighed again.

"What demon have you got into your head?" he asked, at length.

"What angel, you mean," answered Nino, delighted at having forced the maestro to a parley. "I am in love with her — crazy about her," he cried, running his fingers through his curly hair, "and you must help me to see her. You can easily take me to her house to sing duets, as part of her lesson. I tell you I have not slept a wink all night for thinking of her, and unless I see her, I shall never sleep again as long as I live. Ah!" he cried, putting his hands on Ercole's shoulders, "you do not know what it is to be in love! How everything one touches is fire, and the sky is like lead, and one minute you are cold and one minute you are hot, and you may turn and turn on your pillow all night, and never sleep, and you want to curse everybody you see, or to embrace them, it makes no difference — anything to express the" —

"Devil! and may he carry you off!" interrupted Ercole, laughing. But his manner changed. "Poor fellow," he said presently, "it appears to me you are in love."

"It appears to you, does it? 'Appears' — a beautiful word, in faith. I can tell you it appears to me so, too. Ah! it 'appears' to you — very good indeed!" And Nino waxed wroth.

"I will give you some advice, Ninetto mio. Do not fall in love with any one. It always ends badly."

"You come late with your counsel, *Sor Ercole*. In truth, a very good piece of advice, when a man is fifty, and mar-

ried, and wears a skull-cap. When I wear a skull-cap and take snuff, I will follow your instructions." He walked up and down the room, grinding his teeth and clapping his hands together. Ercole rose and stopped him.

"Let us talk seriously," he said.

"With all my heart; as seriously as you please."

"You have only seen this signorina once."

"Once!" cried Nino, — "as if once were not" —

"Diavolo! let me speak. You have only seen her once. She is noble, an heiress, a great lady — worse than all, a foreigner; as beautiful as a statue, if you please, but twice as cold. She has a father who knows the proprieties, a piece of iron, I tell you, who would kill you just as he would drink a glass of wine, with the greatest indifference, if he suspected you lifted your eyes to his daughter."

"I do not believe your calumnies," said Nino, still hotly. "She is not cold, and if I can see her she will listen to me. I am sure of it."

"We will speak of that by and by. You — what are you? Nothing but a singer, who has not even appeared before the public, without a baiocco in the world, or anything else but your voice. You are not even handsome."

"What difference does that make to a woman of heart?" retorted Nino angrily. "Let me only speak to her" —

"A thousand devils!" exclaimed De Pretis, impatiently; "what good will you do by speaking to her? Are you Dante, or Petrarca, or a preacher — what are you? Do you think you can have a great lady's hand for the asking? Do you flatter yourself that you are so eloquent that nobody can withstand you?"

"Yes," said Nino boldly. "If I could only speak to her" —

"Then, in heaven's name, go and speak to her. Get a new hat and a

pair of lavender gloves, and walk about the Villa Borghese until you meet her, and then throw yourself on your knees and kiss her feet, and the dust from her shoes; and say you are dying for her, and will she be good enough to walk as far as Santa Maria del Popolo and be married to you! That is all; you see it is nothing you ask — a mere politeness on her part — oh, nothing, nothing." And De Pretis rubbed his hands and smiled, and seeing that Nino did not answer, he blew his nose with his great blue cotton handkerchief.

"You have no heart at all, maestro," said Nino at last. "Let us sing."

They worked hard at Bordogni for half an hour, and Nino did not open his mouth except to produce the notes. But as his blood was up from the preceding interview he took great pains, and Ercole, who makes him sing all the solfeggi he can from a sense of duty, himself wearied of the ridiculous old-fashioned runs and intervals.

"Bene," he said; "let us sing a piece now, and then you will have done enough." He put an opera on the piano, and Nino lifted up his voice and sang, only too glad to give his heart passage to his lips. Ercole screwed up his eyes with a queer smile he has when he is pleased.

"Capperi!" he ejaculated, when Nino had done.

"What has happened?" asked the latter.

"I cannot tell you what has happened," said Ercole, "but I will tell you that you had better always sing like that, and you will be applauded. Why have you never sung that piece in that way before?"

"I do not know. Perhaps it is because I am unhappy."

"Very well, never dare to be happy again, if you mean to succeed. You can make a statue shed tears if you please." Ercole took a pinch of snuff, and turned round to look out of the window. Nino

leaned on the piano, drumming with his fingers and looking at the back of the maestro's head. The first rays of the sun just fell into the room and gilded the red brick floor.

"Then instead of buying lavender kid gloves," said Nino at last, his face relaxing a little, "and going to the Villa Borghese, you advise me to borrow a guitar and sing to my statue? Is that it?"

"Che Diana! I did not say that!" said Ercole, still facing the window and finishing his pinch of snuff with a certain satisfaction. "But if you want the guitar, take it,—there it lies. I will not answer for what you do with it." His voice sounded kindly, for he was so much pleased. Then he made Nino sing again, a little love song of Tosti, who writes for the heart and sings so much better without a voice than all your stage tenors put together. And the maestro looked long at Nino when he had done, but he did not say anything. Nino put on his hat, gloomily enough, and prepared to go.

"I will take the guitar, if you will lend it to me," he said.

"Yes, if you like, and I will give you a handkerchief to wrap it up with," said De Pretis, absently, but he did not get up from his seat. He was watching Nino, and he seemed to be thinking. Just as the boy was going with the instrument under his arm, he called him back.

"Ebbene?" said Nino, with his hand on the lock of the door.

"I will make you a song to sing to your guitar," said Ercole.

"You?"

"Yes — but without music. Look here, Nino — sit down. What a hurry you are in. I was young myself, once upon a time."

"Once upon a time! Fairy stories — once upon a time there was a king, and so on." Nino was not to be easily pacified.

"Well, perhaps it is a fairy tale, but it is in the future. I have an idea."

"Oh, is that all? But it is perhaps the first time. I understand."

"Listen. Have you read Dante?"

"I know the Vita Nuova by heart, and some of the Commedia. But how the diavolo does Dante enter into this question?"

"And Silvio Pellico, and a little literature?" continued Ercole, not heeding the comment.

"Yes, after a fashion. And you? Do you know them?"

"Che c'entro io?" cried Ercole impatiently; "what do I want to know such things for? But I have heard of them."

"I congratulate you," replied Nino ironically.

"Have patience. You are no longer an artist. You are a professor of literature."

"I — a professor of literature? What nonsense are you talking?"

"You are a great stupid donkey, Nino. Supposing I obtain for you an engagement to read literature with the Contessina di Lira, will you not be a professor? If you prefer singing" — But Nino comprehended in a flash the whole scope of the proposal, and threw his arms round Ercole's neck and embraced him.

"What a mind! Oh, maestro mio, I will die for you! Command me, and I will do anything for you; I will run errands for you, black your boots, anything" — he cried in the ecstasy of delight that overmastered him.

"Piano, piano," objected the maestro, disengaging himself from his pupil's embrace. "It is not done yet. There is much, much to think of first." Nino retreated, a little disconcerted at not finding his enthusiasm returned, but radiant still.

"Calm yourself," said Ercole, smiling. "If you do this thing, you must act a part. You must manage to con-

ceal your occupation entirely. You must look as solemn as an undertaker and be a real professor. They will ultimately find you out, and throw you out of the window, and dismiss me for recommending you. But that is nothing."

"No," said Nino, "that is of no importance." And he ran his fingers through his hair, and looked delighted.

"You shall know all about it this evening, or to-morrow" —

"This evening, *Sor Ercole*, this evening, or I shall die. Stay, let me go to the house with you, when you give your lesson and wait for you at the door."

"Pumpkin-head! I will have nothing to do with you," said De Pretis.

"Ah, I will be as quiet as you please. I will be like a lamb, and wait until this evening."

"If you will really be quiet, I will do what you wish. Come to me this evening, about the *Ave Maria* — or a little earlier. Yes, come at twenty-three hours." In October that is about five o'clock, by French time.

"And I may take the guitar?" said Nino, as he rose to go.

"With all my heart. But do not spoil everything by singing to her, and betraying yourself."

So Nino thanked the maestro enthusiastically and went away, humming a tune, as he now and again struck the strings of the guitar that he carried under his arm, to be sure it was there.

Do not think that because De Pretis suddenly changed his mind, and even proposed to Nino a plan for making the acquaintance of the young countess, he is a man to veer about like a weathercock, nor yet a bad man, willing to help a boy to do mischief. That is not at all like *Ereole de Pretis*. He has since told me he was much astonished at the way Nino sang the love song at his lesson; and he was instantly convinced that in order to be a great artist Nino must be in love always. Besides, the

maestro is as liberal in his views of life as he is conservative in his ideas about government. Nino is everything the most strait-laced father could wish him to be, and as he was then within a few months of making his first appearance on the stage, De Pretis, who understands those things, could very well foresee the success he has had. Now De Pretis is essentially a man of the people, and I am not; therefore he saw no objection in the way of a match between a great singer and a noble damigella. But had I known what was going on, I would have stopped the whole affair at that point, for I am not so weak as Mariuccia seems to think. I do not mean that now everything is settled I would wish it undone. Heaven forbid! But I would have stopped it then, for it is a most incongruous thing, a peasant boy making love to a countess.

Nino, however, has one great fault, and that is his reticence. It is true, he never does anything he would not like me, or all the world, to know. But I would like to know, all the same. It is a habit I have fallen into, from having to watch that old woman, for fear she should be too extravagant. All that time he never said anything, and I supposed he had forgotten all about the *contessina*, for I did not chance to see De Pretis; and when I did, he talked of nothing but Nino's *début* and the arrangements that were to be made. So that I knew nothing about it, though I was pleased to see him reading so much. He took a sudden fancy for literature, and read when he was not singing, and even made me borrow Ambrosoli, in several volumes, from a friend. He read every word of it, and talked very intelligently about it, too. I never thought there was any reason.

But De Pretis thinks differently. He believes that a man may be the son of a *ciociaro* — a fellow who ties his legs up in rags and thongs, and lives on goats' milk in the mountains — and that if he

has brains enough, or talent enough, he may marry any woman he likes without ever thinking whether she is noble or not. De Pretis must be old-fashioned, for I am sure I do not think in that way, and I know a hundred times as much as he — a hundred times.

I suppose it must have been the very day when Nino had been to De Pretis in the morning, that he had instructions to go to the house of Count von Lira on the morrow; for I remember very well that Nino acted strangely in the evening, singing and making a noise for a few minutes, and then burying himself in a book. However that may be, it was very soon afterwards that he went to the Palazzo Carmandola, dressed in his best clothes, he tells me, in order to make a favorable impression on the count. The latter had spoken to De Pretis about the lessons in literature, to which he attached great importance, and the maestro had turned the idea to account for his pupil. But Nino did not expect to see the young contessa on this first day, or at least he did not hope he would be able to speak to her. And so it turned out.

The footman, who had a red waistcoat and opened the door with authority, as if ready to close it again on the smallest provocation, did not frighten Nino at all, though he eyed him suspiciously enough, and after ascertaining his business departed to announce him to the count. Meanwhile Nino, who was very much excited at the idea of being under the same roof with the object of his adoration, sat himself down on one of the carved chests that surrounded the hall. The green baize door at the other end swung noiselessly on its hinges, closing itself behind the servant, and the boy was left alone. He might well be frightened, if not at the imposing appearance of the footman, at least at the task he had undertaken. But a boy like Nino is afraid of nothing when he is in love, and he simply

looked about him, realizing that he was without doubt in the house of a gran' signore, and from time to time brushing a particle of dust from his clothes, or trying to smooth his curly black hair, which he had caused to be clipped a little for the occasion; a very needless expense, for he looks better with his hair long.

Before many moments the servant returned, and with some condescension said that the count awaited him. Nino would rather have faced the mayor, or the king himself, than Graf von Lira, though he was not at all frightened — he was only very much excited, and he strove to calm himself, as he was ushered through the apartments to the small sitting-room, where he was expected.

Graf von Lira, as I have already told you, is a foreigner of rank, who had been a Prussian colonel, and was wounded in the war of 1866. He is very tall, very thin, and very gray, with wooden features and a huge moustache that stands out like the beaks on the colonna rostrata. His eyes are small and very far apart, and fix themselves with terrible severity when he speaks, even if he is only saying "good-morning." His nails are very long and most carefully kept, and though he is so lame that he could not move a step without the help of his stick, he is still an upright and military figure. I remember well how he looked, for he came to see me under peculiar circumstances, many months after the time of which I am now speaking; and, besides, I had stood next to him for an hour in the chapel of the choir in St. Peter's.

He speaks Italian intelligibly, but with the strangest German constructions, and he rolls the letter *r* curiously in his throat. But he is an intelligent man for a soldier, though he thinks talent is a matter of education, and education a matter of drill. He is the most ceremonious man I ever saw; and Nino says he rose from his chair to meet him, and

would not sit down again until Nino was seated.

"The signore is the professor of Italian literature recommended to me by Signor De Pretis?" inquired the colonel in iron tones, as he scrutinized Nino.

"Yes, Signor Conte," was the answer.

"You are a singularly young man to be a professor." Nino trembled. "And how have you the education obtained in order the obligations and not-to-be-avoided responsibilities of this worthy-of-all honor career to meet?"

"I went to school here, Signor Conte, and the Professor Grandi, in whose house I always have lived, has taught me everything else I know."

"What do you know?" inquired the count, so suddenly that Nino was taken off his guard. He did not know what to answer. The count looked very stern and pulled his moustaches. "You have not here come," he continued, seeing that Nino made no answer, "without knowing something. Evident is it, that, although a man young be, if he nothing knows, he cannot a professor be."

"You speak justly, Signor Conte," Nino answered at last, "and I do know some things. I know the *Commedia* of Alighieri, and Petrarca, and I have read the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, with Professor Grandi, and I can repeat all of the *Vita Nuova* by heart, and some of the" —

"For the present that is enough," said the count. "If you nothing better to do have, will you so kind be as to begin?"

"Begin?" — said Nino, not understanding.

"Yes, signore; it would unsuitable be if I my daughter to the hands of a man committed unacquainted with the matter he to teach her proposes. I desire to be satisfied that you all these things really know."

"Do I understand, Signor Conte, that you wish me to repeat to you some of the things I know by heart?"

"You have me understood," said the count severely. "I have all the books bought, of which you speak. You will repeat, and I will in the book follow. Then shall we know each other much better."

Nino was not a little astonished at this mode of procedure, and wondered how far his memory would serve him in such an unexpected examination.

"It will take a long time to ascertain in this way" — he began.

"This," said the count coldly, as he opened a volume of Dante, "is the celestial play by Signor Alighieri. If you anything know, you will it repeat."

Nino resigned himself and began repeating the first canto of the *Inferno*. When he had finished it he paused.

"Forwards," said the count, without any change of manner.

"More?" inquired Nino.

"March!" said the old gentleman in military tone, and the boy went on with the second canto.

"Apparently know you the beginning." The count opened the book at random in another place. "The thirtieth canto of *Purgatory*. You will now it repeat."

"Ah!" cried Nino, "that is where Dante meets Beatrice."

"My hitherto not-by-any-means-extensive, but always from-the-conscience-undertaken reading, reaches not so far. You will it repeat. So shall we know." Nino, passed his hand inside his collar as though to free his throat, and began again, losing all consciousness of his tormentor in his own enjoyment of the verse.

"When was the Signore Alighieri born?" inquired Graf von Lira, very suddenly, as though to catch him.

"May, 1265, in Florence," answered the other as quickly.

"I said when, not where. I know he was in Florence born. When *and* where died he?" The question was asked fiercely.

"Fourteenth of September, 1321, at Ravenna."

"I think really you something of *Signore Alighieri* know," said the count, and shut up the volume of the poet, and the dictionary of dates he had been obliged to consult to verify Nino's answers. "We will proceed."

Nino is fortunately one of those people whose faculties serve them best at their utmost need, and during the three hours — three blessed hours, — that Graf von Lira kept him under his eye, asking questions and forcing him to repeat all manner of things, he acquitted himself fairly well.

"I have now myself satisfied that you something know," said the count, in his snappish military fashion, and he shut the last book, and never from that day referred in any manner to Nino's extent of knowledge, taking it for granted that he had made an exhaustive investigation. "And now," he continued, "I desire you to engage for the reading of literature with my daughter, upon the usual terms." Nino was so much pleased that he almost lost his self-control, but a moment restored his reflection.

"I am honored" — he began.

"You are not honored at all," interrupted the count coldly. "What are the usual terms?"

"Three or four francs a lesson" — suggested Nino.

"Three or four francs are not the usual terms. I have inquiries made. Five francs are the usual terms. Three times in the week, at eleven. You will on the morrow begin. Allow me to offer you some cigars." And he ended the interview.

IV.

In a sunny room overlooking the great courtyard of the Palazzo Carmandola, Nino sat down to give Hedwig von Lira her first lesson in Italian literature. He had not the remotest idea

what the lesson would be like, for in spite of the tolerably wide acquaintance with the subject which he owed to my care and my efforts to make a scholar of him, he knew nothing about teaching. Nevertheless, as his pupil spoke the language fluently, though with the occasional use of words of low origin, like all foreigners who have grown up in Rome and have learned to speak from their servants, he anticipated little difficulty. He felt quite sure of being able to interpret the hard places, and he had learnt from me to know the best and finest passages in a number of authors.

But imagine the feelings of a boy of twenty, perfectly in love, without having the smallest right to be, suddenly placed by the side of the object of his adoration, and told to teach her all he knows — with her father in the next room and the door open between! I have always thought it was a proof of Nino's determined character, that he should have got over this first lesson without accident.

Hedwig von Lira, the contessina, as we always call her, is just Nino's age, but she seemed much younger, as the children of the North always do. I have told you what she was like to look at, and you will not wonder that I called her a statue. She looked as cold as a statue, just as I said, and so I should hardly describe her as beautiful. But then I am not a sculptor, nor do I know anything about those arts, though I can tell a good work when I see it. I do not wish to appear prejudiced, and so I will not say anything more about it. I like life in living things, and sculptors may, if it please them, adore straight noses, and level brows, and mouths that no one could possibly eat with. I do not care in the least, and if you say that I once thought differently, I answer that I do not wish to change your opinion, but that I will change my own as often as I please. Moreover, if you say that the contessina did not act like a statue

in the sequel, I will argue that if you put marble in the fire it will take longer to heat and longer to cool than clay; only clay is made to be put into the fire, and marble is not. Is not that a cunning answer?

The contessina is a foreigner in every way, although she was born under our sun. They have all sorts of talents, these people, but so little ingenuity in using them that they never accomplish anything. It seems to amuse them to learn to do a great many things, although they must know from the beginning that they can never excel in any one of them. I dare say the contessina plays on the piano very creditably, for even Nino says she plays well; but is it of any use to her?

Nino very soon found out that she meant to read literature very seriously, and, what is more, she meant to read it in her own way. She was as different from her father as possible in everything else, but in a despotic determination to do exactly as she liked, she resembled him. Nino was glad that he was not called upon to use his own judgment, and there he sat, content to look at her, twisting his hands together below the table to concentrate his attention, and master himself; and he read just what she told him to read, expounding the words and phrases she could not understand. I dare say that with his hair well brushed, and his best coat, and his eyes on the book, he looked as proper as you please. But if the high-born young lady had returned the glances he could not refrain from bending upon her now and then, she would have seen a lover, if she could see at all.

She did not see. The haughty Prussian damsel hardly noticed the man, for she was absorbed by the professor. Her small ears were all attention, and her slender fingers made notes with a common pencil, so that Nino wondered at the contrast between the dazzling white hand and the smooth, black, varnished

instrument of writing. He took no account of time that day, and was startled by the sound of the midday gun and the angry clashing of the bells. The contessina looked up suddenly and met his eyes, but it was the boy that blushed.

"Would you mind finishing the canto?" she asked. "There are only ten lines more" — Mind! Nino flushed with pleasure.

"Anzi — by all means," he cried. "My time is yours, signorina."

When they had done, he rose, and his face was sad and pale again. He hated to go, but he was only a teacher, and at his first lesson, too. She also rose, and waited for him to leave the room. He could not hold his tongue.

"Signorina" — he stammered, and checked himself. She looked at him, to listen, but his heart smote him when he had thus arrested her attention. What could he say, as he stood bowing? It was sufficiently stupid, what he said.

"I shall have the honor of returning to-morrow — the day after to-morrow, I would say."

"Yes," said she, "I believe that is the arrangement. Good-morning, Signor Professore." The title of professor rang strangely in his ear. Was there the slightest tinge of irony in her voice? Was she laughing at his boyish looks? Ugh! the thought tingled. He bowed himself out.

That was the first lesson, and the second was like it, I suppose, and a great many others about which I knew nothing, for I was always occupied in the middle of the day, and did not ask where he went. It seemed to me that he was becoming a great dandy, but as he never asked me for any money from the day he learned to copy music, I never put any questions. He certainly had a new coat before Christmas, and gloves, and very nice boots, that made me smile when I thought of the day when he arrived, with only one shoe — and it had a hole in it as big as half his foot. But

now he grew to be so careful of his appearance that Mariuccia began to call him the "signorino." De Pretis said he was making great progress, and so I was contented, though I always thought it was a sacrifice for him to be a singer.

Of course, as he went three times a week to the Palazzo Carmandola, he began to be used to the society of the contessina. I never understood how he succeeded in keeping up the comedy of being a professor. A real Roman would have discovered him in a week. But foreigners are different. If they are satisfied, they pay their money and ask no questions. Besides, he studied all the time, saying that if he ever lost his voice he would turn man of letters — which sounded so prudent that I had nothing to say. Once, we were walking in the Corso, and the contessina with her father passed in the carriage. Nino raised his hat, but they did not see him, for there is always a crowd in the Corso.

"Tell me," he cried excitedly as they went by, "is it not true that she is beautiful?"

"A piece of marble, my son," said I, suspecting nothing; and I turned into a tobacconist's to buy a cigar.

One day — Nino says it was in November — the contessina began asking him questions about the Pantheon. It was in the middle of the lesson, and he wondered at her stopping to talk. But you may imagine whether he was glad or not to have an opportunity of speaking about something besides Dante.

"Yes, signorina," he answered, "Professor Grandi says it was built for public baths; but, of course, we all think it was a temple."

"Were you ever there at night?" asked she, indifferently, and the sun through the window so played with her golden hair, that Nino wondered how she could ever think of night at all.

"At night, signorina? No indeed! What should I go there at night to do,

in the dark! I was never there at night."

"I will go there at night," she said briefly.

"Ah — you would have it lit up with torches, as they do the Coliseum?"

"No. Is there no moon in Italy, professore?"

"The moon, there is. But there is such a little hole in the top of the Rotonda — that is our Roman name for the Pantheon — "that it would be very dark."

"Precisely," said she. "I will go there at night, and see the moon shining through the hole in the dome."

"Eh," cried Nino laughing, "you will see the moon better outside in the piazza. Why should you go inside, where you can see so little of it?"

"I will go," replied the contessina. "The Italians have no sense of the beautiful — the mysterious." Her eyes grew dreamy as she tried to call up the picture she had never seen.

"Perhaps," said Nino, humbly. "But," he added, suddenly brightening at the thought, "it is very easy, if you would like to go. I will arrange it. Will you allow me?"

"Yes, arrange it. Let us go on with our lesson."

I would like to tell you all about it; how Nino saw the sacristan of the Pantheon that evening, and ascertained from his little almanach — which has all kinds of wonderful astrological predictions, as well as the calendar — when it would be full moon. And perhaps what Nino said to the sacristan, and what the sacristan said to Nino might be amusing. I am very fond of these little things, and fond of talking too. For since it is talking that distinguishes us from other animals, I do not see why I should not make the most of it. But you who are listening to me have seen very little of the Contessina Hedwig as yet, and unless I quickly tell you more, you will wonder how all the curious

things that happened to her could possibly have grown out of the attempt of a little singer like Nino to make her acquaintance. Well, Nino is a great singer now of course, but he was little once; and when he palmed himself off on the old count for an Italian master without my knowledge, nobody had heard of him at all.

Therefore since I must satisfy your curiosity before anything else, and not dwell too long on the details — the dear, commonplace details — I will simply say that Nino succeeded without difficulty in arranging with the sacristan of the Pantheon to allow a party of foreigners to visit the building at the full moon, at midnight. I have no doubt he even expended a franc with the little man, who is very old and dirty, and keeps chickens in the vestibule — but no details!

On the appointed night Nino, wrapped in that old cloak of mine (which is very warm, though it is threadbare), accompanied the party to the temple, or church, or whatever you like to call it. The party were simply the count and his daughter, an Austrian gentleman of their acquaintance, and the dear baroness — that sympathetic woman who broke so many hearts and cared not at all for the chatter of the people. Every one has seen her, with her slim, graceful ways, and her face that was like a mulatto peach for darkness and fineness, and her dark eyes and tiger-lily look. They say she lived entirely on sweetmeats and coffee, and it is no wonder she was so sweet and so dark. She called me “count” — which is very foolish now, but if I were going to fall in love, I would have loved her. I would not love a statue. As for the Austrian gentleman, it is not of any importance to describe him.

These four people Nino conducted to the little entrance at the back of the Pantheon, and the sacristan struck a light to show them the way to the door

of the church. Then he put out his taper, and let them do as they pleased.

Conceive if you can the darkness of Egypt, the darkness that can be felt, impaled and stabbed through its whole thickness by one mighty moonbeam, clear and clean and cold, from the top to the bottom. All around, in the circle of the outer black, lie the great dead in their tombs, whispering to each other of deeds that shook the world; whispering in a language all their own as yet — the language of the life to come — the language of a stillness so dread and deep that the very silence clashes against it, and makes dull, muffled beatings in ears that strain to catch the dead men’s talk: the shadow of immortality falling through the shadow of death, and bursting back upon its heavenward course from the depth of the abyss; climbing again upon its silver self to the sky above, leaving behind the horror of the deep.

So in that lonely place at midnight falls the moon upon the floor, and through the mystic shaft of rays ascend and descend the souls of the dead. Hedwig stood out alone upon the white circle on the pavement beneath the dome, and looked up as though she could see the angels coming and going. And, as she looked, the heavy lace veil that covered her head fell back softly, as though a spirit wooed her and would fain look on something fairer than he, and purer. The whiteness clung to her face, and each separate wave of hair was like spun silver. And she looked steadfastly up. For a moment she stood, and the hushed air trembled about her. Then the silence caught the tremor, and quivered, and a thrill of sound hovered and spread its wings, and sailed forth from the night.

“Spirto gentil dei sogni miei” —

Ah, Signorina Edvigia, you know that voice now, but you did not know it then. How your heart stopped, and beat, and stopped again, when you first

heard that man sing out his whole heartful — you in the light and he in the dark! And his soul shot out to you upon the sounds, and died fitfully, as the magic notes dashed their soft wings against the vaulted roof above you, and took new life again and throbbed heavenward in broad, passionate waves, till your breath came thick and your blood ran fiercely — ay, even your cold northern blood — in very triumph that a voice could so move you. A voice in the dark. For a full minute after it ceased you stood there, and the others, wherever they might be in the shadow, scarcely breathed.

That was how Hedwig first heard Nino sing. When at last she recovered herself enough to ask aloud the name of the singer, Nino had moved quite close to her.

"It is a relation of mine, signorina, a young fellow who is going to be an artist. I asked him as a favor to come here and sing to you to-night. I thought it might please you."

"A relation of yours!" exclaimed the contessina. And the others approached so that they all made a group in the disc of moonlight. "Just think, my dear baroness, this wonderful voice is a relation of Signor Cardegna, my excellent Italian master!" There was a little murmur of admiration; then the old count spoke.

"Signore," said he, rolling in his gutturals, "it is my duty to very much thank you. You will now, if you please, me the honor do, me to your all-the-talents-possible-possessing relation to present." Nino had foreseen the contingency, and disappeared into the dark. Presently he returned.

"I am so sorry, Signor Conte," he said. "The sacristan tells me that when my cousin had finished he hurried away, saying he was afraid of taking some ill if he remained here where it is so damp. I will tell him how much you appreciated him."

"Curious is it," remarked the count. "I heard him not going off."

"He stood in the doorway of the sacristy, by the high altar, Signor Conte."

"In that case is it different?"

"I am sorry," said Nino. "The signorina was so unkind as to say, lately, that we Italians have no sense of the beautiful, the mysterious" —

"I take it back," said Hedwig gravely, still standing in the moonlight. "Your cousin has a very great power over the beautiful."

"And the mysterious," added the baroness, who had not spoken, "for his departure without showing himself has left me the impression of a sweet dream. Give me your arm, Professore Cardegna. I will not stay here any longer, now that the dream is over." Nino sprang to her side politely, though to tell the truth she did not attract him at first sight. He freed one arm from the old cloak, and reflected that she could not tell in the dark how very shabby it was.

"You give lessons to the Signora von Lira?" she asked, leading him quickly away from the party.

"Yes — in Italian literature, signora."

"Ah — she tells me great things of you. Could you not spare me an hour or two in the week, professore?"

Here was a new complication. Nino had certainly not contemplated setting up for an Italian teacher to all the world, when he undertook to give lessons to Hedwig.

"Signora" — he began, in a protesting voice.

"You will do it to oblige me, I am sure," she said eagerly, and her slight hand just pressed upon his arm a little. Nino had found time to reflect that this lady was intimate with Hedwig, and that he might possibly gain an opportunity of seeing the girl he loved, if he accepted the offer.

"Whenever it pleases you, signora," he said at length.

"Can you come to me to-morrow at eleven?" she asked.

"At twelve, if you please, signora, or half past. Eleven is the contessina's hour to-morrow."

"At half past twelve, then, to-morrow," said she, and she gave him her address, as they went out into the street. "Stop," she added, "where do you live?"

"Number twenty-seven, Santa Catarina dei Funari," he answered, wondering why she asked. The rest of the party came out, and Nino bowed to the ground, as he bid the contessina good-night.

He was glad to be free of that pressure on his arm, and he was glad to be alone, to wander through the streets under the moonlight and to think over what he had done.

"There is no risk of my being discovered," he said to himself, confidently. "The story of the near relation was well imagined, and besides, it is true. Am I not my own nearest relation? I certainly have no others that I know of. And this baroness — what can she want of me? She speaks Italian like a Spanish cow, and indeed she needs a professor badly enough. But why should she take a fancy for me as a teacher. Ah! those eyes! Not the baroness's. Edvigia — Edvigia de Lira — Edvigia Ca — Cardegna! Why not?" He stopped to think, and looked long at the moonbeams playing on the waters of the fountain. "Why not? But the baroness — may the diavolo fly away with her! What should I do — I indeed! with a pack of baronesses? I will go to bed and dream — not of a baroness! Macchè, never a baroness in my dreams, with eyes like a snake and who cannot speak three words properly in the only language under the sun worth speaking! Not I — I will dream of Edvigia di Lira — she is the spirit of my dreams. Spirto gentil" — and away he went, humming the air from the

Favorita in the top of his head, as is his wont.

The next day the contessina could talk of nothing during her lesson but the unknown singer who had made the night so beautiful for her, and Nino flushed red under his dark skin and ran his fingers wildly through his curly hair, with pleasure. But he set his square jaw, that means so much, and explained to his pupil how hard it would be for her to hear him again. For his friend, he said, was soon to make his appearance on the stage, and of course he could not be heard singing before that. And as the young lady insisted, Nino grew silent, and remarked that the lesson was not progressing. Thereupon Hedwig blushed — the first time he had ever seen her blush — and did not approach the subject again.

After that he went to the house of the baroness, where he was evidently expected, for the servant asked his name and immediately ushered him into her presence. She was one of those lithe, dark women of good race, that are to be met with all over the world, and she has broken a many hearts. But she was not like a snake at all, as Nino had thought at first. She was simply a very fine lady who did exactly what she pleased, and if she did not always act rightly, yet I think she rarely acted unkindly. After all, the buon Dio has not made us all paragons of domestic virtue. Men break their hearts for so very little, and, unless they are ruined, they melt the pieces at the next flame and join them together again like bits of sealing wax.

The baroness sat before a piano in a boudoir, where there was not very much light. Every part of the room was crowded with fans, ferns, palms, Oriental carpets and cushions, books, porcelain, majolica, and pictures. You could hardly move without touching some ornament, and the heavy curtains softened the sunshine, and a small open fire of

wood helped the warmth. There was also an odor of Russian tobacco. The baroness smiled and turned on the piano seat.

"Ah, professore! You come just in time," said she. "I am trying to sing such a pretty song to myself, and I cannot pronounce the words. Come and teach me." Nino contrasted the whole air of this luxurious retreat with the prim, soldierly order that reigned in the count's establishment.

"Indeed, signora, I come to teach you whatever I can. Here I am. I cannot sing, but I will stand beside you and prompt the words."

Nino is not a shy boy at all, and he assumed the duties required of him immediately. He stood by her side, and she just nodded and began to sing a little song that stood on the desk of the piano. She did not sing out of tune, but she made wrong notes and pronounced horribly.

"Pronounce the words for me," she repeated every now and then.

"But pronouncing in singing is different from speaking," he objected at last, and fairly forgetting himself and losing patience, he began softly to sing the words over. Little by little, as the song pleased him, he lost all memory of where he was, and stood beside her singing just as he would have done to De Pretis, from the sheet, with all the accuracy and skill that were in him. At the end, he suddenly remembered how foolish he was. But, after all, he had not sung to the power of his voice, and she might not recognize in him the singer of last night. The baroness looked up with a light laugh.

"I have found you out," she cried, clapping her hands. "I have found you out!"

"What, signora?"

"You are the tenor of the Pantheon — that is all. I knew it. Are you so sorry that I have found you out?" she asked, for Nino turned very white, and his eyes flashed at the thought of the folly he had committed.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF EARLY TRADITION.

OF late years an immense amount of research has been directed to separating the historical from the traditional elements in the ancient story of the world. But hardly any corresponding attention has been given to the question how far tradition itself may have been really historical. It seems to have been taken for granted that written records or contemporary monuments are alone reliable, and that as soon as we attempt to go beyond these we enter a realm of unlimited exaggeration and romance, in which myth and fable, allegory and legend, must necessarily be all mingled together in such indistinguishable proportions as to be practically useless.

This impression of the essential untrustworthiness of tradition has arisen quite naturally. Tradition in our own times is a very loose and trivial thing. Everything which it is important to have accurately kept in mind is carefully committed to writing. All that is left to tradition is the small gossip of the neighborhood, and incidents not worth formally recording. Thus tradition has become a mere plaything. No wonder that those who judge only by its operation in times of written records do not think much of it as a means of enabling us really to penetrate into the past. This has been the general tone of later historians. Niebuhr, indeed, in his great

Roman history, endeavored to make a distinct use of tradition; but, practically, he interpreted it by a sort of "brilliant divination," which for the time captivated the world, but could not permanently hold its ground. By and by came Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who cross-examined Niebuhr's theories and deductions like an Old Bailey lawyer, and insisted that nothing must be admitted that could not be verified by some sort of contemporaneous record. From his day this rigid criticism has been generally accepted as the only "historical method."

Perhaps the most interesting application of this stricter method, at present, is that to the early Hebrew history. There has been of late a marked revival of interest in the Old Testament in its historical and literary aspects. In Holland, especially, a group of notable scholars, with Professor Kuenen at their head, have been almost reconstructing the story of ancient Israel, upon the basis of this very distinction between written records and oral tradition. They have investigated with singular care, learning, and fairness the question of the dates at which the various Hebrew books came into their present shape. Their verdict is that the very earliest of those books are some written in the prophetic era of the eighth century B. C. The eighth century, then, must be the starting point of Hebrew history. This is, in itself, quite a respectable antiquity, but still it does not bring us within five hundred years of Moses and the Exodus; while as for Abraham, if there can now be supposed to have ever been such a person, he lies away back in the nebulous distances of a thousand years. All these accounts prior to the eighth century are mere tradition, and Kuenen's whole treatment of them is distinctly based upon the principle that tradition in the ancient world was simply what it is to-day. Indeed, in order to show how absolutely

he regards this principle as the true one, he gives an illustration of its application to the Exodus: "On the most favorable supposition," by his showing, "a period of more than five centuries" intervenes between the Exodus and the earliest written account of it. "Yet," he says, "a century was a hundred years then, as it is now;" and to make his meaning more unmistakable, he himself presses a modern parallel: "The oldest accounts of the Mosaic time were as far removed from Israel's lawgiver as we Dutchmen are from the beginning of the Hoek and Kabeljauw quarrels. Suppose that we only knew of the latter by tradition, which had never been committed to writing up to this time: should we have the boldness to trust ourselves to the historian who now wrote them for the first time, as a safe guide?" Further on he adds,¹ "Even before we have made acquaintance with the contents of the narratives, we take it for granted that they only give us half the truth, if even so much as that." In reality, as those who have read this work know, he does not use them as "half" true, hardly as having more than the feeblest basis of truth. A canon which should ascribe half truth to them would preserve all the great historical and religious features of the ancient Hebrew traditions. But the point at issue is, not the exact proportion of truth with which such traditions may be credited, but the whole principle on which that proportion is to be estimated. I believe it can be shown that ancient tradition, instead of being about the same thing as modern, had hardly anything in common with it; that it was a sacred thing, usually most carefully guarded and transmitted; and, therefore, that it is not to be thrown aside as worthless unless supported by contemporary records, but rather to be

¹ The Religion of Israel, by Dr. A. Kuenen, vol. i. pp. 17, 18. The edition of the Theological Translation Fund Library, Williams & Norgate.

regarded as itself a species of record, and classed among the recognized materials of history.

There is one great fact underlying the whole subject, which seems to have been almost entirely lost sight of: that tradition, before the times of writing, had a totally different part to play from anything required of it now. Now, as has been said, it is an *accident*, the mere fragmentary survival of things which have not been forgotten. Then, it was an *instrument*, a careful instrument for keeping in mind those things which needed to be remembered. Kuenen says, indeed, "It is certain that the thirst for reality which is proper to our age was unknown to antiquity" (vol i. p. 23). But is this so "certain"? Some things have to be remembered among savage just as among civilized peoples, and remembered accurately. Among these necessary things are the forms of their religion, their laws, the boundaries and possessions of tribes and families, the names and deeds of their great men. Ancient tradition was not merely the only history; it was the only law, the only records of succession, the only title-deed of property. It may seem to us a rude instrument; but nothing is more remarkable than the way in which, when man has only a rude instrument, he often acquires such skill in its use that it comes to supply his need almost as well as the far finer appliances of civilization. For instance, it would be a great mistake to estimate what bows and arrows might accomplish in days when men had nothing better, by seeing what we can make of archery, now that all serious work is done by gunpowder and rifles, and bows and arrows are used only for playthings. So, again, we must not judge of what manuscript was, as a means of preserving and disseminating literature, by considering how helpless we should find ourselves if we were suddenly deprived of the printing-press, and had to fall back upon copying by

hand, and that in the slipshod handwriting of the present day. It is just as complete a mistake to judge of what tradition might be in the old days, when it was men's only instrument of record, by what it has become now that everything of serious import is perpetuated in deeds or print. Modern tradition is mere formless hearsay; ancient tradition was a shaped and formal communication. Modern tradition is "hearsay," passed, without responsibility, from any one to any one else; ancient tradition was a formal communication, preserved, recited, handed on through chosen and responsible persons. Surely, then, ancient tradition must be credited with being carried down from age to age unchanged, and therefore reliable, to an extent of which we can form no idea from this casual hearsay of our modern days, which cannot pass through five narrators without being altered or exaggerated out of all recognition.

Proceeding now to consider the elements of tradition in detail, the first is the power of memory. Is memory capable of preserving through successive generations the facts of history, or whatever else peoples are continuously interested in knowing? At first one is apt to say "No," remembering how seldom two people can agree in their recollection of even the briefest saying or commonest occurrence. But look into the matter. Note how the power of memory differs in different people, and how it may be cultivated, and especially how it strengthens when systematically depended on, while when little is left to it, it weakens. It is a small fact, but not without significance, that among the first things which children are set to fix in their memories, apart from any idea of sacredness, are long series of historical names, dates, and events, — English kings, American colonists and presidents, — far exceeding in difficulty those Israelitish histories which Kuenen thinks cannot be trusted because only preserved

by memory. This shows that it is less a question of the power of memory than of how far memory is looked on as sacred, and guarded so as to hand on its contents unimpaired. As for evidence of the power of memory, what better can we desire than the well-known fact of the transmission of the *Iliad*, with its 15,677 lines, for generations, perhaps for centuries, before it was even written? Yet even that is a mere trifle compared with the transmission of the *Vedas*. The *Rig-Veda*, with its 1017 hymns, is about four times the length of the *Iliad*. That is only a part of the ancient Vedic literature, and the whole was composed, and fixed, and handed down by memory, — only, as Max Müller says, by “memory kept under the strictest discipline.” There is still a class of priests in India who have to know by heart the whole of the *Rig-Veda*. And there is this curious corroboration of the fidelity with which this memorizing has been carried on and handed down: that they have kept on transmitting in the ancient literal form laws prohibiting practices that have nevertheless become established. Suttee is now found to be condemned by the *Vedas* themselves. This was first pointed out by their European students, but has since been admitted by the native Sanskrit scholars. Nothing could show more clearly the faithfulness of the traditional memory and transmission. It has, too, this further bearing on the date of the so-called Mosaic legislation: it shows that the fact of customs existing in a country for ages unchallenged does not prove that laws condemning such customs must necessarily be of later origin. But there is more that is instructive in the transmission of this Vedic literature. There has been writing in India for twenty-five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They

have manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but, says Max Müller,¹ “they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learnt it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken.” For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. “They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree that, when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent.” And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the *Vedas* themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C.

Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical schools amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the *Vedas* and the Bible all together, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition. It was prose tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottheil, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness.

In presence of such facts, surely we must be prepared to revise our ideas of what memory is capable of, derived from the very limited uses for which we usually depend upon it now. Such facts show that memory, consolidated into tra-

¹ *Origin and Growth of Religion*, Scribner's edition, page 151.

dition, is perfectly competent at least to act as an accurate instrument for transmitting along many generations whatever men are very anxious to have remembered. It is simply a question of being anxious, and of taking special care.

Here, then, we come to the second point, — care in transmission. We have to inquire whether, in ages and peoples that have had to depend on tradition for their history, we find any general anxiety and care to hand down their traditions, such as should lead us to ascribe more trustworthiness to them than has heretofore been usual.

At once we are met by one sure token of such care, in the fact that the depositaries of tradition were almost always a distinct and responsible class, carefully trained for that very function and peculiarly honored. The bards and minstrels always ranked high in the ancient world. The British bards were prepared by many years of discipline, and even as late as the ninth century, when the importance of the bardic traditions was lessening, the bard was still eighth in the king's household. We are apt to think of these bards as mere singers of religious myths or heroic deeds, such as might naturally tend to exaggeration. But they were much more than this. Just as in India the Vedic traditions included not only hymns but the laws of Manu in twelve books, so in Ireland the ancient body of jurisprudence known as the Brehon laws had been handed down through the bards from immemorial generations before it was written down in the old monastic parchments. Indeed, the various methods adopted by peoples to keep up a permanent remembrance of things which they needed to perpetuate would form one of the most interesting side-studies of sociology. Even in the present day there still lingers in some parts of England one of those curious survivals which tell of the care anciently bestowed to keep up exact traditions of matters important to be accurately

known, — I mean the custom of “beating the boundaries.” In the old times when the towns were slowly buying or winning their freedom from baron or abbot, it was a matter of extreme importance to know and to be able to prove the boundaries of their townships or “liberties.” There was writing, but they distrusted it. Writing was to the uneducated an unsafe thing, open to fraud, liable to be tampered with; far less safe, they thought, than the honest memory of common men. So year by year the boys of each town were taken round, in solemn procession, exactly along the ancient bounds. Each landmark was scored into them, as it were. At one place they were whipped; where the line crossed a stream they were ducked; at some other important point cakes and ale were doled out; anything to fix the places indelibly in the young minds, so that even sixty or seventy years afterwards, if need should arise, they might be able to give evidence. Such instances of distrust of writing, and trust in carefully disciplined memory, might be multiplied indefinitely. They may be small matters, but they all tend to enhance our estimate of early tradition; to show how it was used distinctly as an instrument of record, and to strengthen our trust in it as one of the substantial materials of history.

Still this only amounts to an argument as to what is likely to have been. We must try to get further back, to some sort of real evidence. Here, of course, we are met by the difficulty that, by the very nature of the case, traditions prior to written history are not susceptible of exact verification. There is, however, a sort of approximate verification possible, through the researches of archæology. I may compare these archæological diggings into the remains of ancient times to a sort of deep-sea soundings. We cannot minutely examine the ancient times, any more than we can the ocean beds; but, like the deep-sea lines

of the Challenger expedition, the researches of Layard and Rawlinson and Mariette and Schliemann take us down, as it were, here and there, into the depths of antiquity, and yield a general evidence as to whether the things and people and doings of the old world were about like what the traditions tell.

Now I think that no one who has carefully watched the course of archaeological investigation during the past thirty years can have failed to note the way in which almost every step among the uncovered relics of the past has afforded unexpected confirmation of its traditions and stories, and tended to prove that they have more truth in them—not less—than used to be supposed.

Herodotus was formerly regarded as a credulous old gossip, who took in every kind of hearsay and tradition, and handed it on without the least regard to truth. Gibbon sneers at him as having written, apparently, sometimes for philosophers and sometimes for children. Yet every day's progress in the knowledge of the ancient world shows that many of his stories, once passed by as mere hearsay marvels, were really based upon fact; and that sometimes, even in their very details, he was surprisingly near the truth. His description of ancient lake dwellings; his accounts of some of the tribes whom ancient travelers had met with in Africa, such as the tribe who have no intercourse with traders directly, but only through the exchange of goods left in some neutral place, and the "people of dwarfish stature," dwelling by the side of a great river, whom the five Nassamonians found after many days' journey westward from Libya across the desert,—these are fairly borne out by the discoveries of modern explorers. More curious yet is the corroboration of his mention of the Egyptian garrison at Syene deserting and flying to Ethiopia, and of the Greek auxiliaries of King Psam-

mitichus being sent to bring them back. This used to be treated as one of the improbable stories palmed off on him. But now, far up above Syene, in Nubia, in the temple of Ibsamboul, on the leg of one of the colossal statues, there has been found an inscription, in archaic Greek characters, carved by those mercenaries on their return from the fruitless expedition, and with the names of two of them, Damearchon and Pelephus. Quite recently, the London Academy contained a communication from Mr. George Dennis confirmatory of another discredited statement of Herodotus about the ancient water-works at Samos. The old historian says that through a mountain one hundred and fifty fathoms high the Samians had cut a tunnel seven stadia long and eight feet high by as many wide; and he describes how "by the side of this there is also an artificial canal, which in like manner goes quite through the mountain, and though only three feet in breadth is twenty cubits [thirty feet] deep. This, by means of pipes, conveys to the city the waters of a copious spring." It seemed so unlikely that there should be two separate parallel channels that it was supposed the whole account was an exaggeration, based upon some sort of an aqueduct; and some caverns with marks of excavation at their opening were supposed to be all the foundation for the tunnel story. A few months ago, however, a Samian priest, in unearthing some stone slabs on the hillside, came upon the entrance of a tunnel, and exploring it found that it is 1270 metres in length,—only thirty yards off the "seven stadia" of the historian,—and just eight feet high by as many wide. And, running the whole length, along the middle of the tunnel roadway is just such a deep, narrow channel, barely three feet wide and nearly thirty feet deep, almost exactly as Herodotus had stated. The only difference is that he, evidently writing from hearsay, represented this channel

as having been cut by the side of the tunnel, whereas it was really sunk along the centre of it.

We have another very interesting confirmation of ancient tradition — not of its minute historical accuracy, but of its fairly preserving the broad lines of ancient life and doings — in Dr. Schliemann's researches and discoveries. I know that it cannot be proved that any one of the buried cities, of which he found the ruins in successive strata at Hissarlik, was actually called Troy, and was the scene of the exact events described in the *Iliad*. So, also, there are grave disagreements among scholars, with a preponderance of leaning, I imagine, to the negative, as to whether those curious tombs at Mycenæ (of which all traces had been utterly lost, though tradition had clearly preserved the fact of their having existed) can be regarded as actually the tombs of Agamemnon and his companions. Yet these discoveries have entirely verified the ancient traditions of such a city having been on that mound at Hissarlik, and of such tombs having been at Mycenæ, even if the still earlier traditions, connecting them with specific names and persons, were only poetic fancies. So, even at the lowest estimate, these discoveries have given a new interest to the Homeric poems, and a new confidence that they were not mere retrospective myth-painting upon an unknown past, but the real, even if idealized, traditions of the actual heroes and struggles of the earlier world.

I know there is something to be said upon the other side of all this, namely, that a great many traditions, some even of a quite probable kind and deeply rooted, — such as that of William Tell, — have been rendered very doubtful, or even disproved, by the progress of historical research. True; but here is the curious thing, actually in the very line of my argument: almost every instance of a tradition thus exploded or discred-

ited has been of some tradition that has grown up within the period of writing, and that refers to comparatively modern events. In fact, historical research has acted about equally in these two opposite directions, — in proving that tradition prior to written history has more in it, and tradition subsequent to written history less than used formerly to be supposed. Both these results alike bring out into stronger relief what a much more sacred and guarded thing tradition was in that earlier world, in which it was all that peoples had to depend upon.

We are not left, however, to these traces of what tradition was in the earlier world. We are able to see what it actually is to-day, and how it is regarded and cared for among peoples still in the half-savage, what we may call prehistoric, stage. Every advance into the confidence whether of Indian tribes, or of African races, or of the Polynesian peoples, shows that they have, preserved among their wise men and regarded as a peculiarly sacred trust, historical traditions reaching back to an antiquity which a few years ago would have been considered incredible. In Stanley's hurried journey "through the Dark Continent," it was only at two places that he remained long enough to win the confidence of the people. But in those places see what he found! At Ukerewé, on Lake Nyanza, they gave him the names of the fourteen ancestors of the present king, tracing back the line to a founder who brought his people in canoes from another part of that great inland sea. In the great kingdom of Uganda he stayed a long time, and obtained not only the names of their kings through thirty-five generations (that is, nearly one thousand years!), but also the traditions of their history. How do we know that these are not all imaginary? By this: imagination, in evolving past heroes, can hardly move otherwise than along the lines of present ideas of hero-

ism. So that it is very striking to find those thirty-five generations, beginning with the mild, humane founder, Kintu, — one who taught his people agriculture, gave them laws of mercy, forbade bloodshed, and finally disappeared, leaving ever after imbedded in the popular heart the belief that he would some day reappear, — an utter contrast to all the ideals and character of Uganda.

But perhaps some of the most surprising illustrations of the care of ancient peoples for their traditions, and of their value as trustworthy memorials of history, are to be found in a quarter which has hitherto been little studied. When Captain Cook, a hundred years ago, discovered the Sandwich Islands, with their population of tattooed cannibals, in the flint stage of evolution, and without writing or records, it seemed little likely that they would be able to contribute much to the philosophy of history. And yet, as I have been studying recently some of the few works which have been published about these islanders, they have seemed to me peculiarly valuable in their relation to this special subject of tradition. For, as Europeans have gradually won their confidence, it is found that, though entirely without writing, they have genealogies and traditions reaching back in orderly succession for many centuries.

The Rev. William Ellis, many years ago, remarked at Tahiti the marvelous care with which the people preserved their genealogies, — mentioning some reaching back a hundred generations, of which he thought thirty might be regarded as accurate and reliable. He had judged this from an independent investigation of them; but it is rendered more likely by the study of similar genealogies in Hawaii, another group of the same Polynesian Archipelago, by Mr. Abraham Fornander.¹ This writer

is a gentleman who has lived for thirty-four years in the Hawaiian Islands, for nineteen years has held various high offices under the government, knows almost every inhabitant of the group, and has for many years been studying their history and traditions, and comparing them with independent researches carried on in other and distant groups scattered over the wide Pacific.

I can only glance at the evidence Mr. Fornander gives of the existence among the Hawaiians of carefully preserved genealogies and accompanying traditions. Thus the line of the present King Kalakaua is carried back through forty-three generations of traceable chiefs; then come about fifty more, reaching back to the supposed first man, in which earlier series the names of gods occurring give warning of a mythological element having come in. Those forty-three later generations do not stand for mere links in an impersonal chain of successions. Even in the first fifteen of these, which are the nearest to mere names, certain variations from the male to the female line in the succession are noted, and with some of the names a few venerated altars and very primitive stone buildings are associated. But after these first fifteen, say twenty-eight generations ago, begins in the traditions a time of great stir and enterprise, — heroes, kings, and priests, war-like adventures, and long voyages to distant lands. It seems to have been a period, for several generations, of remarkable migrations and intercommunications going on between the different Polynesian groups, which are separated, it must be remembered, by thousands of miles, and when discovered had no knowledge of each other. And this is curiously corroborated by the genealogies and traditions of the other groups. Alike in the Tahiti group, in the Ra-

¹ An Account of the Polynesian Race: Its Origin and Migrations, and the Ancient History of the Hawaiian People to the time of Kalakaua I.

By Abraham Fornander, Circuit Judge of the Island of Maui, H. I., Knight, Companion of the Royal Order of Katakaua.

ratongas, in the Marquesas, and in the Gambier Islands, none of them nearer to each other than about one thousand miles, and all from two thousand to three thousand miles from Hawaii, — in each of these, the latest twenty-five or thirty generations run quite distinctly from each other up to some founder, in each case, whom they venerate as having first come over the sea; while back of these later twenty-five or thirty generations, the traditions and genealogies become partially mixed names and legends from one group appearing in the others. Thus for thirteen generations back of this migratory epoch the genealogies of Hawaii and the Marquesas give the same names, all but one, and in the same order; and even in New Zealand, nearly five thousand miles away, the traditions show four generations of chiefs and their wives, in which seven out of the eight names are plainly identical with those of four chiefs and their wives in ancient Hawaii. It is in this period anterior to the great migrations that the chief difficulties occur in the Hawaiian genealogies, and Mr. Fornander believes the explanation to be — and it seems likely — that the great Hawaiian chiefs of that roving period adopted into their genealogies some of the great names which they found especially celebrated among their distant kinsfolk. But even if we simply take the last twenty-eight generations of distinctly historic chiefs, we have a pretty clear history for eight hundred years, and that is quite sufficient to illustrate the argument for the large reliability of tradition when at all carefully handed down. Because, for these eight centuries the names are evidently historic. Elements of mythology and miracle, of witchcraft and sorcery, still come in, indeed, but as a whole it is a recognizable human history. It tells of famous warriors and famous prophetesses. It notes their marriages, their children, and their deaths. It narrates

wars for love and wars for the succession; and all through it links itself naturally in, here and there, with the great works, institutions, changes, which form the usual landmarks of a people's life. It tells how one great temple was originally built, thirty generations back, by a certain high priest, who was more powerful than his king; and how they passed the stones for it, hand to hand, from the quarry, nine miles away. It tells how the son of a famous king, twenty-seven generations ago, cut — it actually appears to be a natural passage artificially deepened — the channel by which the great estuary of Pearl River is still navigable. It tells how, twenty-three generations ago, the son of another king established the great order of Hawaiian nobility, which to this day regulates the titles and precedence of the chiefs with the authority and precision of a herald's college. It tells when the road over the great mountains was paved, a stupendous work, of which traces still remain. Later on, it tells how, twelve generations ago, arrived a vessel, which was wrecked in the surf, and from which the commander and his sister, white people, swam ashore, prostrating themselves upon the beach, and afterwards living and marrying among the natives. Here is a point at which it is possible to take soundings into contemporary European records; for twelve generations ago, which would be somewhere about A. D. 1520, the vessels that would be afloat on the Pacific Ocean and liable to be wrecked there could almost be counted on the fingers. Mr. Fornander has found in Burney's Discoveries in the South Sea that on October 31, 1527, three vessels — names and numbers of the crews all given — left a little port in New Spain for the Moluccas, a course which would take them a few degrees south of Hawaii. Only one of these ships ever turned up, and it brought word that when they had sailed about one thousand leagues a great storm

arose and they parted company. "One thousand leagues" upon that course would leave those two ships, never afterwards heard of, within a couple of hundred miles of Hawaii, — a curious coincidence, if nothing more, but at any rate good to show that there is no improbability in their tradition.

These traditions in Hawaii, as in the other groups, are preserved in monotonous chants, which remind one most of all of Hiawatha, by the way in which the memory is helped by the frequent duplication of part of one line in the next. Of these chants there are great numbers, some of them many hundreds of lines in length; many bearing marks, in their rude archaic forms of speech, of great antiquity; and all of them chanted to-day, just as they have been, certainly for generations, possibly for centuries. At first these were guarded with the utmost jealousy; indeed, all over the Polynesian groups they are regarded as peculiarly sacred, are made known only to foreigners who have won their entire confidence, and even to them have been given to be written down only with misgiving and trembling.

One link more is needed. How about the formation of such traditions? We are able to obtain a glimpse even of this. Mariner, in his account of the natives of the Tonga Islands, tells how, when he had resided among them long enough to understand their language, he found that they had songs about various events in their history. These were chanted by a special class of singers, and he describes how when one of these, who was the most famous, had composed a new chant he taught it carefully, line by line, with constant repetition, to a company of his singer-scholars, until it was finally fixed in their memory in the form in which it would ever afterwards be sung and handed down. He heard such a song chanted describing Captain Cook's visit, some forty years before, and except for a little exaggeration it was tolerably

correct in its account. Here we see such tradition in its actual formation; for this chant had already passed into that permanent shape in which, like the Iliad, it would probably be perpetuated indefinitely. A different race these from the ancient Brahmins, and a different kind of tradition from the Vedas; yet how alike the care taken for their transmission — this teaching to selected pupils, line by line, repeated over and over again, until indelibly fastened on the mind — to that which the Vedas prescribed five centuries before the Christian era, and which Max Müller tells us is still practiced to-day!

What, in conclusion, is the practical point to which we are led by these various lines of indication? For this is what they are, — lines of indication and suggestion, not of any absolute proof. Some things, indeed, they prove. They prove that memory disciplined and systematized is perfectly capable of carrying and handing down traditions of any length and any minuteness of successive names and details. They show what has in different ages and countries been done in this way; and so they demonstrate, at least, how utterly absurd it is to lay down any *a priori* canon of narratives being untrustworthy because merely tradition. What has been adduced surely tends to show that tradition in the ancient world was not in general lightly regarded; was looked on as a sacred thing; was protected by solemnities and cautions which have no analogy whatever in the looseness of modern hearsay and repetition, and so, in fact, was not the mere accidental residuum of what had not been forgotten, but was worked up into a distinct system of recording and transmitting what needed to be remembered.

Tradition was not, of course, such a sacred and guarded thing among all peoples, nor to the same degree in all ages even of the same people. Traditions often bear on their very face the char-

acteristics of exaggeration and elements of miracle which cannot be received as sober history. But so, likewise, do many historical records and monuments. Rameses and Sheshonk are sculptured in the Egyptian bas-reliefs as giants among pigmies, and sometimes figures of the gods are at hand directing or shielding them; yet no one proposes, on this account, to treat these monuments as historically valueless. The same tendency has doubtless just as naturally magnified and surrounded with elements of legendary marvel the heroes of the bardic songs, the Homeric poems, and the Hawaiian chants. Possibly the perplexing longevity of the patriarchs may have been simply the Hebrew analogue for the gigantic stature of the sculptured Pharaohs. But these exaggerations are usually in each case easily discerned and easily allowed for, and ought not in themselves to discredit the historical value of the traditions any more than of the monuments. Travelers say that the Arab who will lie all day long about the qualities or achievements of his horse would fear a curse if he should falsify its pedigree. Thus, while in some directions ancient traditions may often have been magnifying myths, at the basis of all, the peoples of the older world wanted reality, the facts of their past, just as much as we do.

So, out of all the scattered lights which we can gather on the subject, a few helpful principles of criticism for the practical use of tradition suggest themselves, besides the general conviction that it must be more trustworthy than it has been usually regarded. For one thing, it seems a fair canon of elucidation that tradition is most trustworthy among those peoples whom we can discern to have been specially careful in cherishing and transmitting it. This, again: that it may be credited with having best retained that class of facts of the far past about which a people have throughout their history shown them-

selves most solicitous. A third rule will, I think, commend itself: that traditions which have been handed down in stereotyped forms of words are of especial value. Moreover, from the general qualities of human nature, I think these supplementary distinctions will approve themselves, that the things which most impress themselves on a people's memory, and are likely to perpetuate themselves in their traditions, are such as these: the great events which have changed their country, their religion, or their modes of life, and the great personalities and places associated with such events; while, on the other hand, mere numbers will be the weakest point; and as for dates, it is probably with the strata of tradition as with the strata of the earth, that — to apply a principle once given to me by Professor Boyd Dawkins — tradition, like geology, "knows nothing of dates, but only of successions."

These are, however, only hints, — suggestions of what may possibly be the available working principles by which to apply in historical investigations the fundamental thought of the trustworthiness of early tradition. But even apart from such more exact applications of it, it is a helpful thought. If there is anything in these facts which I have collected, they mean at least this: that we may take up again the discarded traditions of the old heroic ages and of the world's morning time with far more confidence than has been usual of late years. Homer will be read with a new interest, and Herodotus, and — best of all — the old-world histories in the Bible. I know they will not give us detailed narratives, by which this or that point can be proved, or names and dates to be learned off as school-boy tasks. But they will give us glimpses of the ancient days; pictures, here and there, of such men and women as loved and fought in those old buried cities of Hissarlik, or meditated by the Ganges, or wandered

from Chaldea with Abraham, or followed Moses out of the mighty empire of Egypt into those wild solitudes of Sinai; — pictures of life; landmarks of great

deeds, and thoughts, and worships, and laws; a dawn to history, not of abstract theories, or dazzling, unreal sun myths, but of real peoples and real men.

Brooke Herford.

EN PROVINCE.

II.

THE COUNTRY OF THE LOIRE.

V.

THE second time I went to Blois I took a carriage for Chambord and came back by the Château de Cheverny and the forest of Russy; a charming little expedition, to which the beauty of the afternoon (the finest in a rainy season that was spotted with bright days) contributed not a little. To go to Chambord, you cross the Loire, leave it on one side, and strike away through a country in which salient features become less and less numerous, and which at last has no other quality than a look of intense and peculiar rurality, the characteristic, even when it is not the charm, of so much of the landscape of France. This is not the appearance of wilderness, for it goes with great cultivation; it is simply the presence of the delving, drudging, saving peasant. But it is a deep, unrelieved rusticity. It is a peasant's landscape; not, as in England, a landlord's. On the way to Chambord you enter the flat and sandy Sologne. The wide horizon opens out like a great *potager*, without interruptions, without an eminence, with here and there a long, low stretch of wood. There is an absence of hedges, fences, signs of property; everything is absorbed in the general flatness — the patches of vineyard, the scattered cottages, the villages, the children, planted and staring and almost always pretty, the women in the

fields, the white caps, the faded blouses, the big sabots. At the end of an hour's drive (they will assure you at Blois that even with two horses you will spend double that time) I passed through a sort of gap in a wall, which does duty as the gateway of the domain of an exiled pretender. I drove along a straight avenue, through a disesteemed park — the park of Chambord has twenty-one miles of circumference — a very sandy, scrubby, melancholy plantation, in which the timber must have been cut many times over and is to-day a mere tangle of brushwood. Here, as in so many spots in France, the traveler perceives that he is in a land of revolutions. Nevertheless, its great extent and the long perspective of its avenues give this desolate boskage a certain majesty; just as its shabbiness places it in agreement with one of the strongest impressions of the château. You follow one of these long perspectives a proportionate time, and at last you see the chimneys and pinnacles of Chambord rise apparently out of the ground. The filling-in of the wide moats that formerly surrounded it has in vulgar parlance let it down, and given it an appearance of topheaviness that is at the same time a magnificent grotesqueness. The towers, the turrets, the cupolas, the gables, the lanterns, the chimneys, look more like the spires of a city than the salient points of a single building. You emerge from the avenue and find yourself at the foot of an enormous fantastic mass. Chambord has a strange mixture of society and solitude.

A little village clusters within view of its stately windows, and a couple of inns near by offer entertainment to pilgrims. These things, of course, are incidents of the political proscription which hangs its thick veil over the place. Chambord is truly royal — royal in its great scale, its grand air, its indifference to common considerations. If a cat may look at a king, a palace may look at a tavern. I enjoyed my visit to this extraordinary structure as much as if I had been a legitimist; and indeed there is something interesting in any monument of a great system, any bold presentation of a tradition. You leave your vehicle at one of the inns, which are very decent and tidy, and in which every one is very civil, as if in this latter respect the influence of the old régime pervaded the neighborhood, and you walk across the grass and the gravel to a small door — a door infinitely subordinate and conferring no title of any kind on those who enter it. Here you ring a bell, which a highly respectable person answers (a person perceptibly affiliated, again, to the old régime), after which she ushers you across a vestibule into an inner court. Perhaps the strongest impression I got at Chambord came to me as I stood in this court. The woman who had admitted me did not come with me; I was to find my guide somewhere else. The specialty of Chambord is its prodigious round towers. There are, I believe, no less than eight of them, placed at each angle of the inner and outer square of buildings; for the castle is in the form of a larger structure which incloses a smaller one. One of these towers stood before me in the court; it seemed to fling its shadow over the place; while above, as I looked up, the pinnacles and gables, and even the enormous chimneys, soared into the bright blue air. The place was empty and silent; shadows of gargoyles, of extraordinary projections, were thrown across the clear gray surfaces. One felt

that the whole thing was monstrous. A cicerone appeared, a languid young man in a rather shabby livery, and led me about with a mixture of hurry and delay, of condescension and humility. I do not profess to understand the plan of Chambord, and I may add that I do not even desire to do so; for it is much more entertaining to think of it, as you can so easily, as an irresponsible insoluble labyrinth. Within it is a wilderness of empty chambers, a royal and romantic barrack. The exiled prince to whom it gives its title has not the means to keep up four hundred rooms; he contents himself with preserving the huge outside. The repairs of the prodigious roof alone must absorb a large part of his revenue. The great feature of the interior is the celebrated double staircase, rising straight through the building, with two courses of steps, so that people may ascend and descend without meeting. This staircase is a truly majestic piece of humor; it gives you the note, as it were, of Chambord. It opens on each landing to a vast guard-room, in four arms, radiations of the winding shaft. One of these arms served as a theatre on the occasion on which Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was played to Louis XIV. My guide made me climb to the great open-work lantern which, springing from the roof at the termination of the great staircase (surmounted here by a smaller one), forms the pinnacle of the bristling crown of Chambord. This lantern is tipped with a huge *fleur de lys* in stone — the only one, I believe, that the Revolution did not succeed in pulling down. Here, from narrow windows, you look over the wide, flat country and the tangled, melancholy park, with the rotation of its straight avenues. Then you walk about the roof, in a complication of galleries, terraces, balconies, through the multitude of chimneys and gables. This roof, which is in itself a sort of castle in the air, has an extravagant, fabulous quality,

and with its profuse ornamentation — the salamander of Francis I. is a constant motive — its lonely pavements, its sunny niches, the balcony that looks down over the closed and grass-grown main entrance, a strange, half-sad, half-brilliant charm. The stone-work is covered with fine mould. There are places that reminded me of some of those quiet, mildewed corners of courts and terraces, into which the traveler who wanders through the Vatican looks down from neglected windows. They show you two or three furnished rooms, with Bourbon portraits, hideous tapestries from the ladies of France, a collection of the toys of the *enfant du miracle*, all military and of the finest make. *Tout cela fonctionne*, the guide said of these miniature weapons; and I wondered, if he should take it into his head to fire off his little cannon, how much harm the Comte de Chambord would do. From below, the castle would look crushed by the redundancy of its upper protuberances, if it were not for the enormous girth of its round towers, which appear to give it a robust lateral development. These towers, however, fine as they are in their way, struck me as a little stupid; they are the exaggeration of an exaggeration. In a building erected after the days of defense, and proclaiming its peaceful character from its hundred embroideries and cupolas, they seem to indicate a want of invention. I shall risk the accusation of bad taste if I say that, impressive as it is, the Château de Chambord seemed to me to have altogether a little of that quality of stupidity. The trouble is that it represents nothing very particular; it has not happened, in spite of sundry vicissitudes, to have a very interesting history. Compared with that of Blois and Amboise, its past is rather vacant, and one feels to a certain extent the contrast between its pompous appearance and its spacious but somewhat colorless annals. It had indeed the good fortune to be erected by Francis I.,

whose name by itself expresses a good deal of history. Why he should have built a palace in those sandy plains will ever remain an unanswered question, for kings have never been obliged to give reasons. In addition to the fact that the country was rich in game and that Francis was a passionate hunter, it is suggested by M. de la Saussaye, the author of the very complete little history of Chambord which you may buy at the bookseller's at Blois, that he was governed in his choice of the site by the accident of a charming woman having formerly lived there. The Comtesse de Thoury had a manor in the neighborhood, and the Comtesse de Thoury had been the object of a youthful passion on the part of the most susceptible of princes before his accession to the throne. This great pile was reared, therefore, according to M. de la Saussaye, as a *souvenir de premières amours*! It is certainly a very massive memento, and if these tender passages were proportionate to the building that commemorates them, they were tender indeed. There has been much discussion as to the architect employed by Francis I., and the honor of having designed this splendid residence has been claimed for several of the Italian artists who early in the sixteenth century came to seek patronage in France. It seems well established to-day, however, that Chambord was the work neither of Primaticcio, of Vignola, nor of il Rosso, all of whom have left some trace of their sojourn in France; but of an obscure yet very complete genius, Pierre Nepveu, known as Pierre Trinqureau, who is designated in the papers which preserve in some degree the history of the origin of the edifice, as the *maître de l'œuvre de maçonnerie*. Behind this modest title, apparently, we must recognize one of the most original talents of the French Renaissance; and it is a proof of the vigor of the artistic life of that period that, brilliant production being every-

where abundant, an artist of so high a value should not have been treated by his contemporaries as a celebrity. We manage things very differently to-day. The immediate successors of Francis I. continued to visit Chambord, but it was neglected by Henry IV., and was never afterwards a favorite residence of any French king. Louis XIV. appeared there on several occasions, and the apparition was characteristically brilliant; but Chambord could not long detain a monarch who had gone to the expense of creating a Versailles ten miles from Paris. With Versailles, Fontainebleau, Saint-Germain and Saint-Cloud within easy reach of their capital, the later French sovereigns had little reason to take the air in the dreariest province of their kingdom. Chambord therefore suffered from royal indifference, though in the last century a use was found for its deserted halls. In 1725 it was occupied by the luckless Stanislaus Leszczynski, who spent the greater part of his life in being elected King of Poland and being ousted from his throne, and who, at this time a refugee in France, had found a compensation for some of his misfortunes in marrying his daughter to Louis XV. He lived eight years at Chambord, and filled up the moats of the castle. In 1748 it found an illustrious tenant in the person of Maurice de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, who, however, two years after he had taken possession of it, terminated a life which would have been longer had he been less determined to make it agreeable. The Revolution, of course, was not kind to Chambord. It despoiled it in so far as possible of every vestige of its royal origin, and swept like a whirlwind through apartments to which upwards of two centuries had contributed a treasure of decoration and furniture. In that wild blast these precious things were destroyed or forever scattered. In 1791 an odd proposal was made to the French government by a company of

English Quakers, who had conceived the bold idea of establishing in the palace a manufacture of some commodity not to-day recorded — possibly of soap or of candles. Napoleon allotted Chambord as a “dotation” to one of his marshals, Berthier, for whose benefit it was converted, in Napoleonic fashion, into the so-called principality of Wagram. By the Princess of Wagram, the marshal’s widow, it was after the Restoration sold to the trustees of a national subscription, which had been established for the purpose of presenting it to the infant Duke of Bordeaux, then prospective King of France. The presentation was duly made, but the Comte de Chambord, who had changed his title in recognition of the gift, was despoiled of his property by the government of Louis Philippe. He appealed for redress to the tribunals of his country, and the consequence of his appeal was an interminable litigation, by which, however, finally, after the lapse of twenty-five years, he was established in his rights. In 1871 he paid his first visit to the domain which had been offered him half a century before, a term of which he had spent forty years in exile. It was from Chambord that he dated his famous letter of the 5th of July of that year — the letter, directed to his so-called subjects, in which he waves aloft the white flag of the Bourbons. This amazing epistle, which is virtually an invitation to the French people to repudiate, as their national ensign, that immortal tricolor, the flag of the Revolution and the Empire, under which they have won the glory which of all glories has hitherto been dearest to them, and which is associated with the most romantic, the most heroic, the epic, the consolatory, period of their history — this luckless manifesto, I say, appears to give the measure of the political wisdom of the excellent Henry V. It is the most factitious proposal ever addressed to an eminently ironical nation. On the whole, Chambord

makes a great impression, and the hour I was there, while the yellow afternoon light slanted upon the September woods, there was a dignity in its desolation. It spoke, with a muffled but audible voice, of the vanished monarchy, which had been so strong, so splendid, but to-day has become a sort of fantastic vision, like the cupolas and chimneys that rose before me. I thought, while I lingered there, of all the fine things it takes to make up such a monarchy; and how one of them is a superfluity of mouldering, empty palaces. Chambord is touching — that is the best word for it; and if the hopes of another restoration are in the follies of the Republic, a little reflection on that eloquence of ruin ought to put the Republic on its guard. A sentimental tourist may venture to remark that in the presence of several châteaux which appeal in this mystical manner to the retrospective imagination, it cannot afford to be foolish. I thought of all this as I drove back to Blois by the way of the Château de Cheverny. The road took us out of the park of Chambord, but through a region of flat woodland, where the trees were not mighty, and again into the prosy plain of the Sologne; a thankless soil, all of it, I believe, but lately much amended by the magic of cheerful French industry and thrift. The light had already begun to fade, and my drive reminded me of a passage in some rural novel of Madame Sand. I passed a couple of timber and plaster churches, which looked very old, black, and crooked, and had picturesque wooden porches and galleries encircling the base. By the time I reached Cheverny, the clear twilight had approached. It was late to ask to be allowed to visit an inhabited house; but it was the hour at which I like best to visit almost anything. My coachman drew up before a gateway, in a high wall, which opened upon a short avenue, along which I took my way on foot; the coachmen in those parts being, for reasons best known to

themselves, mortally averse to driving up to a house. I answered the challenge of a very tidy little portress, who sat, in company with a couple of children, enjoying the evening air in front of her lodge, and who told me to walk a little further and turn to the right. I obeyed her to the letter, and my turn brought me into sight of a house as charming as an old manor in a fairy-tale. I had but a rapid and partial view of Cheverny; but that view was a glimpse of perfection. A light, sweet mansion stood looking over a wide green lawn, over banks of flowers and groups of trees. It had a striking character of elegance, produced partly by a series of Renaissance busts let into circular niches in the façade. The place looked so private, so reserved, that it seemed an act of violence to ring, a stranger and foreigner, at the graceful door. But if I had not rung I should be unable to express — as it is such a pleasure to do — my sense of the exceeding courtesy with which this admirable house is shown. It was near the dinner-hour — the most sacred hour of the day; but I was freely conducted into the inhabited apartments. They are extremely beautiful. What I chiefly remember is the charming staircase of white embroidered stone, and the great *salle des gardes* and *chambre à coucher du roi* on the second floor. Cheverny, built in 1634, is of a much later date than the other royal residences of this part of France; it belongs to the end of the Renaissance, and has a touch of the rococo. The guard-room is a superb apartment, and as it contains little save its magnificent ceiling and fire-place and certain dim tapestries on its walls, you the more easily take the measure of its noble proportions. The servant opened the shutters of a single window, and the last rays of the twilight slanted into the rich brown gloom. It was in the same picturesque fashion that I saw the bedroom (adjoining) of Henry IV., where a legendary-looking bed, draped in folds

long unaltered, defined itself in the haunted dusk. Cheverny remains to me a very charming, a partly mysterious vision. I drove back to Blois in the dark, some nine miles, through the forest of Russy, which belongs to the state, and which, though consisting apparently of small timber, looked under the stars sufficiently vast and primeval. There was a damp autumnal smell and the occasional sound of a stirring thing, and as I moved through the evening air I thought of Francis I. and Henry IV.

VI.

You may go to Amboise either from Blois or from Tours; it is about half-way between these towns. The great point is to go, especially if you have put it off repeatedly; and to go, if possible, on a day when the great view of the Loire, which you enjoy from the battlements and terraces, presents itself under a friendly sky. Three persons, of whom the author of these lines was one, spent the greater part of a perfect Sunday morning in looking at it. It was astonishing, in the course of the rainiest season in the memory of the oldest Tourangeau, how many perfect days we found to our hand. The town of Amboise lies, like Tours, on the left bank of the river, a little white-faced town, staring across an admirable bridge, and leaning, behind, as it were, against the pedestal of rock on which the dark castle masses itself. The town is so small, the pedestal so big, and the castle so high and striking, that the clustered houses at the base of the rock are like the crumbs that have fallen from a well-laden table. You pass among them, however, to ascend by a circuit to the château, which you attack, obliquely, from behind. It is the property of the Comte de Paris, another pretender to the French throne; having come to him remotely, by inheritance, from his ancestor, the Duc de Penthièvre, who toward the close of the last century bought it

from the crown, which had recovered it after a lapse. Like the castle of Blois it has been sadly injured and defaced by base uses, but unlike the castle of Blois it has not been completely restored. "It is very, very dirty, but very curious:" it is in these terms that I heard it described by an English lady, who was generally to be found engaged upon a tattered Tauchnitz in the little *salon de lecture* of the hotel at Tours. The description is not inaccurate; but it should be said that if part of the dirtiness of Amboise is the result of its having served for years as a barrack and as a prison, part of it comes from the presence of restoring stone-masons, who have woven over a considerable portion of it a mask of scaffolding. There is a good deal of neatness as well, and the restoration of some of the parts seems finished. This process, at Amboise, consists for the most part of simply removing the vulgar excrescences of the last two centuries. The interior is virtually a blank, the old apartments having been chopped up into small modern rooms; it will have to be completely reconstructed. A worthy woman, with a military profile and that sharp, positive manner which the goodwives who show you through the châteaux of Touraine are rather apt to have, and in whose high respectability, to say nothing of the frill of her cap and the cut of her thick brown dress, my companions and I thought we discovered the particular note or *nuance* of Orleanism — a competent, appreciative, peremptory person, I say — attended us through the particularly delightful hour we spent upon the ramparts of Amboise. Denuded and disfeatured within, and bristling without with bricklayers' ladders, the place was yet extraordinarily impressive and interesting. I should confess that we spent a great deal of time in looking at the view. Sweet was the view and magnificent; we preferred it so much to certain portions of the interior, and to

occasional effusions of historical information, that the old lady with the profile sometimes lost patience with us. We laid ourselves open to the charge of preferring it even to the little chapel of St. Hubert, which stands on the edge of the great terrace, and has, over the portal, a wonderful sculpture of the miraculous hunt of that holy man. In the way of plastic art this elaborate scene is the gem of Amboise. It seemed to us that we had never been in a place where there are so many points of vantage to look down from. In the matter of position Amboise is certainly supreme among the old houses of the Loire; and I say this with a due recollection of the claims of Chaumont and of Loches — which latter, by the way (excuse the Hibernianism), is not on the Loire. The platforms, the bastions, the terraces, the high-perched windows and balconies, the hanging gardens and dizzy crenelations of this complicated structure, keep you in perpetual relation with an immense horizon. The great feature of the place is the obligatory round tower which occupies the northern end of it, and which has now been completely restored. It is of astounding size, a fortress in itself, and contains (instead of a staircase) a wonderful inclined plane, so wide and so gradual that a coach and four might be driven to the top. This colossal cylinder has to-day no visible use; but it corresponds, happily enough, with the great circle of the prospect. The gardens of Amboise, perched in the air, covering the irregular remnants of the platform on which the castle stands, and making up in picturesqueness what they lack in extent, constitute of course but a scanty domain. But bathed, as we found them, in the autumn sunshine, and doubly private from their aerial site, they offered irresistible opportunities for a stroll, interrupted, as one leaned against their low parapets, by long, contemplative pauses. I remember, in particular, a certain terrace,

planted with clipped limes, upon which we looked down from the summit of the big tower. It seemed from that point to be absolutely necessary to one's happiness to go down and spend the rest of the morning there; it was an ideal place to walk to and fro and talk. Our venerable conductress, to whom our relation had gradually become more filial, permitted us to gratify this innocent wish — to the extent, that is, of taking a turn or two under the mossy *tilleuls*. At the end of this terrace is the low door in a wall, against the top of which, in 1498, Charles VIII., according to an accepted tradition, knocked his head to such good purpose that he died. It was within the walls of Amboise that his widow, Anne of Brittany, already in mourning for three children, two of whom we have seen commemorated in sepulchral marble at Tours, spent the first violence of that grief which was presently dispelled by a union with her husband's cousin and successor, Louis XII. Amboise was a frequent resort of the French court during the sixteenth century; it was here that the young Mary Stuart spent sundry hours of her first marriage. The wars of religion have left here the ineffaceable stain which they left wherever they passed. An imaginative visitor at Amboise to-day may fancy that the traces of blood are mixed with the red rust on the crossed iron bars of the grim-looking balcony, to which the heads of the Huguenots executed on the discovery of the conspiracy of La Renaudie are rumored to have been suspended. There was room on the stout balustrade — an admirable piece of work — for a ghastly array. The same rumor represents Catherine de' Medici and the young queen as watching from this balcony the *noyades* of the captured Huguenots in the Loire. The facts of history are bad enough, the fictions are, if possible, worse; but there is little doubt that the future Queen of Scots learnt the first

lessons of life at a horrible school. If in subsequent years she was a prodigy of innocence and virtue, it was not the fault of her whilom mother-in-law, of her uncles of the house of Guise, or of the examples presented to her either at the windows of the castle of Amboise or in its more private recesses. It was difficult to believe in these dark deeds, however, as we looked through the golden morning at the placidity of the far-shining Loire. The ultimate consequence of this spectacle was a desire to follow the river as far as the castle of Chaumont. It is true that the cruelties practiced of old at Amboise might have seemed less phantasmal to persons destined to suffer from a modern form of inhumanity. The mistress of the little inn at the base of the castle rock — it stands very pleasantly beside the river, and we had breakfasted there — declared to us that the Château de Chaumont, which is often, during the autumn, closed to visitors, was at that particular moment standing so wide open to receive us that it was our duty to hire one of her carriages and drive thither with speed. This assurance was so satisfactory that we presently found ourselves seated in this wily woman's most commodious vehicle, and rolling, neither too fast nor too slow, along the margin of the Loire. The drive of about an hour, beneath constant clumps of chestnuts, was charming enough to have been taken for itself; and indeed, when we reached Chaumont, we saw that our reward was to be simply the usual reward of virtue — the consciousness of having attempted the right. The Château de Chaumont was inexorably closed: so we learned from a talkative lodge-keeper, who gave what grace she could to her refusal. This good woman's dilemma was almost touching; she wished to reconcile two impossibles. The castle was not to be visited, for the family of its master was staying there; and yet she was loath to turn away a party of

which she was good enough to say that it had a "*grand genre*," for, as she also remarked, she had her living to earn. She tried to arrange a compromise, one of the elements of which was that we should descend from our carriage and trudge up a hill, which would bring us to a designated point, where, over the paling of the garden, we might obtain an oblique and surreptitious view of a small portion of the castle-walls. This suggestion led us to inquire (of each other) to what degree of baseness it is allowed to an enlightened lover of the picturesque to resort, in order to catch a glimpse of a feudal château. One of our trio decided, characteristically, against any form of derogation; so she sat in the carriage and sketched some object that was public property, while her two companions, who were not so proud, trudged up a muddy ascent which formed a kind of back-stairs. It is perhaps no more than they deserved that they were disappointed. Chaumont is feudal, if you please; but the modern spirit is in possession. It forms a vast clean-scraped mass, with big round towers, ungarnished with a leaf of ivy or a patch of moss, surrounded by gardens of moderate extent (save where the muddy lane of which I speak passes near it), and looking rather like an enormously magnified villa. The great merit of Chaumont is its position, which almost exactly resembles that of Amboise: it sweeps the river up and down, and seems to look over half the province. This, however, was better appreciated as, after coming down the hill and reëntering the carriage, we drove across the long suspension-bridge which crosses the Loire just beyond the village, and over which we made our way to the small station of Onzain, at the farther end, to take the train back to Tours. Look back from the middle of this bridge; the whole picture composes, as the painters say. The towers, the pinnacles, the fair front of the château,

perched above its fringe of garden and the rusty roofs of the village, and facing the afternoon sky, which is reflected also in the great stream that sweeps below — all this makes a contribution to your happiest memories of Touraine.

VII.

We never went to Chinon; it was a fatality. We planned it a dozen times, but the weather interfered, or the trains did n't suit, or one of the party was fatigued with the adventures of the day before. This excursion was so much postponed that it was finally postponed to everything. Besides, we had to go to Chenonceaux, to Azay-le-Rideau, to Langeais, to Loches. So I have not the memory of Chinon; I have only the regret. But regret, as well as memory, has its visions; especially when, like memory, it is assisted by photographs. The castle of Chinon, in this form, appears to me as an enormous ruin, a mediæval fortress of the extent almost of a city. It covers a hill above the Vienne, and after being impregnable in its time is indestructible to-day. (I risk this phrase in the face of the prosaic truth. Chinon, in the days when it was a prize, more than once suffered capture, and at present it is crumbling inch by inch. It is apparent, however, I believe, that these inches encroach little upon acres of masonry.) It was in the castle that Jeanne Darc had her first interview with Charles VII., and it is in the town that François Rabelais is supposed to have been born. To the castle, moreover, the lover of the picturesque is earnestly recommended to direct his steps. But one cannot do everything, and I would rather have missed Chinon than Chenonceaux. Fortunately exceedingly were the few hours that we passed at this exquisite residence.

"In 1747," says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, "we went to spend the autumn in Touraine, at the château of Chenonceaux, a royal resi-

dence upon the Cher, built by Henry II. for Diana of Poitiers, whose initials are still to be seen there, and now in possession of M. Dupin, the farmer-general. We amused ourselves greatly in this fine spot; the living was of the best, and I became as fat as a monk. We made a great deal of music and acted comedies." This is the only description that Rousseau gives of one of the most picturesque houses in France, and of an episode that must have counted as one of the most agreeable in his uncomfortable career. The eighteenth century contented itself with general epithets, and when Jean-Jacques has said that Chenonceaux was a "*beau lieu*" he thinks himself absolved from further characterization. We later sons of time have, both for our pleasure and our pain, invented the fashion of special terms, and I am afraid that even common decency obliges me to pay some larger tribute than this to the architectural gem of Touraine. Fortunately, I can discharge my debt with gratitude. In going from Tours you leave the valley of the Loire and enter that of the Cher, and at the end of about an hour you see the turrets of the castle on your right, among the trees, down in the meadows, beside the quiet little river. The station and the village are about ten minutes' walk from the château, and the village contains a very tidy inn, where, if you are not in too great a hurry to commune with the shades of the royal favorite and the jealous queen, you will perhaps stop and order a dinner to be ready for you in the evening. A straight, tall avenue leads to the grounds of the castle; what I owe to exactitude compels me to add that it is crossed by the railway-line. The place is so arranged, however, that the château need know nothing of passing trains — which pass, indeed, though the grounds are not large, at a very sufficient distance. I may add that the trains throughout this part of France have a noiseless, desultory,

dawdling, almost stationary quality, which makes them less of an offense than usual. It was a Sunday afternoon, and the light was yellow, save under the trees of the avenue, where, in spite of the waning of September, it was duskily green. Three or four peasants, in festal attire, were strolling about. On a bench, at the beginning of the avenue, sat a man with two women. As I advanced with my companions he rose, after a sudden stare, and approached me with a smile, in which (to be Johnsonian for a moment) certitude was mitigated by modesty, and eagerness was embellished with respect. He came toward me with a salutation that I had seen before, and I am happy to say that after an instant I ceased to be guilty of the brutality of not knowing where. There was only one place in the world where people smile like that — only one place where the art of salutation has that perfect grace. This excellent creature used to crook his arm, in Venice, when I stepped into my gondola; and I now laid my hand on that member with the familiarity of glad recognition; for it was only surprise that had kept me even for a moment from accepting the genial Francesco as an ornament of the landscape of Touraine. What on earth — the phrase is the right one — was a Venetian gondolier doing at Chenonceaux? He had been brought from Venice, gondola and all, by the mistress of the charming house, to paddle about on the Cher. Our meeting was affectionate, though there was a kind of violence in seeing him so far from home. He was too well dressed, too well fed; he had grown stout, and his nose had the tinge of good claret. He remarked that the life of the household to which he had the honor to belong was that of a *casa regia*; which must have been a great change for poor Checco, whose habits in Venice were not regal. However, he was the sympathetic Checco still; and for five minutes after I left him I

thought less about the little pleasure-house by the Cher than about the palaces of the Adriatic. But attention was not long in coming round to the charming structure that presently rose before us. The pale yellow front of the château, the small scale of which is at first a surprise, rises beyond a considerable court, at the entrance of which a massive and detached round tower, with a turret on its brow (a relic of the building that preceded the actual villa), appears to keep guard. This court is not inclosed — or is inclosed, at least, only by the gardens, portions of which are at present in a state of reformation. Therefore, though Chenonceaux has no great height, its delicate façade stands up boldly enough. This façade, one of the most finished things in Touraine, consists of two stories, surmounted by an attic which, as so often in the buildings of the French Renaissance, is the richest part of the house. The high-pitched roof contains three windows of beautiful design, covered with embroidered caps and flowering into crocketed spires. The window above the door is deeply niched; it opens upon a balcony made in the form of a double pulpit — one of the most charming features of the front. Chenonceaux is not large, as I say, but into its delicate compass is packed a great deal of history — history which differs from that of Amboise and Blois in being of the private and sentimental kind. The echoes of the place, faint and far as they are to-day, are not political, but personal. Chenonceaux dates, as a residence, from the year 1515, when the shrewd Thomas Bohier, a public functionary who had grown rich in handling the finances of Normandy, and had acquired the estate from a family which, after giving it many feudal lords, had fallen into poverty, erected the present structure on the foundations of an old mill. The design is attributed, with I know not what justice, to Pierre Nepveu, *alias* Trinqueau, the audacious ar-

elitect of Chambord. On the death of Bohier the house passed to his son, who, however, was forced, under cruel pressure, to surrender it to the crown, in compensation for a so-called deficit in the accounts of the late superintendent of the treasury. Francis I. held the place till his death, but Henry II., on ascending the throne, presented it out of hand to that mature charmer, the admired of two generations, Diana of Poitiers. Diana enjoyed it till the death of her protector; but when this event occurred, the widow of the monarch, who had been obliged to submit in silence, for years, to the ascendancy of a rival, took the most pardonable of all the revenges with which the name of Catherine de' Medici is associated, and turned her out-of-doors. Diana was not in want of refuges, and Catherine went through the form of giving her Chaumont in exchange; but there was only one Chenonceaux. Catherine devoted herself to making the place more completely unique. The feature that renders it sole of its kind is not appreciated till you wander round to either side of the house. If a certain springing lightness is the characteristic of Chenonceaux, if it bears in every line the aspect of a place of recreation, a place intended for delicate, chosen pleasures, nothing can confirm this expression better than the strange, unexpected movement with which, from behind, it carries itself across the river. The earlier building stands in the water; it had inherited the foundations of the mill destroyed by Thomas Bohier. The first step, therefore, had been taken upon solid piles of masonry, and the ingenious Catherine — she was a *raffinée* — simply proceeded to take the others. She continued the piles to the opposite bank of the Cher, and over them she threw a long, straight gallery of two stories. This part of the château, which looks simply like a house built upon a bridge and occupying its entire length, is of

course the great curiosity of Chenonceaux. It forms on each floor a charming corridor, which, within, is illuminated from either side by the flickering river-light. The architecture of these galleries, seen from without, is less elegant than that of the main building, but the aspect of the whole thing is delightful. I have spoken of Chenonceaux as a "villa," using the word advisedly, for the place is neither a castle nor a palace. It is a great villa, but it has the villa quality — the look of being intended for life in common. This look is not at all contradicted by the wing across the Cher, which only suggests intimate pleasures, as the French say: walks, in pairs, on rainy days; games and dances on autumn nights; together with as much as may be of moonlighted dialogue (or silence) in the course of evenings more genial still, in the well-marked recesses of windows. It is safe to say that such things took place there in the last century, during the kindly reign of Monsieur and Madame Dupin. This period presents itself as the happiest in the annals of Chenonceaux. I know not what festive train the great Diana may have led, and my imagination, I am afraid, is only feebly kindled by the records of the luxurious pastimes organized on the banks of the Cher by the terrible daughter of the Medici, whose appreciation of the good things of life was perfectly consistent with a failure to perceive why others should live to enjoy them. The best society that ever assembled there was collected at Chenonceaux during the middle of the eighteenth century. This was surely, in France at least, the age of good society, the period when it was well for appreciative people to have been born. Such people should of course have belonged to the fortunate few, and not to the miserable many, for the prime condition of a society being good is that it be not too large. The sixty years that preceded the French Revolution were

the golden age of fireside talk and of those pleasures which proceed from the presence of women in whom the social art is both instinctive and acquired. The women of that period were, above all, good company; the fact is attested by a thousand documents. Chenonceaux offered a perfect setting to free conversation; and infinite joyous discourse must have mingled with the liquid murmur of the Cher. Claude Dupin was not only a great man of business, but a man of honor and a patron of knowledge; and his wife was gracious, clever, and wise. They had acquired this famous property by purchase (from one of the Bourbons; for Chenonceaux, for two centuries after the death of Catherine de' Medici, remained constantly in princely hands), and it was transmitted to their son, Dupin de Francueil, grandfather of Madame George Sand. This lady, in her *Correspondence*, lately published, describes a visit that she paid, more than thirty years ago, to those members of her family who were still in possession. The owner of Chenonceaux to-day is the daughter of an Englishman naturalized in France. But I have wandered far from my story, which is simply a sketch of the surface of the place. Seen obliquely, from either side, in combination with its bridge and gallery, the château is singular and fantastic, a striking example of a willful and capricious conception. Unfortunately, all caprices are not so graceful and successful, and I grudge the honor of this one to the false and blood-polluted Catherine. (To be exact, I believe the arches of the bridge were laid by the elderly Diana. It was Catherine, however, who completed the monument.) Within, the house has been, as usual, restored. The staircases and ceilings, in all the old royal residences of this part of France, are the parts that have suffered least; many of them have still much of the life of the old time about them. Some of the chambers of Chenonceaux, however, en-

cumbered as they are with modern detail, derive a sufficiently haunted and suggestive look from the deep setting of their beautiful windows, which thickens the shadows and makes dark corners. There is a charming little gothic chapel, with its apse hanging over the water, fastened to the left flank of the house. Some of the upper balconies, which look along the outer face of the gallery, and either up or down the river, are delightful protected nooks. We walked through the lower gallery to the other bank of the Cher; this fine apartment appeared to be for the moment a purgatory of ancient furniture. It terminates rather abruptly; it simply stops with a blank wall. There ought, of course, to have been a pavilion here, though I prefer very much the old defect to any modern remedy. The wall is not so blank, however, but that it contains a door which opens on a rusty draw-bridge. This draw-bridge traverses the small gap which divides the end of the gallery from the bank of the stream. The house, therefore, does not literally rest on opposite edges of the Cher, but rests on one and just fails to rest on the other. The pavilion would have made that up; but after a moment we ceased to miss this imaginary feature. We passed the little draw-bridge, and wandered a while beside the river. From this opposite bank the mass of the château looked more charming than ever; and the little peaceful, lazy Cher, where two or three men were fishing in the eventide, flowed under the clear arches and between the solid pedestals of the part that spanned it, with the softest, vaguest light on its bosom. This was the right perspective; we were looking across the river of time. The whole scene was deliciously mild. The moon came up; we passed back through the gallery and strolled about a little longer in the gardens. It was very still. I met my old gondolier in the twilight. He showed me his gondola; but I hated, somehow, to see it

there. I don't like, as the French say, to *mêler les genres*. A gondola in a little flat French river? The image was not less irritating, if less injurious, than the spectacle of a steamer in the Grand Canal, which had driven me away from Venice a year and a half before. We took our way back to the Grand Monarque, and waited in the little inn-parlor for a late train to Tours. We were not impatient, for we had an excellent dinner to occupy us; and even after we had dined we were still content to sit a while and exchange remarks upon the superior civilization of France. Where else, at a village-inn, should we have fared so well? Where else should we have sat down to our refreshment without condescension? There were two or three countries in which it would not have been well for us to arrive hungry on a Sunday evening, at so modest an hostelry. At the little inn at Chenonceaux the *cuisine* was not only excellent, but the service was graceful. We were waited on by mademoiselle and her mamma; it was so that mademoiselle alluded to the elder lady, as she uncorked for us a bottle of Vouvray mousseux. We were very comfortable, very genial; we even went so far as to say to each other that Vouvray mousseux was a delightful wine. From this opinion, indeed, one of our trio differed; but this member of the party had already exposed herself to the charge of being too fastidious, by declining to descend from the carriage at Chaumont and take that back-stairs view of the castle.

VIII.

Without fastidiousness, it was fair to declare, on the other hand, that the little inn at Azay-le-Rideau was very bad. It was terribly dirty, and it was in charge of a fat *mégère* whom the appearance of four trustful travelers — we were four, with an illustrious fourth, on that occasion — roused apparently to fury. I attached a great importance to

this incongruous hostess, for she uttered the only uncivil words I heard spoken (in connection with any business of my own) during a tour of some six weeks in France. Breakfast not at Azay-le-Rideau, therefore, too trustful traveler; or if you do so, be either very meek or very bold. Breakfast not, save under stress of circumstance; but let no circumstance whatever prevent you from going to see the admirable château, which is almost a rival of Chenonceaux. The village lies close to the gates, though after you pass these gates you leave it well behind. A little avenue, as at Chenonceaux, leads to the house, making a pretty vista as you approach the sculptured doorway. Azay is a most perfect and beautiful thing; I should place it third in any list of the great houses of this part of France in which these houses should be ranked according to charm. For beauty of detail it comes after Blois and Chenonceaux; but it comes before Amboise and Chambord. On the other hand, of course, it is inferior in majesty to either of these vast structures. Like Chenonceaux it is a watery place, though it is more meagrely moated than the little château on the Cher. It consists of a large square *corps de logis*, with a round tower at each angle, rising out of a somewhat too slumberous pond. The water — the water of the Indre — surrounds it, but it is only on one side that it bathes its feet in the moat. On one of the others there is a little terrace, treated as a garden, and in front there is a wide court, formed by a wing which, on the right, comes forward. This front, covered with sculptures, is of the richest, stateliest effect. The court is approached by a bridge over the pond, and the house would reflect itself in this wealth of water if the water were a trifle less opaque. But there is a certain stagnation — it affects more senses than one — about the picturesque pools of Azay. On the hither side of the bridge is a garden, over-

shadowed by fine old sycamores — a garden shut in by greenhouses and by a fine last-century gateway, flanked with twin lodges. Beyond the chateau and the standing waters behind it is a so-called *parc*, which, however, it must be confessed, has little of park-like beauty. The old houses (many of them, that is) remain, in France; but the old timber does not remain, and the denuded aspect of the few acres that surround the châteaux of Touraine is pitiful to the traveler who has learned to take the measure of such things from the manors and castles of England. The domain of the lordly Chaumont is that of an English suburban villa; and in that and in other places there is little suggestion, in the untended aspect of walk and lawns, of the vigilant British gardener. The manor of Azay, as seen to-day, dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and the industrious Abbé Chevalier, in his very entertaining though slightly rose-colored book on Touraine,¹ speaks of it as “perhaps the purest expression of the *belle Renaissance française*.” “Its height,” he goes on, “is divided between two stories, terminating under the roof in a projecting entablature which imitates a row of machicolations. Carven chimneys and tall dormer windows, covered with imagery, rise from the roofs; turrets on brackets, of elegant shape, hang with the greatest lightness from the angles of the building. The soberness of the main lines, the harmony of the empty spaces and those that are filled out, the prominence of the crowning parts, the delicacy of all the details, constitute an enchanting whole.” And then the Abbé speaks of the admirable staircase which adorns the north front, and which, with its extension inside, constitutes the principal treasure of Azay. The staircase passes beneath one of the richest of porticos — a portico over which a monumental sal-

amander indulges in the most decorative contortions. The sculptured vaults of stone which cover the windings of the staircase within, the fruits, flowers, ciphers, heraldic signs, are of the noblest effect. The interior of the chateau is rich, comfortable, extremely modern; but it makes no picture that compares with its external face, about which, with its charming proportions, its profuse yet not extravagant sculpture, there is something very tranquil and pure. I took a particular fancy to the roof, high, steep, old, with its slope of bluish slate, and the way the weather-worn chimneys seemed to grow out of it, like living things out of a deep soil. The only defect of the house is the blankness and bareness of its walls, which have none of those delicate parasites attached to them that one likes to see on the surface of old dwellings. It is true that this bareness results in a kind of silvery whiteness of complexion, which carries out the tone of the quiet pools and even that of the scanty and shadeless park.

IX.

I hardly know what to say about the tone of Langeais, which, though I have left it to the end of my sketch, formed the objective point of the first excursion I made from Tours. Langeais is rather dark and gray; it is perhaps the simplest and most severe of all the castles of the Loire. I don't know why I should have gone to see it before any other, unless it be because I remembered the Duchesse de Langeais, who figures in several of Balzac's novels, and found this association very potent. The Duchesse de Langeais is a somewhat transparent fiction; but the castle from which Balzac borrowed the title of his heroine is an extremely solid fact. My doubt just above as to whether I should pronounce it exceptionally gray came from my having seen it under a sky which made most things look dark. I have, however, a very kindly memory of that

¹ *Promenades pittoresques en Touraine*. Tours. 1869.

moist and melancholy afternoon, which was much more autumnal than many of the days that followed it. Langeais lies down the Loire, near the river, on the opposite side from Tours, and to go to it you will spend half an hour in the train. You pass on the way the Château de Luynes, which, with its round towers catching the afternoon light, looks uncommonly well on a hill at a distance; you pass also the ruins of the castle of Cinq-Mars, the ancestral dwelling of the young favorite of Louis XIII., the victim of Richelieu, the hero of Alfred de Vigny's novel, which is usually recommended to young ladies engaged in the study of French. Langeais is very imposing and decidedly sombre; it marks the transition from the architecture of defense to that of elegance. It rises, massive and perpendicular, out of the centre of the village to which it gives its name, and which it entirely dominates; so that as you stand before it, in the crooked and empty street, there is no resource for you but to stare up at its heavy overhanging cornice and at the huge towers surmounted with extinguishers of slate. If you follow this street to the end, however, you encounter in abundance the usual embellishments of a French village: little ponds or tanks, with women on their knees on the brink, pounding and thumping a lump of saturated linen; brown old crones, the tone of whose facial hide makes their night-caps (worn by day) look dazzling; little alleys perforating the thickness of a row of cottages, and showing you behind, as a glimpse, the vividness of a green garden. In the rear of the castle rises a hill which must formerly have been occupied by some of its appurtenances, and which indeed is still partly inclosed within its court. You may walk round this eminence, which, with the small houses of the village at its base, shuts in the castle from behind. The inclosure is not defiantly guarded, however, for a small, rough path, which

you presently reach, leads up to an open gate. This gate admits you to a vague and rather limited parc, which covers the crest of the hill, and through which you may walk into the gardens of the castle. These gardens, of small extent, confront the dark walls with their brilliant parterres, and covering the gradual slope of the hill form, as it were, the fourth side of the court. This is the stateliest view of the château, which looks sufficiently grim and gray as, after asking leave of a neat young woman who sallies out to learn your errand, you sit there on a garden bench and take the measure of the three tall towers attached to this inner front and forming severally the cage of a staircase. The huge bracketed cornice (one of the features of Langeais), which is merely ornamental, as it is not machicolated, though it looks so, is continued on the inner face as well. The whole thing has a fine feudal air, though it was erected on the ruins of feudalism. The main event in the history of the castle is the marriage of Anne of Brittany to her first husband, Charles VIII., which took place in its great hall in 1491. Into this great hall we were introduced by the neat young woman — into this great hall and into sundry other halls, winding staircases, galleries, chambers. The cicerone of Langeais is in too great a hurry; the fact is pointed out in the excellent Guide-Joanne. This ill-dissimulated vice, however, is to be observed, in the country of the Loire, in every one who carries a key. It is true that at Langeais there is no great occasion to indulge in the tourist's weakness of dawdling; for the apartments, though they contain many curious odds and ends of antiquity, are not of first-rate interest. They are cold and musty indeed, with that touching smell of old furniture, as all apartments should be through which the insatiate American wanders in the rear of a bored domestic, pausing to stare at a faded tapestry

or to read the name on the frame of some simpering portrait. To return to Tours my companion and I had counted on a train which (as is not uncommon in France) existed only in the *Indicateur des Chemins de Fer*; and instead of waiting for another we engaged a vehicle to take us home. A sorry *carriole* or *patache* it proved to be, with the accessories of a lumbering white mare and a little wizened, ancient peasant, who had put on, in honor of the occasion, a new blouse of extraordinary stiffness and blueness. We hired the trap of an energetic woman who put it "to" with her own hands; women, in Touraine and the Blésois appearing to have the best of it in the business of letting vehicles, as well as in many other industries. There is in fact no branch of human activity in which one is not liable, in France, to find a woman engaged. Women, indeed, are not priests; but priests are, more or less, women. They are not in the army, it may be said; but then they *are* the army. They are very formidable. In France one must count with the women. The drive back from Langeais to Tours was long, slow, cold; we had an occasional spatter of rain. But the road passes most of the way close to the Loire, and there was something in our jog-trot through the darkening land, beside the flowing river, which it was very possible to enjoy.

X.

The consequence of my leaving to the last my little mention of Loches is that space and opportunity fail me; and yet a brief and hurried account of that extraordinary spot would after all be in best agreement with my visit. We snatched a fearful joy, my companion and I, the afternoon we took the train for Loches. The weather this time had been terribly against us: again and again a day that promised fair became hopelessly foul after lunch. At last we determined that if we could not make this

excursion in the sunshine, we would make it with the aid of our umbrellas. We grasped them firmly and started for the station, where we were detained an unconscionable time by the evolutions, outside, of certain trains laden with liberated (and exhilarated) conscripts, who, their term of service ended, were about to be restored to civil life. The trains in Touraine are provoking; they serve as little as possible for excursions. If they convey you one way at the right hour, it is on the condition of bringing you back at the wrong; they either allow you far too little time to examine the castle or the ruin, or they leave you planted in front of it for periods that outlast curiosity. They are perverse, capricious, exasperating. It was a question of our having but an hour or two at Loches, and we could ill afford to sacrifice to accidents. One of the accidents, however, was that the rain stopped before we got there, leaving behind it a moist mildness of temperature and a cool and lowering sky, which were in perfect agreement with the gray old city. Loches is certainly one of the greatest impressions of the traveler in central France — the largest cluster of curious things that presents itself to his sight. It rises above the valley of the Indre, the charming stream set in meadows and sedges, which wanders through the province of Berry and through many of the novels of Madame George Sand; lifting from the summit of a hill, which it covers to the base, a confusion of terraces, ramparts, towers and spires. Having but little time, as I say, we scaled the hill amain, and wandered briskly through this labyrinth of antiquities. The rain had decidedly stopped, and save that we had our train on our minds, we saw Loches to the best advantage. We enjoyed that sensation with which the conscientious tourist is — or ought to be — well acquainted, and for which, at any rate, he has a formula, in his rough-and-ready language. We "experienced,"

as they say, an "agreeable disappointment." We were surprised and delighted; we had not suspected that Loches was so good. I hardly know what is best there: the strange and impressive little collegial church, with its Romanesque atrium or narthex, its doorways covered with primitive sculpture of the richest kind, its treasure of a so-called pagan altar, embossed with fighting warriors, its three pyramidal domes, so unexpected, so sinister, which I have not met elsewhere, in church architecture; or the huge square keep, of the eleventh century, the most cliff-like tower I remember, whose immeasurable thickness I did not penetrate; or the subterranean mysteries of two other less striking but not less historic dungeons, into which a terribly imperative little cicerone introduced us, with the aid of downward ladders, ropes, torches, warnings, extended hands, and many fearful anecdotes — all in impervious darkness. These horrible prisons of Loches, at an incredible distance below the daylight, were a favorite resource of Louis XI., and were for the most part, I believe, constructed by him. One of the towers of the castle is garnished with the hooks or supports of the celebrated iron cage in which he confined the Cardinal La Balue, who survived so much longer than might have been expected this extraordinary mixture of seclusion and exposure. All these things form part of the castle of Loches, whose enormous *enceinte* covers the whole of the top of the hill, and abounds in dismantled gateways, in crooked passages, in winding lanes that lead to postern doors, in long façades that look upon terraces interdicted to the visitor, who perceives with irritation that they command magnificent views. These views are the property of the sub-prefect of the department, who resides at the Château de Loches, and who has also the enjoyment of a garden — a garden compressed and curtailed, as those of old castles that perch on

hill-tops are apt to be — containing a horse-chestnut tree of fabulous size, a tree of a circumference so vast and so perfect that the whole population of Loches might sit in concentric rows beneath its boughs. The gem of the place, however, is neither the big *marronnier*, nor the collegial church, nor the mighty dungeon, nor the hideous prisons of Louis XI.; it is simply the tomb of Agnes Sorel, *la belle des belles*, so many years the mistress of Charles VII. She was buried, in 1450, in the collegial church, whence, in the beginning of the present century, her remains, with the monument that marks them, were transferred to one of the towers of the castle. She has always, I know not with what justice, enjoyed a fairer fame than most ladies who have occupied her position, and this fairness is expressed in the delicate statue that surmounts her tomb. It represents her lying there in lovely demureness, her hands folded with the best modesty, a little kneeling angel at either side of her head, and her feet, hidden in the folds of her decent robe, resting upon a pair of couchant lambs, innocent reminders of her name. Agnes, however, was not lamb-like, inasmuch as, according to popular tradition at least, she exerted herself sharply in favor of the expulsion of the English from France. It is one of the suggestions of Loches that the young Charles VII., hard put to it as he was for a treasury and a capital — "*le roi de Bourges*," he was called at Paris — was yet a rather privileged mortal, to stand up as he does before posterity between the noble Joan and the *gentille Agnès*; deriving, however, much more honor from one of these companions than from the other. Almost as delicate a relic of antiquity as this fascinating tomb is the exquisite oratory of Anne of Brittany, among the apartments of the castle the only chamber worthy of note. This small room, hardly larger than a closet, and forming part of the addition made to

the edifice by Charles VIII., is embroidered over with the curious and remarkably decorative device of the ermine and festooned cord. The objects in themselves are not especially graceful; but the constant repetition of the figure on the walls and ceiling produces an effect of richness, in spite of the modern whitewash with which, if I remember rightly, they have been endued. The little streets of Loches wander crookedly down the hill, and are full of charming pictorial "bits:" an old town-gate, passing under a mediæval tower, which is ornamented by gothic windows and the empty niches of statues; a meagre but delicate hôtel de ville, of the Renaissance, nestling close beside it; a curious *chancellerie* of the middle of the six-

teenth century, with mythological figures and a Latin inscription on the front—both of these latter buildings being rather unexpected features of the huddled and precipitous little town. Loches has a suburb on the other side of the Indre, which we had contented ourselves with looking down at from the heights, while we wondered whether, even if it had not been getting late and our train were more accommodating, we should care to take our way across the bridge and look up that bust, in terracotta, of Francis I., which is the principal ornament of the Château de Sansac and the faubourg of Beaulieu. I think we decided that we should not; that we were already quite well enough acquainted with the long nose of that monarch.

Henry James.

GLINTS OF NAHANT.

BEYOND the clatter of the town,
The surf-beat on the level strand,
The beds of sea-weed, dead and brown,
The ripple-etchings on the sand;

The wee sandpipers, as they fled
Like shadows down the sandy waste,
Pursuing every wave that fled,
And fleeing every wave that chased;

The isle, from whose lone cottage soon
The beacon light should flash aslant
Across the foam; the pale day-moon;
The purple headlands resonant;

The twilight, flecked with fading ships;
The passionate sea, that wooed the shore,
And kissed, with white and quivering lips,
Her garment's hem but could no more;

The night, with breaths of vague perfume,
And breezes wandering fitfully;
And ever, through the tremulous gloom,
The rhythmic thunder of the sea!

Charles F. Lummis.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

NOT many years ago, one day late in April — That is the way the story begins; but who could take time enough to describe either the place or the weather, since one was Beacon Street in Boston, and the other, as everybody had been saying, simply perfect? Mary Chester had just told the friend from whom she had parted at the corner of Park Street that it was the first day when one could be really comfortable in a spring dress. In the broad bay of the sidewalk, always sheltered by the high wall of the State House yard, a great fleet of baby-carriages was riding at anchor under a gorgeous rigging of blankets and afghans: while a dozen plump young persons, who had but lately learned the art of walking, toddled about and talked to each other, or else took shelter beside their maids, where, holding fast a hand, they surveyed the rest of the company and refused to make acquaintances.

Miss Chester walked quickly, with light steps. She had a pretty way of walking, and deft and slender feet. It was always a pleasure to see her go along the street, she was so much less awkward than most of her companions, and unlike them could hurry without its seeming unnatural, or a lately acquired kind of movement. She smiled, and had a consciousness that the spring dress was becoming, and she looked down the hill; but just then the sidewalk was quite deserted for some distance ahead. Two or three of the children ran toward her eagerly, with pretty chatter, and she stooped to kiss them and delayed good-naturedly to admire their dolls. The nurses smiled approvingly as she spoke or nodded to several of them and sent messages to their mistresses, who were oftener reported as invalids than as active persons. One bell after an-

other struck two o'clock, and presently Miss Chester went on down the street. She now met several grown-up acquaintances, who either gave her most indulgent smiles, or removed their hats with pleased alacrity. It was evident that our heroine was a favorite with her town's people, great and small, and also that she must not stop to speak to any one else, being already late to lunch.

But she found time, as she hurried, to look across the street at the trees in the Common, and to notice that the buds had grown larger since she had passed by earlier in the day. The grass was amazingly green, both under the trees and in the small samples of front yards close beside her, where the crocuses and hyacinths looked already wilted and out of season. Some robins and bluebirds were heard singing when there was a space between the carriages, and the English sparrows were squabbling as usual in the vines on the house fronts, and flocking down recklessly to the paving-stones.

Miss Chester bowed to an old lady who passed by in a well-closed carriage, and who felt a strange pang of regret and envy at the sight of so much beauty and such delightful youth. It seemed a very little while since she herself had scurried down Beacon Street, and what was more, had had something to scurry for; but this envy blew over presently, like a little gray spring cloud, since there really was nothing which one could not take one's time about, and Michael was certainly a most perfect driver. "Besides, the memory of my own youth is better than anything the young people of to-day can possibly enjoy," said Mrs. Temple to herself consolingly; and as she passed the little children whom Miss Chester had just left, she remembered with a smile what an aunt of hers used

to say; a dear old person, whose favorite window overlooked the length of a village street: "Every spring I see a new crop of little children come out to play in the sun; they bloom with the flowers after the April rains, and come out afoot to see what they think of the world, — one from this house and another from the next. Little they know what it all means!"

Just as the carriage had passed, our friend noticed a young man who came springing up the steps from the Common at the Joy Street gate. He was struck by a small colored boy, who had crossed the street at full run, and knocked backward a little; but the boy stopped civilly, and the young man did not seem to be angry, but laughed and nodded, and then remained standing by the posts for a minute or two, while he surveyed the houses opposite and took a good look up and down the street. In the course of this his eye fell upon Miss Chester, who had gone too far to steal another look at the stranger, which fact she somewhat regretted. However, it had been interesting enough; she had thought him a foreigner; there was something un-American about his dress, and it was very attractive to her. He was a slender fellow; even his hat was not without an artistic element; it was of soft felt, and there was a tip of a feather at one side of its slightly Tyrolean crown, whereas the young men whom she saw most were at that time decking themselves in hard Derbys with high round crowns, which when removed by their wearers displayed a crimson mark like a scar across the forehead.

Miss Chester took her latch-key out of her pocket at least two minutes before she reached the house to which it belonged, and quickly sought the dining-room, where three elderly women were gathered about the table, and each gave her a reproachful glance as she entered.

"I did n't know it was so late," said the girl pleasantly; "it struck two when

I was in front of the State House. I wonder if our clocks are n't a little fast!"

"I believe they are quite right," observed the lady at the head of the table. "Will you have the soup brought back?"

"Oh dear, no; it's too hot for soup. Have you been out, mamma?" But mamma shook her head deprecatingly, as if this were no time for trivial conversation.

"Would you mind removing your bonnet, my dear?" asked aunt Sophia, the first speaker. "I dare say I am quite out of date, but it never seems proper to me that young people should sit at the table in their street clothes. It appears like a restaurant. We shall have young men wearing their hats within doors presently."

"Oh, don't mind to-day, aunty. I am so hungry, and it takes some time to get my bonnet on and off. And you always go out to lunches in your own best bonnet." . . .

"That is different," responded Miss Duncan, after a moment's reflection, during which her niece had helped herself to cold prairie chicken, and Becket, the man-servant, moved forward with the salad from the side-board; a very good salad it was, of lettuce crisp and green enough to match the day.

"Could you find some raspberry jam, do you think, Becket?" inquired Miss Anne Duncan, who was very kind and almost entirely deaf. "Miss Mary likes it with cold grouse, though I don't know why," and she looked at her companions for confirmation; and when she saw that her elder sister wore a disapproving expression, she bowed her head over her plate as if grace were being said. "Sophia," she asked presently, "don't you think grouse are a little past? It must be getting late for them."

"They are much better with jam," the girl shouted gratefully across the corner of the table. "You should be

busy in the studio all the morning, and you would be ready to eat anything;" and the old lady nodded and Mary nodded, and they formally renewed the secret understanding of each other which had been an unbroken satisfaction since Mary could walk alone or tell one aunt from the other. It was a curious household, and a most interesting one to those who knew it well. Duncan Chester, Mary's father, had been the orphan ward of his aunts, and when he had married and brought his wife home to his pleasant house, nobody except outsiders had thought of expecting the ladies already established there to find a new house for themselves.

Although the house had come to Duncan by will, was it not their own father's to begin with, and the home of their childhood? They recognized no usurpers of their authority as its mistresses, that is, Miss Sophia did not; and young Mrs. Duncan was quietly thanked when she begged her to keep her time-honored seat at the head of the table. Mr. Duncan Chester frowned. He meant to have settled that point in good season; but alas, it would have made little difference, for early in the time of the war he died, leaving his wife and little daughter. A young son had died before him, and Mrs. Chester had had a long illness afterward, and after her husband's death she passed through a long siege of invalidism. Aunt Sophia was too kind and considerate, in those sad years, to be outwardly rebelled against, and as the true mistress of the house slowly regained her strength she not only saw that the chief occupation of the elder woman's life was in her not by any means light business of house-keeping; but she discovered at first that the care of her daughter and later on certain charitable employments were better suited to her own mind. As for dear Miss Anne, she was the comfort and delight of everybody who came within her reach. She was as cheerful

under her deafness as if it had been blindness instead. She could hear the conversation of people in books, at any rate, and she was as full of sympathy with the moods of her daily companions as if she were the personification of nature itself. She only cared not to be a trouble, and to make people happy, while her somewhat grim sister existed, one might believe, to remind people of their duties and delinquencies. The grandniece of these two good women had been always scolded by one and excused by the other, but it was as impossible to resist respecting and sometimes admiring Miss Sophia Duncan as it was petting and amusing Miss Anne.

Mrs. Chester was a quiet, sad woman, who always had worn the deepest mourning, and who spent more and more of her time in connection with the work of the various charities of the city. Her daughter had been a decided little person, and after having had a good start she had taken the bringing up of herself pretty much into her own hands, and had dispensed with the assistance of her relatives. Since she was a child she had been on most intimate terms with all three of the elders and betters under the home roof. She listened respectfully to their generous advice, and usually followed her own instincts and inclinations. She was really the strongest natured of the three, and soon gained the highest level of authority; though this was quite unsuspected, especially by her aunt Sophia, who held herself accountable not only for her own doings, but those of all the rest of the household.

Mrs. Chester asked a few questions, and both she and the aunts remained at the lunch table while Mary finished a most satisfactory meal, and then all rose together with much solemnity. Three of the chairs proved to have cushions at their backs. Mary smiled at the sight of them, as she had often done before, and wondered if she should live on in

just the same fashion until her chair had its cushion also. She spoke to Miss Anne's unprincipled old parrot, who lived in great splendor in the sunny bay-window, and who gave a fierce squawk in reply that even her mistress heard and laughed at. This bird was a wellspring of joy to the family. Even Miss Duncan, who was hard to amuse, was a pleased spectator of Polly's comedies.

"She caught Mrs. Temple's finger, this morning," said aunt Anne in her careful, deafened voice. "I was really frightened for a moment, but the glove was only scratched a little."

"I saw Mrs. Temple just now, on her way down town," said Mary, snapping the parrot's guilty beak. "Had she been here?"

Miss Anne Duncan had turned away, and did not know that she was spoken to, but Mrs. Chester answered in her place. "She was just leaving the house as I came in. She wished to say that she would come to dinner this evening, instead of to-morrow, for there was already some engagement which she had forgotten. Henry could not come to-morrow evening, either."

"Oh, how provoking!" said Mary quickly; "but I am sure I shall not stay at home from the concert. Did n't you say that I was going out, mamma?"

"I hardly saw Mrs. Temple, you know;" and at this point Miss Duncan reappeared from the china-closet, where she had been holding as secret a conference with Becket as if the rest of the family were unfamiliar guests.

"Mrs. Temple said that Henry meant to go to the concert," she announced, "so you can go together. He has one of the Winterford's tickets, so it all happens very well."

"If there is anything I dislike, it is being obliged to talk with any one in the seat directly behind," said Mary, not without a suspicion of pleasure in her tone. She liked Mr. Temple well

enough, though she laughed at him a good deal, and always took the most unfavorable views of him when her aunts praised him, as they often did. He was the only son of his mother, a person of great wealth and dignity. He was himself a most irreproachable young man; he had lately returned from a three years' sojourn in foreign parts, which, instead of stimulating him to any youthful vanities and pleasing worldliness, had apparently served to settle him down more than even a residence in Boston would have done. Instead of growing wilder, he had become tamer and duller than before, and his correctness, his amiability, were unrelieved by any faults save an occasional flicker of self-satisfaction and conceit, which Mary Chester always pounced upon with delight, and promptly convicted him of, so bringing an excitement into an otherwise too prosaic intercourse. It was by no means a new idea to anybody, except perhaps themselves, that they would in course of time marry, and creditably represent the time-honored families from which they had descended. As for the aunts and Mrs. Temple, they had many a time spoken of this probability with delighted assurance. Mrs. Chester alone had a reserve of opinion. She had too often noticed that "nothing is certain to happen but the unforeseen." In the meantime the young people saw each other often. Mary had liked young Temple better than she expected, when he had returned in February, and she had not yet grown quite used to his being at home. He certainly talked twenty times better than most young men, and she was fond of new ideas, and of reminiscences of London and of Roman society, which she longed for, but had never yet seen except as a child. Miss Anne's deafness had carried them to the Paris physicians, and Miss Duncan's wish to improve herself had led her to drag her companions over various long routes at the mercy of a rapacious courier, whom

Mary Chester had laughingly proclaimed ever since to be the only living person whom her aunt feared. Mrs. Chester had been for several years desiring to spend at least a summer abroad, but there had always seemed to be some good reason for putting it off to another season, until Mary had accused her aunt of being still afraid of the courier, whom she was quite as likely to meet if she stayed on this side of the sea. Any day they were likely to be swept off by Angelo to California and the Russian possessions, or to be shipped for Patagonia, in spite of any objections.

Dinner was to be half an hour earlier, a great concession to the concert-goers, and in good season Mrs. Temple appeared with her son. She belonged by birth to a noble Salem family, and was a very handsome and attractive woman. She had married somewhat late, and had spent a few years in the East Indies, where her son was born. She was never commonplace, though not a brilliant, woman. She knew the world of society much better than her friends the Duncans; beside, she was a little younger. They were very dependent upon her good opinion. They wished, above all things,—even Mrs. Chester felt this,—to put no obstacle in the way of her satisfaction with the projected marriage. No one would have acknowledged this, if accused of having anything to do with such a plot, but the tide of reason and propriety was set, as we have seen, very strongly in that direction.

There was some very clever talk at the little dinner. Henry Temple was given the foot of the table, which Miss Chester resented, since she liked her own place, and had a feeling beside that aunt Sophia's insistence upon this following out of etiquette had an inner meaning and suggestion to which she was not yet consenting. This evening, however, she was much pleased by her guest's kindness to her favorite aunt, who sat, hearing little but smiling kindly

at everybody, on his right. He carefully managed to keep her informed of at least the subjects of the conversation. Once or twice he twisted an entirely irrelevant remark into a seemingly appropriate one, and made her feel that she was taking an active part in most of the pleasure. He had never been so quick-witted or entertaining, Mary thought. It was possible to believe at last that he was nearer thirty than fifty; but he had an elderly way with him that had made her feel usually that she belonged to quite another generation. She laughed and talked with him gayly. He looked at her a good deal, and thought she had never been so pretty; while he looked very well himself, as all the ladies thought; a well-made man, at any rate, with his clothes of an unmistakable London cut. Mrs. Chester had given him a flower, and Mary had smiled to see him carefully take a pin from some secret hiding-place to fasten it into its button-hole. "I have broken the little cord from my coat," he explained. "I wish you would see to its being replaced, if you remember;" and he glanced at his mother affectionately, as if he desired to respond to the admiration with which she had been watching him.

"You ought to have a little pocket-pincushion," said Mary innocently, although filled with a wicked desire to tease him. "Ask aunt Anne to make you one; she would be delighted;" and aunt Anne, who knew her name by sight, took on such a pleading look that no one could have helped indulging her with the repetition of the sentence. Mr. Temple flushed and stuttered a little as he said, "Miss Chester says you ought to work me a pincushion;" at which everybody laughed, they hardly knew why, and Miss Anne with the rest, though she was much puzzled to know by what means the conversation had suddenly descended from the last subject of Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. It was an easy thing to throw Henry Temple off his

equilibrium, and Mary delighted in doing it. She often remembered things he had said and opinions he had given, yet it always provoked her if he managed to keep his equilibrium by the half hour together, and discoursed as if his decisions were to be regarded as final by all his listeners.

But he was good-tempered and interested, and his elder hostesses praised him after he went away with Mary and Miss Anne to the concert. He had given excellent advice about some new claret, having lately discovered a treasure when buying some for his mother. He had eaten his dinner as if he liked it even more than usual, and Becket had treated him with unusual deference and civility. There were some guests for whom Becket had suffered the loss of a near relative of his own in South Boston to defend himself from their reception or entertainment. Miss Sophia liked to avoid unpleasantness so far as she could, but Becket's power over her was not that of the courier's, and he often was obliged to suffer in silence when she had asked company at improper seasons, though gloom overspread his countenance at such times, until a skeleton would have seemed a *bon-vivant* and an enlivenment to the feast by contrast. More than once, however, when Mr. Temple had come to dinner, Becket had set forth the best silver and most unreplaceable wine quite of his own accord. He also thought that his young mistress was likely to marry this welcome guest, and Becket kept an eye to the windward, as his personal feeling toward the young man was kind, to begin with.

There were a few aggravating minutes of delay about the carriage, at which Miss Chester fretted, and she did not recover her spirits until she discovered that they were in good season, after all. It was a famous night of music, and the Music Hall was filled to overflowing. People were clustered about the doors that led to the galleries, like little

swarms of bees. One hardly knew whether they stood or clung, and the grim statue of Beethoven waited before the great sculptured wall of the organ as if it were impatient and annoyed because of the mild confusion and delay. Miss Anne Duncan had also excused herself to Mrs. Temple. She was the only musical member of the family except her grand-niece, and this was one of the few pleasures that still remained to her. She had never grown deaf to the sound of music, thank Heaven, and one friend after another recognized her with great satisfaction and sympathy as they passed by to their places.

The noise was hushed as the first notes of the violins called out loud and clear, with a cry together, to the other instruments. It was a fine orchestra to look at: the ugly little heads of the bass viols held themselves high in a proud, tall row, and overlooked the crowded musicians with a certain air of condescension, while the violin bows rose and fell as if they were the swaying bayonets of troops on the march. Sometimes the organ made itself heard, and dwarfed the smaller voices of the rest of the instruments as the sea overpowers the noises on its shore. The trumpets glistened; the symphony sang itself in one fashion after another most gloriously. We have done with mediæval vainglories in our New World life, for the most part, but there is still an instinct in the human breast for pomps and ceremonies, and the quaint orderliness of an orchestra, with the thousand-year-old shapes of its wind and string instruments, gives a pleasure that is altogether independent of their sound. The people were hushed and serious. Mary Chester took hold of her aunt's hand, as she had done many a time before, as they sat beside each other in feasts or fasts. They came very close together in their hearts, these two. That night it seemed to the elder woman as if the people whom she had known and loved,

and who had passed out of her sight and keeping, were listening to the music with her. It was a lovely sense of companionship, as if the same music could belong to the seen world and the unseen, and her angels could make her certain of their presence.

When the symphony ceased there was a gust of sighs and long breaths of delight. Mr. Temple leaned forward to say that it was well played, on the whole, but the *adagio* dragged, and one of the 'cellos was very flat; had not they noticed it? Mary Chester gave a little shrug of impatience, and at that moment she observed a young man who was sitting with some other persons on the stairs that led down at the side of the organ to the stage. He was quite still; he did not seem to know that the players had stopped. He was some distance away, and the space dulled his features somewhat, but Mary recognized the young stranger of the morning. He was now in evening dress. He presently clasped his hands at the back of his head, as if unconsciously, and looked up at the ceiling; then he suddenly came to himself, and looked about him hastily, and came down from his perch and disappeared. "He does n't wish to hear another note," said Mary to herself, with a feeling of great sympathy. "I wonder who he is!" and she asked Henry Temple, who arranged his eyeglasses and looked carefully at the deserted steps, as if he could solve the problem by a proper investigation.

The next piece on the programme seemed trivial and uninteresting, and our heroine commented upon it in a way that was far from flattering. "I wonder why the least attractive part of the performance always follows the best," she thought, and she was pleased with Mr. Temple's outraged whisper that it was injustice to give the audience such an inferior thing as this.

But aunt Anne turned to her niece at its close with a radiant face: "It

must be twenty years since I have heard that. You can't think how it has carried me back to the old days," at which her companions forbore further criticism.

They went home together, and the two ladies, at least, were very tired. Miss Chester leaned back in the corner of the carriage, and announced gravely that she never meant to attend more than half a concert in the future. "I like music too much," she explained, "and a concert of the average length is like a dinner of too many courses, to use an unworthy comparison. I envied a young man who whisked himself off after the symphony. Half a concert would be just enough, but a whole one is too long."

"By the way, have you seen young Dean?" asked Mr. Temple. "I don't know why I was reminded of him just now, I am sure;" and Miss Chester forgot her weariness, and sat upright in an instant to reply, "What young Dean do you mean?" and without waiting for his answer she exclaimed, "Why, when did he come home? Of course that was Dick Dean whom I saw this morning. It seemed to me then that I ought to remember his face; and again to-night. Don't you know, I spoke of him this evening. It was he who wished to hear nothing after the symphony!" The girl was very eager as she had said all this, and sat waiting for whatever Mr. Temple might have to tell her. Miss Anne looked from one to the other with great curiosity, and wondered what Mary was so excited about, but she did not like to ask. The young man might have even taken that occasion to make his proposal, and it would be an extremely awkward thing for him to be called upon to repeat his sentences.

"He has been at home a day or two, at least. He came in on the Parthia. I heard him scolding about her in the reading-room at the club, yesterday morning. I believe he is only here for a visit to his uncle. He told me that he

had lent his studio to a friend. I imagine that he often does that; he never was to be found there when I was in Paris. An idle fellow, I fear, though very well gifted by nature. It is a pity he had not been poor. I think he would have been sure to achieve something worth doing," said Mr. Temple, somewhat pompously; and Miss Chester had only time to return the assurance that she had always remembered him as being the most clever and delightful boy of her set, when she discovered that she had reached the door of her own home. Henry Temple was very kind, and escorted Miss Anne Duncan up the steps with great gallantry. He was well used to being his mother's squire, and when they were all in the brightly lighted parlor again, he was certainly much to be admired. Mary herself thought she had never seen him look so handsome, as when he waited beside his mother's chair for her last chapter of reminiscence and opinion to come to its end. The flower in his buttonhole was still unfaded. When the leave-takings were over, Miss Duncan and Miss Anne, and Mrs. Chester even, spoke in his praise, and Mary herself could not say that there was a better fellow in the world.

Next day, she went to Hovey's to do some long-deferred errands; for, like many another Boston girl, she often planned the disposal of her whole time for a fortnight ahead. She took kindly to society life; she was making the most of a somewhat uncommon talent for painting; and she joined, partly to please her mother, and partly from her own inclination, in various endeavors to prevent pauperism in her native city. She was to read German with a friend, it being the occupation of her Friday mornings from eleven to one, and it was already eleven o'clock, and the friend lived at some distance down Marlborough Street, which was discouraging to her own habit of punctuality. She hurried across the Common, for a message

must be left at the house, and she did not notice the footsteps which were rapidly overtaking hers, until she looked up suddenly to find the stranger of the day before, picturesque hat and all, walking alongside.

Of course it was Dick Dean, — as eager and quick to smile as ever! The hat was hardly touched, he was in such a hurry to shake hands and be sure that he was remembered, and the first greetings over they walked on together, side by side. This old friend had grown taller and browner, and had taken on a fine, half-boyish manliness since Mary had seen him last, many years before; indeed, they made themselves very merry because their first instinctive salutations of each other had been, "How you have grown!" And the girl was touched and saddened at the sight of him; he was very like his younger sister, who had been her dearest friend, and who had died when they were all three hardly more than children. This was the only real sorrow Mary had known; and Dick thought of his little sister too, and for a minute they both kept silent, until the remembrance of the old grief had faded away again out of the April day, and Mary said that she had been puzzled the day before when she had noticed him in the street and at the concert. She had been sure that he was a foreigner on his travels.

"I feel exactly like one," said the young fellow. "Indeed, Boston is like meeting one's grandmother in costume at a fancy ball. Here is all the Back Bay for a court train to her plain everyday gown. Was the dome of the State House always gilded? I think that is the best of the changes. This morning early, for a wonder, I could n't sleep, so I went out-of-doors to see what things were like; and do you know that there is a chance for a lovely picture, if one stands on Boylston Street, and takes in the brown tops of the elms on the Public Garden and the Common; the

high gables and windowed roofs on this street and Mount Vernon, and the dull gold of the old dome, and a very particularly clear blue sky."

They loitered for a minute, before Mary ran up the steps, to finish their merry chatter, looking frankly and delightedly in each other's faces all the while. Mr. Richard Dean promised himself the pleasure of calling very soon. "I have always meant to apologize to Miss Duncan for breaking one of the front windows with my ball, some time since," he said by way of parting; and after Miss Chester was in the hall, and had given a message to Becket for her aunt Anne, she thought it had been very foolish of her not to tell her old friend and playmate that she was going down the street directly. She was sure he would have been glad to wait for her; indeed, he had turned that way himself, as she left him. She lingered in the hall for a short time, however, for it would be very foolish to follow him so soon; it would seem as if she had not been able to resist going out again in quest of him. Becket reappeared presently, burdened with a jar of great pink roses. "It was Mr. Temple sent them, miss, to the ladies, a few minutes ago. I was just filling the jar with water as you rang." Mary thought it was very good of Mr. Temple, and crossed the room to pull the leaves out a little, and to enjoy their fragrance. "Oh, I might have known better," she told herself, a trifle disappointed; "these hybrid roses are only to look at;" and then she caught sight of the clock, and went away down the hill, and through the side path of the Public Garden, and noticed with admiration that Dick Dean was there also, quite out of reach, but looking about him as he strolled along; and once he crossed the forbidden grass and stooped to pick something, and placed it in his button-hole. She was sure it must have been a dandelion, which was her own favorite flower.

After this 'the days flew by, as the spring days always do when there is so much to be done in-doors and out. The flowers are getting ready to bloom; the people are trying to get ready for summer also, some for their holidays and others for their toil; to some it means idleness and to others business. New clothes are brought home, new plans are made; the days grow longer and longer, and the leaves of the trees come out, and presently make a shade for the ground; the nurses and children take shelter under their kindly branches; one house after another is shuttered and closed, and as for the rest, they put out gay awnings, like flags and banners, as if summer were a queen, who walked up and down Beacon Street every day at the head of a grand procession.

Dick Dean has made his first call, and his second and third, for that matter. The grand-aunts and Mrs. Chester are all delighted with him. The families were always intimate in the old times, and he is a most well-bred and charming fellow. He must be asked to dinner; but he is placed at Miss Sophia's right hand, and Mary keeps her post at the foot of the table, next but one away. The guest is vastly entertaining; he has a ringing, clear voice, so that Miss Anne, who is close beside him, hears much that he says without being specially told, and he devotes himself to her in a way that reminds Mary of Henry Temple's attentions only to make them appear patronizing and clumsy; but she is angry with herself for her disloyalty a moment afterwards. Mr. Dean is able to give late news of some friends in London. It is proved that his studio is there now, and that he knows Mr. Burne Jones and has often met Rossetti, which is more than most persons can say. The ladies have kept themselves well informed of the progress of art and literature, as prominent Bostonians should; they even talk somewhat of English politics, and, to be in keeping with the fact that their im-

mediate ancestors were subjects of the British crown, the elder ladies begin almost unconsciously, as if from force of habit, like their grandmothers, to gossip about the royal family. The young man talks eloquently about some literary persons of tender years and great renown, of whom his listeners have not heard; he speaks modestly of his own pictures and his plans, and laughingly owns himself to be an idle fellow, who works hard when the fancy seizes him, and finds it terribly hard to keep himself long in harness. "There is so much to learn and to enjoy in London," he says. "I can't resist spending half my time in tramping about the country, either; it is lovely down in Surrey, and as for North Devon and Cornwall, one can never get enough of them! I wish I could show you the way around the shore," he tells Mary eagerly. "And everybody goes to the Hebrides, you know, since Black wrote *A Princess of Thule*;" while he suddenly thinks that it is Sheila whom Mary is so much like, and turns to look at her earnestly, blushing like a school-boy when she glances up at him, as if to question what his thought may be and why he has stopped speaking. "She is like a pink hyacinth, or a crocus, or something like that; she belongs to the spring flowers," he tells himself.

Mary longs to know more of his society life; she has often heard of his being a good deal of a society man. But he returns to his pictures; and says that he got the idea for the best thing he has ever done in a forlorn court-yard in the east of London, where the river and the old houses were kept apart by no Thames embankment of any sort but the most dismal. Mary wishes to have her aunts see the water-color sketch of his that some friends of theirs brought home a year before, and says that she has always liked it; and the guest is pleased. He means to work very hard when he goes back; indeed, he is going

to do one or two things while he stays in Boston. Some one has offered him a corner of a studio.

They talk about Newport and Nahant, and the changes at Harvard, and Becket is sent away to the library for the last copy of *Punch*, though if Miss Sophia objects to anything it is to people's reading at table; but Dick Dean must show them a capital caricature of a conspicuous society person, which they have not discovered, and Mary rearranges some flowers which have begun to droop in the heat of the gaslight, and gives aunt Anne a sprig of her favorite mignonette, and tosses the young man a dark carnation for his coat. "They are like port wine," he says. "I wonder if the little pale pink ones with a fringe grow in the country gardens as they used. I made a visit in Portsmouth every summer when I was a boy, and I used to drive about in that lovely country the other side of the river. I hope it has not been spoiled."

"What does he keep calling things 'lovely' for?" aunt Sophia said snappishly, when the hall door was shut behind him. "I think it is foolish enough for girls to do it. He is very agreeable, but he seems to me to have no distinct purpose in life and little stability. I like to see a young man with some dignity. Henry Temple is far more to be admired, it seems to me."

"But they are so different," said Mary, who had spent a most delightful evening. "I should as soon think of not admiring Henry as of not respecting King's Chapel. He has given his whole attention to making himself admirable, you know. Dick Dean is like the champagne and *paté*, after Henry's sherry and soup. I think the dinner was very good to-night, but why Becket will insist upon spilling something over his gloves to begin with, I cannot understand."

"He is a most faithful and devoted

servant," said aunt Sophia reproachfully; and Mrs. Chester laughed a little at Mary when the others were not looking. Becket had been the picture of melancholy, and it was an omen of ill fortune to the cheerful guest. "It is a pity we had not asked some one to meet him," said Miss Anne, as she rose to go up-stairs; "but he seemed to enjoy himself, and it is quite too late for dinners."

There is no use in wearying the reader with details of the intercourse of Mary Chester's two lovers; for such they proved to be, with herself and her family, and with each other. It complicated matters not a little, because the two young men professed, or really felt, a great friendship for each other for a time; but they ceased spending their hours in each other's society after it was first patent to everybody else, and then to themselves, that they were in love with the same young lady. The month of May and the early weeks of June sped by. On the 15th of June the Duncans and Mrs. Chester and her daughter went annually to their country-place at Beverly. It sometimes seemed late in the season to make the change, but this year the summer had been late in coming, for May was cold and rainy.

It was soon known that Dick Dean and Miss Chester had been seen two or three times coming in from long rides together, and among his friends he was sometimes chaffed a little. He did not touch one of his carefully packed box of brushes, and the corner of the studio which his friend had offered was left without a tenant. He had found a capital horse to keep step with Mary Chester's, and she rode a great deal that spring.

Aunt Sophia's insistence upon the late date of flitting to Beverly suited her niece very well that year. Mary and her mother had sometimes gone down earlier by themselves, but it was

a movement requiring immense tact and diplomacy.

As for Mr. Temple, he at last took fright, and determined to press his suit. Mary Chester was still very young to marry, and though he had looked forward with increasing ardor to making her his own, it had seemed to him best to leave the time and season of it very much to circumstance and to favoring fortune. He had wished many times, for a year past, that he were entirely sure of her, but he felt little real uneasiness. They were growing more and more used to being together, and he thought he could see that she was becoming more and more attached to him. Until now he never had discovered a rival who seemed at all dangerous, although Miss Chester was much liked and admired. It was a very difficult thing to imagine himself pleading the cause of his heart, as they sat together in the parlors of either his house or hers, in constant expectation of the appearance of his mother or her own, or the aunts, if by any accident they found themselves alone. Her thoughts were not of any fashion of romance as they talked together or met in the street by chance, and he became more and more in earnest and determined to have the question settled in the minds of the world as it already was in his own. It seemed to him the proper thing that he should marry, and he found Mary Chester very pleasing; he really was fonder of her than he ever had been of any one in his life; besides, it was the chosen wish of his mother's heart that this girl should be her daughter-in-law.

With Dick Dean the case was quite different: he had been attracted by a dozen girls, who had wielded one sort of attraction or another; but he had never loved any one as he knew he could love. His few years of adventure and of artist life had amused and delighted him; he felt still as if he were beginning his intercourse with men and things. He

had been praised and flattered by some of his friends, and scolded by others for wasting his time; but there was good stuff in him; he had lived longer already than his friend Temple, who appeared sometimes like an elderly man. He had often felt that his active life had not begun; it seemed to him as if he were always waiting for something, — as if the world were a great railway station, where he expected a belated train. He was simply watching the people about him, and trying to amuse himself by reading the placards on the wall, or contemplating the not very wide outlook from the windows. But the train was sure to come, and then all would be different. He looked at Temple with much curiosity; he could not understand his satisfaction with his prosaic existence. The two men were well matched as to their wealth and respectability; they were by no means partners to be disdained, and each said to himself at last that he would be a single man no longer.

For young Dean's expected train had whistled at last, and he had fallen deep into love, and Mary Chester knew it; and at first was amazed and then frightened, until she undertook to resent the state of affairs, and spent long hours awake, when she should have been asleep, in thinking of her two lovers, and trying to make sure whom she loved best.

It was an untried and unknown life into which she must enter with Richard Dean, but the future with Temple seemed plain and familiar to her; it meant a great deal to a conservative and home-loving girl like herself that she should live on in the same dear way, among the well-known and comfortable associations. She could not give up so sweet a certainty for an uncertainty of many risks and dangers. All this process of thought went on while she still simply liked both her lovers, and was only consenting in either case to be loved. She was very ungracious to her family whenever the

cause of Henry Temple was mentioned, and this her aunts took for a good sign; for Mrs. Chester, in these dread days, was paying a visit in New York. It is true that Mary felt very lonely, and that life seemed a great puzzle and very hard to bear. "There is no reason why I should marry either of them," she told herself over and over; but the shadow of a great change not far beyond kept all the sunshine from her sky — until an evening came when she heard that Dick Dean was to join a party of artists who were going abroad directly to sketch in Venice and perhaps the Tyrol, whereupon she wondered that he had not told her himself, and suddenly the question was decided. Nothing that was left behind would be worth caring for if he went away, and this was the spark of news that kindled the great blaze of her love. She could hardly wait to see him again. A great faith in the career he was sure to have had possessed her; but she forgot even that now; she looked at his sketches only because he had done them, and not because he had done them well.

So at last a certain Wednesday morning dawned in the middle of June, which was to be a day of great decisions. Dick Dean had been spending a day and night with a friend in Newport, and did not reach town until toward noon. He would not try to go to see Mary until after lunch. She was at the painting lesson which he had longed of late to give her himself, and he should only take up the time of the not very friendly old ladies.

So he strolled along the street under the shade of the Common elms, and looked fondly at the house which had always been her home. One of the maids was giving a last polish for that season to the brasses of the door, and he wished to go and speak to her. It seemed to him as if he had been in Newport a month. Presently Mr. Temple, of all people, was seen approaching, and Mr.

Dean, in a strange fit of recklessness, stopped to propose that they should go out riding for a long distance together that afternoon. Mr. Temple was ill at ease; he looked at the sky, and finding no excuse there at last pleaded an engagement with Miss Chester at three o'clock. It was an awful moment to both, but they behaved with great composure, and parted serenely to outward view: one wending his way onward to the Union Club, and the other to the Somerset. If poor Dick had only known it, his rival had asked the interview at three o'clock, which Miss Chester, for lack of any excuse, had granted. "It must be something about the red setter he told me of day before yesterday," she tried to assure herself. "He never could mean to say anything else at that time in the afternoon."

Dick was more miserable than ever. There was something very self-assured and triumphant about Temple, who was not a person he ever wished to see again as long as he lived. It might be that he could go to see Mary early, soon after lunch, which she usually finished by half past two. Perhaps she would go out with him, after all, though it was such short notice. They might have a late afternoon walk or ride; perhaps it would be the last. But he must speak to her. At any rate, he had brought some messages from Newport. . . .

It was a long time since he had taken his hurried, early breakfast that morning, so he went straight to the dining-room of the club; and in spite of his love and his woe he took a reasonable pleasure in a salad and some other trifles, and afterward, finding that it was not much after one o'clock, he seated himself in a comfortable chair in the reading-room, and tried to beguile himself with the newspapers. He smiled at the placid face of an old fellow who was sleeping soundly in another chair, just opposite. He wondered idly if he had ever fallen in love in his day, and pres-

ently — O careless and unreasonable Hare! — he dropped the paper on the floor, and went to sleep himself in the shaded room, with the carriages and carts outside rumbling his lullaby.

There he dreamed, not about Mary Chester at all, but of riding to the hunt in dark November weather in England, and after a time he waked in great alarm. It took him a second or two to remember what he was so anxious about, and then he sprang from his chair and snatched his hat, which was a Derby now, like other young men's, in spite of Mary's deprecation. As he went out of the door he found it was three o'clock already, and his only hope was that Temple's watch might not be right; in fact, he had heard him complain of it more than once of late.

But alas! as he hurried down the hill he saw the punctual Temple on the opposite side of the way. There was an unpleasant triumphant expression in his very back and the way he held his head. He was walking at his usual dignified pace. He would not hurry, even to see Mary, and at this thought his indignant rival promptly overtook him. And just as the Tortoise prepared to cross the street the Hare ran quickly up the steps. Becket opened the door at once, for a wonder; he had happened to be standing beside it.

Our heroine was waiting in the library; she thought it was for Henry Temple, and she wished more and more that he would come and go away again. The aunts had ascended the stairs, and were making arrangements for their afternoon naps. She heard a quick footstep in the hall, but instead of any other voice it was Dick's, saying, "Oh, Mary!" in a wonderful sort of way, while Temple lingered for one awful, foreboding half minute on the edge of the sidewalk, looking at the closed door.

For in this new version of the story of the Hare and the Tortoise, it was the Hare that won.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

ACADEMIC SOCIALISM.

It is a striking tribute — and perhaps the most striking when the most reluctant — to the influence and authority of physical science, that the followers of other sciences (moral, not physical) are so often compelled, or at least inclined, to borrow its terms, its methods, and even its established principles. This adaptation commonly begins, indeed, in the way of metaphor and analogy. The natural sympathy of men in the pursuit of truth leads the publicist, for example, and the geologist to compare professional methods and results. The publicist is struck with the superiority of induction, and the convenience of language soon teaches him to distinguish the strata of social development; to dissect the anatomy of the state; to analyze political substance; to observe, collect, differentiate, and generalize the various phenomena in the history of government. This practice enriches the vocabulary of political science, and is offensive only to the sterner friends of abstract speculation. But it is a vastly graver matter formally and consciously to apply in moral inquiries the rules, the treatment, the logical implements, all the technical machinery, of sciences which have tangible materials and experimental resources constantly at command. And in the next step the very summit of impiety seems to be reached. The political philosopher is no longer content merely to draw on physical science for metaphors, or even to use in his own way its peculiar methods, but boldly adopts the very substance of its results, and explains the sacred mystery of social progress by laws which may first have been used to fix the status of the polyp or the cray-fish.

It is true that this practice has not been confined to any age. There is a distinct revelation of dependence on the

method, if not on the results, of the concrete sciences in Aristotle's famous postulate, that man is "by nature" a political being. The uncompromising realism of Macchiavelli would not dishonor a disciple of Comte. And during the past two hundred years, especially, there is scarcely a single great discovery, or even a single great hypothesis, which, if at all available, has not been at once appropriated by the publicists and applied to their own uses. The circulation of the blood suggests the theory of a similar process in society, comparative anatomy reveals its structure, the geologic periods explain its stages, and the climax was for the time reached when Frederick the Great, whose logic as well as his poetry was that of a king, declared that a state, like an animal or vegetable organism, had its stages of birth, youth, maturity, decay, and death. Yet striking as are these early illustrations, it is above all in recent times, and under the influence of its brilliant achievements in our own days, that physical science has most strongly impressed its methods and principles on social and political investigation. Mr. Freeman can write a treatise on comparative politics, and the term excites no protest. Sir Henry Maine conducts researches in comparative jurisprudence, and even the bigots are silenced by the copiousness and value of his results. The explanation of kings and states by the law of natural selection, which Mr. Bagehot undertook, is hardly treated as paradoxical. The ground being thus prepared — unconsciously during the last century — consciously and purposefully during this, for a close assimilation between the physical and the moral sciences, it is natural that men should now take up even the contested doctrine of evolution, and apply it to the progress

of society in general, to the formation of particular states, and to the development of single institutions.

Now, if it be the part of political science merely to adapt to its own use laws or principles which have been fully established in other fields of research, it would of course be premature for it to accept as an explanation of its own phenomena a doctrine like that of evolution, which is still rejected by a considerable body of naturalists. But may not political science refuse to acknowledge such a state of subordination? May it not assert its own dignity, and choose its own method of investigation? And even though that method be also the favorite one of the natural philosopher, may not the publicist employ it in his own way, subject to the limitations of his own material, and even discover laws contrary to, or in anticipation of, the laws of the physical universe? If these questions be answered in the affirmative, it follows that the establishment of a law of social and political evolution may precede the general acceptance of the same law by students of the animal or vegetable world.

At present, however, such a law is only a hypothesis, — a hypothesis supported, indeed, by many striking facts, and yet apparently antagonized by others not less striking. A sweeping glance over the course of the world's history does certainly reveal a reasonably uniform progress from a simpler to a more complex civilization. This may also be regarded in one sense as a progress from lower to higher forms; and if the general movement be established, temporary or local interruptions confirm rather than shake the rule. But flattering as is this hypothesis of progressive social perfection to human nature, it is still only a hypothesis, and far enough from having for laymen the authority of a law. The theologians alone have positive information on the subject.

If evolution be taken to mean simply the production of new species from a common parent or genus, and without implying the idea of improvement, the history of many political institutions seems to furnish hints of its presence and its action. Let us take, as an example, the institution of parliaments. The primitive parent assembly of the Greeks was probably a body not unlike the council of Agamemnon's chiefs in the *Iliad*; and from this were evolved in time the Spartan Gerousia, the Athenian Ecclesia, and other legislatures as species, each resembling the original type in some of its principles, yet having others peculiar to itself. Out of the early Teutonic assemblies were produced, in the same way, the Parliament of England, the States-General of France, the Diet of Germany, the Congress of the United States.

Yet it may be questioned whether even this illustration supports the doctrine of evolution, and in regard to other institutions the case is still more doubtful. Take, for example, the jury system. The principle of popular participation in trials for crime has striven for recognition, though not always successfully, in many countries and many ages. But from at least one people, the Germans, and through one line, the English, it may be traced along a fairly regular course down to the present day. Montesquieu calls attention to another case, when, speaking of the division of powers in the English government, he exclaims, "*Ce beau système est sorti des bois!*" that is, the forests of Germany. But in all such instances it depends upon the point of view, or the method of analysis, whether the student detects the production of new species from a common genus, or original creation by a conscious author.

Even this is not, however, the only difficulty. Evolution means the production of higher, not simply of new, forms; and the term organic growth

implies in social science the idea of improvement. But this kind of progress is evidently far more difficult to discern in operation. It is easy enough to trace the American Congress back historically to the Witenagemot, to derive the American jury from the Teutonic popular courts, to connect the American city with the municipality of feudal Europe, or of Rome, or even of Greece. The organic relation, or at least the historical affinity, in these and many other cases is clear. But it is a widely different thing to assert that what is evidently political development or evolution must also be upward progress. This might lead to the conclusion that parliamentary institutions have risen to Cameron and Mahone; that the Saxon courts have been refined into the Uniontown jury; and that the art of municipal government has culminated in the city of New York.

The truth is that there are two leading classes of political phenomena, the one merely productive, the other progressive, which may in time, and by the aid of large generalizations, be made to harmonize with the doctrine of evolution, but which ought at present to be carefully distinguished from the manifestations ordinarily cited in its support. The first class includes the appearance, in different countries and different ages, of institutions or tendencies similar in character, but without organic connection. The other class includes visible movements, but movements in circles, or otherwise than forward and upward. Both classes may be illustrated by cogent American examples, but it is to the latter that the reader's attention is now specially invoked.

Among the phenomena which have appeared in all ages and all countries, with a certain natural bond of sympathy, and yet without a clearly ascertainable order of progress, one of the earliest and latest, one of the most universal and most instructive, is that tendency

or aspiration variously termed agrarian, socialistic, or communistic. The movement appears under different forms and different influences. It may be provoked by the just complaints of an oppressed class, by the inevitable inequality of fortunes, or by a base jealousy of superior moral and intellectual worth. To these and other grievances, real or feigned, correspond as many different forms of redress, or rather schemes for redress. One man demands the humiliation of the rich or the great, and the artificial exaltation of the poor and the ignorant; another, the constant interference of the state for the benefit of general or individual prosperity; a third, the equalization of wealth by discriminating measures; a fourth, perhaps, the abolition of private property, and the substitution for it of corporate ownership by society. But widely as these schemes differ in degree, they may all be reduced to one general type, or at least traced back to one pervading and peremptory instinct of human nature in all races and all ages. It is the instinctive demand that organized society shall serve to improve the fortunes of individuals, and incidentally that those who are least fortunate shall receive the greatest service. Between the two extreme attitudes held toward this demand, — that of absolute compliance, and that of absolute refusal — range the actual policies of all political communities.

For the extremes are open to occupation only by theories; no state can in practice fully accept and carry out either the one or the other. Prussia neglects many charges, or, in other words, leaves to private effort much that a rigid application of the prevailing political philosophy would require it to undertake; while England conducts by governmental action a variety of interests which the utilitarians reserve to the individual citizen. The real issue is therefore one of degree or tendency. Shall the sphere of the

state's activity be broad or narrow; shall it maintain toward social interests an attitude of passive, impartial indifference, or of positive encouragement; shall the presumption in every doubtful case be in favor of calling in the state, or of trusting individual effort? Such are the forms in which the issue may be stated, as well by the publicist as by the legislator. And it is rather by the extent to which precept and practice incline toward the one view or the other, than by the complete adoption of either of two mutually exclusive systems, that political schools are to be classified. This gives us on the one hand the utilitarian, limited, or non-interference theory of the state, and on the other the paternal or socialistic theory.

Now although this country witnessed at an early day the apparent triumph of certain great schemes of policy, such as protection and public improvements, which are clearly socialistic, — I use the term in an inoffensive, philosophical sense, — it is noteworthy that the triumph was won chiefly by the aid of considerations of a practical, economical, and temporary nature. The necessity for a large revenue, the advantage of a diversified industry, the desirability of developing our natural resources, the scarcity of home capital, the expediency of encouraging European immigration, and many other reasons of this sort have been freely adduced. But at the same time the fundamental question of the state's duties and powers, in other words, the purely political aspect of the subject, was neglected. Nay, the friends of these exceptional departures from the non-interference theory of the state have insisted not the less, as a rule, on the theory itself, while even the exceptions have been obnoxious to a large majority of the most eminent publicists and economists, that is to say the specialists, of America. If any characteristic system of political philosophy has hitherto been generally accepted in

this country, whether from instinct or conviction, it is undoubtedly the system of Adam Smith, Bentham, and the Manchester school.

There are, however, reasons for thinking that this state of things will be changed in the near future, and that the new school of political economists in the United States will be widely different from the present. This change, if it actually take place, will be due to the influence of foreign teachers, but of teachers wholly unlike those under whose influence we have lived for a century.

It has been often remarked that our higher education is rapidly becoming Germanized. Fifty years ago it was only the exceptional and favored few — the Ticknors and Motleys — who crossed the ocean to continue their studies under the great masters of German science; but a year or two at Leipsic or Heidelberg is now regarded as indispensable to a man who desires the name of scholar. This is especially true of those who intend themselves to teach. The diploma of a German university is not, of course, an instant and infallible passport to employment in American colleges, but it is a powerful recommendation; and the tendency seems to be toward a time when it will be almost a required condition. The number of Americans studying in Germany is accordingly now reckoned by hundreds, or even thousands, where it used to be reckoned by dozens. It is within my own knowledge that in at least one year of the past decade the Americans matriculated at the University of Berlin outnumbered every other class of foreigners. And "foreigners" included all who were not Prussians, in other words, even non-Prussian Germans. That this state of things is fraught with vast possible consequences for the intellectual future of America is a proposition which seems hardly open to dispute; and the only question is about the nature, whether good or bad, of those consequences.

My own views on this question are not of much importance. Yet it will disarm one class of critics if I admit at the outset that in my opinion the effects of this scholastic pilgrimage will in general be wholesome. The mere experience of different academic methods and a different intellectual atmosphere seems calculated both to broaden and to deepen the mind; it corresponds in a measure to the "grand tour," which used to be considered such an essential part of the education of young English noblemen. The substance, too, of German teaching is always rich, and often useful. But in certain cases, or on certain subjects, it may be the reverse of useful; and the question presents itself, therefore, to every American student on his way to Germany, whether the particular professor whom he has in view is a recognized authority on his subject, or, in a slightly different form, whether the subject itself is anywhere taught in Germany in a way which it is desirable for him to adopt.

In regard to many departments of study, doubts like these can indeed hardly ever arise. No very strong feeling is likely to be excited among the friends and neighbors and constituents of a young American about the views which he will probably acquire in Germany on the reforms of Servius Tullius, or the formation of the Macedonian phalanx, or the pronunciation of Sanskrit. Here the scientific spirit and the acquired results of its employment are equally good. But there are other branches of inquiry, in which, though the method may be good, the doctrines are at least open to question.

One of these is social science, using the term in its very broadest sense, and making it include not only what the late Professor von Mohl called *Gesellschafts-Wissenschaft*, that is, social science in the narrower sense, but also finance, the philosophy of the state, and even law in some of its phases.

The rise of the new school of economists in Germany is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. The school is scarcely twenty years old. Dr. Rodbertus, the founder of it, had to fight his cause for years against the combined opposition of the professors, the governments, the press, and the public. Yet his tentative suggestions have grown into an accepted body of doctrine, which is to-day taught by authority in nearly every German university, is fully adopted by Prince Bismarck, and has in part prevailed even with the imperial Diet.

The Catheder-Socialisten are not unknown, at least by name, even to the casual reader of current literature. They are men who teach socialism from the chairs of the universities. It is not indeed a socialism which uses assassination as an ally, or has any special antipathy to crowned heads: it is peaceful, orderly, and decorous; it wears academic robes, and writes learned and somewhat tiresome treatises in its own defense. But it is essentially socialistic, and in one sense even revolutionary. It has displaced, or rather grown out of, the so-called "historical school" of political economists, as this in its time was a revolt against the school of Adam Smith. The "historical" economists charged against the English school that it was too deductive, too speculative, and insisted on too wide an application of conclusions which were in fact only locally true. Their dissent was, however, cautious and qualified, and questioned not so much the results of the English school as the manner of reaching them. Their successors, more courageous or less prudent, reject even the English doctrines. This means that they are, above all things, protectionists.

It follows, accordingly, that the young Americans who now study political economy in Germany are nearly certain to return protectionists; and protectionists, too, in a sense in which the term

has not hitherto been understood in this country. They are scientific protectionists; that is, they believe that protective duties can be defended by something better than the selfish argument of special industries, and have a broad basis of economic truth. The "American system" is likely, therefore, to have in the future the support of American economic science.

To this extent, the influence of German teachings will be welcome to American manufacturers. But protection is with the Germans only part of a general scheme, or an inference from their main doctrine; and this will not, perhaps, find so ready acceptance in this country. For "the socialists of the chair" are not so much economical as political protectionists. They are chiefly significant as the representatives of a certain theory of the state, which has not hitherto found much support in America. This will be better understood after a brief historical recapitulation.

The mercantile system found, when it appeared two centuries ago, a ready reception in Prussia, both on economic and on political grounds. It was singularly adapted to the form of government which grew up at Berlin after the forcible suppression of the Diets. Professor Roscher compares Frederick William I. to Colbert; and it is certain not only that the king understood the economic meaning of the system, but also that the administration which he organized was admirably fitted to carry it out. Frederick the Great was the victim of the same delusion. In his reign, as in the reign of his father, it was considered to be the duty of the state to take charge of every subject affecting the social and pecuniary interests of the people, and to regulate such subjects by the light of a superior bureaucratic wisdom. It was, in short, paternal government in its most highly developed form. But in the early part of this century it began, owing to three coöper-

ating causes, to decline. The first cause was the circumstance that the successors of Frederick were not fitted, like him and his father, to conduct the system with the patient personal attention and the robust intelligence which its success required of the head of the state. The second influence was the rise of new schools of political economy and of political philosophy, and the general diffusion of sounder views of social science. And in the third place, the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, and the complete destruction of the ancient bases of social order in Germany revealed the defects of the edifice itself, and made a reconstruction on new principles not only possible, but even necessary.

The consequence was the agrarian reforms of Stein and Hardenberg, the restoration to the towns of some degree of self-government, the agitation for parliaments, which even the Congress of Vienna had to recognize, and other measures or efforts in the direction of decentralization and popular enfranchisement. King Frederick William III. appointed to the newly created Ministry of Instruction and Public Worship William von Humboldt, the author of a treatise on the limits of the state's power, which a century earlier would have been burned by the common hangman. In 1818 Prussia adopted a new tariff, which was a wide departure from the previous policy, and in its turn paved the way for the Zollverein, which struck down the commercial barriers between the different German states, and practically accepted the principle of free trade. The course of purely political emancipation was indeed arrested for a time by the malign influence of Metternich, but even this was resumed after 1848. In respect to commercial policy there was no reaction. That the events of 1866 and 1870, leading to the formation, first, of the North German Confederation, and then of the Empire, were

expected to favor, and not to check, the work of liberation, and down to a certain point did favor it, is matter of familiar recent history. The doctrines of the Manchester school were held by the great body of the people, taught by the professors, and embodied in the national policy, so far as they concerned freedom of trade. On their political side, too, they were accepted by a large and influential class of liberals. Few Germans held, indeed, the extreme "non-interference" theory of government; but the prevailing tone of thought, and even the general policy of legislation, was, until about ten years ago, in favor of unburdening the state of some of its usurped charges; of enlarging in the towns and counties the sphere of self-government; and of granting to individuals a new degree of initiative in respect to economical and industrial interests.

But about the middle of the past decade the current began to turn. The revolt from the doctrines of the Manchester school, initiated, as has been stated, by a few men, and not at first looked on with favor by governments, gradually acquired both numbers and credit. The professors one by one joined the movement. And finally, when Prince Bismarck threw his powerful weight into the scale, the utilitarians were forced upon the defensive. They had to resist first of all the Prussian scheme for the acquisition of private railways by the state, and they were defeated. They were next called upon to defend in the whole Empire the cause of free trade. This battle, too, they lost, and in an incredibly short space of time protection, which had been discredited for half a century, was fully restored. Then the free city of Hamburg was robbed of its ancient privileges, and forced to accept the common yoke. Some minor socialistic schemes of the chancellor have been, indeed, temporarily frustrated by the Diet, but repeated efforts will doubtless break down the re-

sistance. The policy even attacks the functions of the Diet itself, as is shown both by actual projects and by the generally changed attitude of the government toward parliamentary institutions.

Now, so far as protection is concerned, this movement may seem to many Americans to be in principle a return to wisdom. In fact, not even American protectionists enjoy the imposition of heavy duties on their exported products; but the recognition of their system of commercial policy by another state undoubtedly gives it a new strength and prestige, and they certainly regard it as an unmixed advantage that their sons, who go abroad to pursue the scientific study of political economy, will in Germany imbibe no heresies on the subject of tariff methods. Is this, however, all that they are likely to learn, and if not, will the rest prove equally commendable to the great body of thoughtful Americans? This is the same thing as asking whether local self-government, trial by jury, the common law, the personal responsibility of officials, frequent elections, in short, all the priceless conquests of Anglican liberty, all that distinguishes England and America from the continent of Europe, are not as dear to the man who spins cotton into thread, or makes steel rails out of iron ore, as to any free-trade professor of political economy.

To state this question is to answer it; for it can be shown that, as a people, we have cause not for exultation, but for grave anxiety, over the class of students whom the German universities are annually sending back to America. If these pilgrims are faithful disciples of their masters, they do not return merely as protectionists, with their original loyalty to Anglo-American theories of government otherwise unshaken, but as the advocates of a political system which, if adopted and literally carried out, would wholly change the spirit of our institutions, and destroy all that is oldest and noblest in our national life.

Protection, it was said above, is not the main doctrine of the German professors, but only an inference from their general system. It is not an economical, much less a financial, expedient. It is a policy which is derived from a theory of the state's functions and duties; and this theory is in nearly every other respect radically different from that which prevails in this country. It assumes as postulates the ignorance of the individual and the omniscience of the government. The government, in this view, is therefore bound, not simply to abstain from malicious interference with private enterprises, not simply so to adjust taxation that all interests may receive equitable treatment, but positively to exercise a fatherly care over each and every branch of production, and even to take many of them into its own hands. All organizations of private capital are regarded with suspicion; they are at best tolerated, not encouraged. Large enterprises are to be undertaken by the state; and even the petty details of the retail trade are to be controlled to an extent which would seem intolerable to American citizens.

And this is not the whole, or, perhaps, the worst.

The "state," in this system, means the central government, and, besides that, a government removed as far as possible from parliamentary influence and public opinion. The superior wisdom, which in industrial affairs is to take the place of individual sagacity, means, as in the time of Frederick the Great, the wisdom of the bureaucracy. Now it may be freely granted that in Prussia, and even throughout the rest of the Empire, this is generally wisdom of a high order. It is represented by men whose integrity is above suspicion. But the principle of the system is not the less obnoxious, and its tendencies, if introduced in this country, could not be otherwise than deplorable.

This proposition, if the German

school has been correctly described, needs no further defense. If Americans are prepared to accept the teachings of Wagner, Held, Schmoller, and others, with all which those teachings imply, — a paternal government, a centralized political authority, a bureaucratic administration, Roman law, and trial by executive judges, — the new school of German publicists will be wholly unobjectionable. But before such a system can be welcome, the American nature must first be radically changed.

There are, indeed, evidences other than that of protection — which it has been shown is not commonly defended on political grounds — that this change has already made some progress. One of these is the growing fashion of looking to legislation, that is, to the state, for relief in cases where individual or at least privately organized collective effort ought to suffice. It is a further evil, too, that the worst legislatures are invariably the ones which most promptly respond to such demands. The recent act of the State of New York making the canals free, though not indefensible in some of its aspects, was an innovation the more significant since the leading argument of its supporters was distinctly and grossly socialistic. This was the argument that free canals would make low freights, and low freights would give the poor man cheaper bread. For this end the property of the State is henceforth to be taxed. A movement of the same nature, and on a larger scale, is that for a government telegraph; and if successful, the next scheme will be to have the railways likewise acquired by the separate States, or the Union. Other illustrations might be given, but these show the tendency to which allusion is made. It is significant that such projects can be even proposed; but that they can be seriously discussed, and some of them actually adopted, shows that the stern jealousy of governmental interference, the dispo-

sition rigidly to circumscribe the state's sphere of action, which once characterized the people of the republic, has lost, though unconsciously, a large part of its force. No alarm or even surprise is now excited by propositions which the founders of the Union would have pronounced fatal to free government. Some other symptoms, though of a more subtle kind, are the multiplication of codes; the growing use of written procedure, not only in the courts and in civil administration, but even in legislation; and, generally speaking, the tendency to adopt the dry, formal, pedantic method of the continent, thereby losing the old English qualities of ease, flexibility, and natural strength.

But, as already said, the bearings of schemes like those above mentioned are rarely perceived even by their strongest advocates. They are casual expedients, not steps in the development of a systematic theory of the state. Indeed, their authors and friends would be perhaps the first to resent the charge that they were in conflict with the political traditions of America, or likely to prepare the way for the reception of new and subversive doctrines. Yet nothing better facilitates a revolution in a people's modes or habits of thought than just such a series of practical measures. The time at length arrives when some comprehensive genius, or a school of sympathetic thinkers, calmly codifies these preliminary though unsuspected concessions, and makes them the basis of a firm, complete, and symmetrical structure. It is then found that long familiarity with some of the details in practice makes it comparatively simple for a people to accept the whole system as a conviction of the mind.

Such a school has not hitherto existed in this country. There have of course always been shades of difference between publicists and philosophers in regard to the speculative view taken of the state; and the division between gov-

ernmental patronage and private exertion has not always been drawn along the same line. But these differences have been neither great nor constant. They distinguished rather varieties of the same system than different and radically hostile systems. The most zealous and advanced of the former champions of state interference would now probably be called utilitarians by the pupils of the new German school.

It has been the purpose of this paper to describe briefly the tendencies of that school, and to indicate the effects which its patronage by American youth is likely to have on the future of our political thought. The opinion was expressed that much more is acquired in Germany than a mere belief in the economic wisdom of protection. And it may be added, to make the case stronger, that the German system of socialism may be learned without the doctrine of protection on its economic side. For the university socialists assert only the right, or at most the duty, of the state actively to interfere in favor of the industrial interests of society. The exercise of this right or the fulfillment of this duty may, in a given case, lead to a protective tariff; in Germany, at present, it *does* take that form. But in another case it may lead to free trade. The decision is to be determined by the economic circumstances of the country and the moment; only it is to be positive and active even if in favor of free trade, and not a merely negative attitude of indifference. In other words, free trade is not assumed to be the normal condition of things, and protection the exception. Both alike require the active intervention of government in the performance of its duty to society.

But with or without protection, the body of the German doctrine is full of plausible yet vicious errors, which few reflecting Americans would care to see introduced and become current in their own country. The prevailing idea is

that of the ignorance and weakness of the individual, the omniscience and omnipotence of the state. This is not yet, in spite of actual institutions and projected measures, the accepted American view.

Now I am not one of those who are likely to condemn a thing because it is foreign. It may be frankly conceded that in the present temper of German politics, and even of German social and political science, there is much that is admirable and worthy of imitation. The selection of trained men alone for administrative office, the great lesson that individual convenience must often yield to the welfare of society, the conception of the dignity of politics and the majesty of the state, — these are things which we certainly need to learn, and which Germany can both teach and illustrate. But side by side with such fundamental truths stand the most mischievous fallacies, and an enthusiastic student is not always sure to make the proper selection.

It seems to me that in political doctrine, as in so many other intellectual concerns of society, this country is now passing through an important crisis. We are engaged in a struggle between the surviving traditions of our English ancestors and the influence of different ideas acquired by travel and study on the continent. It is by no means certain, however desirable, that victory will rest with those literary, educational, and political instincts which we acquired with our English blood, and long cherished as among our most precious possessions. The tendency now certainly is in a different direction, as has already been discovered by foreign observers. Some of Tocqueville's acute observations have nearly lost their point. Mr. Frederic Pollock, in an essay recently published by an English periodical, mentions the gradual approach of America toward continental views of law and the state. There is, undoubtedly, among

the American people a large conservative element, which, if its attention were once aroused, would show an unconquerable attachment to those principles of society and government common to all the English peoples, under whatever sky they may be found. But at present the current is evidently taking a different course.

It would, however, be a grave mistake to regard this hostile movement as a forward one. Not everything new is reform; but the socialist revival is not even new. Yet it is also not real conservatism. The true American conservatives, in the present crisis, are the men who not only respect the previous achievements of Anglo-Saxon progress, but also wisely adhere to the same order of progress, with a view to continued benefits in the future; while their enemies, though in one sense radicals, are in another simply the disguised servants of reaction, since they reject both the hopes of the future and the lessons of the past. They bring forward as novelties in scholastic garb the antique errors of remote centuries. The same motives, the same spirit, the same tendency, can be ascribed to the agrarian laws of the Gracchi, the peasant uprisings in the Middle Ages, the public granaries of Frederick the Great, the graduated income-tax of Prussia, the Land League agitation in Ireland, the river and harbor bills in this country. They differ only in the degree in which special circumstances may seem to render a given measure more or less justifiable.

The special consideration is, however, this: these successive measures and manifestations, whether they have an organic connection or only an accidental resemblance, reveal no improvement whatever in quality, no progress in social enlightenment. The records of political government from the earliest dawn of civilization will be searched in vain for a more reckless and brutal measure of

class legislation than the Bland silver bill, which an American Congress passed in the year 1878.

It is the same with the pompous syllogisms on which the German professors are trying to build up their socialistic theory of the state. Everything which they have to say was said far better by Plato two thousand years ago. If they had absolute control of legislation, they could not surpass the work of Lycurgus. It is useless for them to try to hide their plagiarism under a cloud of pedantic sophistry; for the most superficial critic will not fail to see that, instead of originating, they are only borrowing, and even borrowing errors of theory and of policy which have been steadily retreating before the advance of political education.

If the question were asked, What more, perhaps, than anything else distinguishes the modern from the ancient state, and distinguishes it favorably? the unhesi-

tating reply from every candid person would be, The greater importance conceded to the individual. We have attained this result through a long course of arduous and painful struggles. The progress has not, indeed, been uninterrupted, nor its bearings always perceived; but the general, and through large periods of time uniform, tendency has been to disestablish and disarm the state, to reduce government to narrow limits, and to assert the dignity of the individual citizen. And now the question is, Shall this line of progress be abruptly abandoned? Shall we confess that we have been all this time moving only in a circle; that what we thought was progress in a straight line is only revolution in a fixed orbit; and that society is doomed to return to the very point from which it started? The academic socialism invites us to begin the backward march, but must its invitation be accepted?

Herbert Tuttle.

TO A HURT CHILD.

WHAT, art thou hurt, Sweet? So am I,—
 Cut to the heart;
 Though I may neither moan nor cry,
 To ease the smart.

Where was it, Love? Just here? So wide
 Upon thy cheek?
 Oh, happy pain that needs no pride,
 And may dare speak!

Lay here thy pretty head. One touch
 Will heal its worst;
 While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
 Go all unnursed.

There, Sweet! Run back now to thy play;
 Forget thy woes.
 I too was sorely hurt this day, —
 But no one knows.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

NEWPORT.

III.

MRS. BLAZER'S DINNER.

PORTER had not shown himself at the Casino dance, his calibre requiring entertainments of greater weight. But he sent his dog-cart to the hotel, next morning, to transfer Oliphant to the villa.

"You look tired," he observed solicitously, on his guest's arrival.

"I'm all right," said Eugene. "I was up rather late. But what a cosy place you've got here!"

"Yes; it does well enough for me. Not mine, you know; merely taken it for the season." Porter was addicted to brevity of speech. "It belongs to a man named Craig. He lives here in winter, but during the summer he crawls off into a boarding-house and lets the cottage. Rent keeps him in funds for the rest of the year, you see. Guess he put most of his money into this shebang, for he seems hard up. His son has to play the organ in one of the churches here, to eke things out. Quite a genius by the way, that young fellow. Justin they call him. You fond of music?"

"Exceedingly."

"Well, I'll get him to come and play for you; piano goes with house. I furnish a good many things, though, including turn-outs. Come, I'll show you your room."

The house was an attractive one, placed near the old Green End Road, which now — with the sham elegance of a parvenu taste — has been rechristened Buena Vista Street. It was supposed to be in the style of Queen Anne; but had that virtuous matron made a progress in its direction, it may be doubted whether she would have recognized it

as a real subject of her reign in art. The deep brown of its exterior more naturally suggested the domestic inspiration of pumpkin pie. But the room to which Raish Porter conducted his guest was quite to Oliphant's taste, and was provided with a sheltered ombra where, in the midst of flowering plants, one could inhale the fresh air and gaze upon the green water in front of Easton's beach, and the gently mounded pastures farther off, which, as Oliphant knew of old, rolled away into the sheltered vale of Paradise. On those slopes rose a squat, comfortable-looking gray wind-mill, past which a delicate fog was beginning to float in from the ocean, spreading its ghostly influence over the land.

"Now at last I feel that I'm in Newport!" Oliphant exclaimed, with satisfaction.

"Well, my boy, make yourself at home. This afternoon, if you like, I'll take you the long drive. Do as you please — independence compact, you know. I've put you down at both the clubs; convenient. If you want anything, ring that bell. And oh, by the way," he added, looking around the door, which he had already opened, to go out, "there's a little wagon entirely for your own use. Any time you want it, just tell James."

Without giving his friend time to thank him, he disappeared.

When Oliphant went down stairs, a few moments later, Porter was nowhere to be seen. He looked out of the window; the fog, he saw, had increased. "This is devilish queer," he said to himself. "Where can Porter be?" It seemed to him that his host must have vanished into the fog, and he allowed himself to fancy that perhaps he might not return.

He rang the bell. "Do you know," he asked of the servant, "whether Mr. Porter is in?"

"No, sir, he's not in," said James. "He went out a few moments ago."

"Do you expect him in presently?"

"Can't say, sir."

There came over Oliphant an uncomfortable sense of being a prisoner, and he said to the servant who still waited, "I think I shall go down to the club — the old club; not the Casino. If Mr. Porter comes in, will you tell him that I shall be back to lunch?"

He escaped, and was ridiculously glad to be in the free air once more. He was conscious that the old club, the Newport Reading-Room, was the conservative stronghold, and for this reason he took his way thither, instead of to the Casino. It occurred to him that he had been a trifle rash in accepting Porter's hospitality without ascertaining more about his present status.

At the club, which was nearly untenanted, he tried to read the newspapers; but the letter which he had discovered the night before kept coming into his mind. What was he to do with it? That was the vexatious point, for apparently there was nothing to be done. One might say that, in an honorable sense, the document belonged to Mrs. Gifford as much as to himself; that she ought to take it and dispose of it in her own way. Yet it would never do to give it to her. No; that was decided: she must not know of it, on any account. He would burn it. Here again he was obliged to ask himself whether he had any right to do so; and he could not be sure that he had. Throwing down the newspaper, he saw Roger Deering, who had just entered the room, standing in front of him.

They dropped into a slow dialogue, and Porter became the subject.

"Yes, I'm staying with him," said Eugene. "But this sudden prosperity of his rather bewilders me. The last

time I knew of him he was merely traveling agent of the Magawisca Manufacturing Company. He tells me now that he's launched out for himself; and he appears to be opulent. It's a great change, seems to me."

"So it is," Roger assented. "But I suppose he's entitled to it. He developed a great head for business, and some people think he is a remarkable financier. He certainly has made some long-sighted operations, and is very successful so far."

"So far, eh? Then you doubt his future?"

Deering answered diplomatically: "Why should I? I know nothing about what he's projecting. Only this, Eugene: as you're my cousin, I'll warn you that I've sometimes suspected Raish" — he lowered his voice, — "of rather snide transactions; and setting that apart, I know that he is taking great risks."

Eugene smiled. "And, as a stock-broker, you consider that against him?"

"I presume, Eugene," was the reply, "that your head is well settled on the horizontal plane; in other words, level. You're not a lamb, and accordingly I can click the shears in your hearing with impunity. You had your stint of Wall Street some time ago, I take it. But Raish Porter is even more seductive than stock-quotations, and I advise you to keep clear of his schemes."

"Oh, I suppose I shall do that any way," said Oliphant; "but I'm obliged for the hint, all the same." He had an inclination to talk to Roger about Atlee. Roger, with his ruddy face, his short hair, his busy, active manner, seemed so honest, that Oliphant's dawning anxiety with regard to the attentions of Atlee became doubly painful. But he really had nothing to go upon, and Roger probably would not thank him for revealing it if he had; so he merely

asked a few questions about the Anglicized young man. Except for his foreign nonsense, Roger thought him one of the best of fellows, and showed perfect confidence in him. Confidence, it struck Eugene, was the broker's strongest trait; confidence in himself, in his wife, in Atlee, combined with a confidence that he knew the ways of the world, and did not trust anybody too much. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to get his advice regarding the letter? Accordingly, Eugene put the case to him as a supposititious one.

"What would I do?" said Roger in reply, casting up the pros and cons with his chin in the air. "Well, that depends on how much you are acquainted with the lady. However, I should say there is no doubt she ought to have, or at least see the letter, some time. It's the square thing. When you know her better, say; or perhaps Mary could help you."

"Oh no; no. Don't say a word to Mary. Please keep the whole thing strictly to yourself. I'll wait and see."

"All right."

Going back to the cottage, Eugene lunched alone, Raish still not having returned; and when at last the latter made his appearance, it was time for the drive. "By the way," said Raish, "I met Mrs. Blazer, and she wants us both to dine with her on Friday."

"She's very kind; but I don't know her yet, you remember."

"Oh, I'll arrange that. I shall present you to-morrow. There will be some interesting people at the dinner; Count Fitz-Stuart, and Lord Hawkstane, and Vivian Ware," — Oliphant continued to look dubious, — "and that fascinating woman, Mrs. Gifford," Raish concluded.

"Ah, she is to be there? I should like to see *her* again."

"And I don't blame you," said his companion, with an off-hand familiarity that somehow grated on Eugene. But

they were now spinning along in the dog-cart; and the soft marine air, with the prospect of soon meeting Mrs. Gifford once more, speedily put him into good humor. Porter went on fluently, telling who lived in the various houses along the way, and striking out witticisms from whatever material offered itself. But when they had passed out on to the ocean road that follows the shore to Bateman's Point and around again to the harbor, his tone changed.

"I tell you, Oliphant," he declared with vehemence, "that life we've left behind us in the town is all a sham. It drops itself down in one of the loveliest regions Nature can show, and just devotes itself to a surfeit of amusement and artifice, to fal-lal and lah-de-dah. I despise it!"

"Why do you come here, then?"

"Why do *you*, my dear fellow? We must be 'of our time,' you know." And he continued to talk in a strain of capacious dissatisfaction; satirizing the superficial republicanism of American institutions, and declaring with solid cheerfulness that the present state of things must eventually be swept away and a new civilization be built up above the ruins. But as they drew near the outer streets again, on the homeward stretch, he subsided into contented acceptance of the hollow present, and was careful to show Oliphant where Mrs. Gifford lived. It was a house with timbers let into the walls, and raised its high-piled gables showily above the trees on a hill to the west of the polo-grounds, commanding the harbor and Narragansett Bay. "They call it High Lawn," Porter said.

The fog had continued to hang about the island, and it increased at nightfall; so that when Oliphant repaired to his room to sleep, he was glad to see a cheerful fire on the modern-antique hearth. The winking flames reminded him of his first design of burning Gifford's letter. Mustering his resolution,

he took the paper out of its repository and went straight to the fire with it, intending to drop it upon the blazing wood; but at the last moment his doubts returned, and he concluded to wait. There was a force in it, a something approaching personality, which he could not overcome; it began to make him nervous; he disliked to put it away again and leave it — as if it might take some action against him unawares, when his back should be turned — for it was no longer a passive thing. Prompted by this unreasoning impression, he put the letter into a safe pocket in his coat, determined thereafter to carry it about with him.

At the usual morning assemblage in the Casino, the next day, he was presented to Mrs. Blazer, who made herself agreeable, but wore a pained, abstracted look. He noticed, too, that she constantly, in moments of silence, compressed her upper lip so that it became suddenly creased with fine downward lines, like those of hidden steel springs.

"I'm glad you will come, Friday," she said, relaxing this pressure and smiling at him; but it was a weary smile, — that of a person absorbed in schemes, all of which were perhaps not going as she wished. Oliphant had a suspicion that this Social Usurper, like her congeners in the history of thrones, must always remain insecure.

"It is very considerate in you to ask me," he replied, "when you have so many to choose from here, and I am little more than a stranger."

"My dear Mr. Oliphant," — her use of this address savored of imperial condescension, — "I am delighted to entertain an old friend of Mr. Porter's. Besides, you are not so much a stranger."

"No? How is that?"

"Mr. Sweetser has been telling me that he knows all about you."

"He must be a magician, then."

"Oh no, he's a very simple man; a delightful man, too — Mr. Sweetser.

He's like a glass of soda-water, always sparkling."

Oliphant caught sight of him in the distance, at that moment, smirking to some ladies on the balcony. "Yes," he said; "he seems to enjoy life thoroughly. But you make me curious. I should like to hear my history from him, because he'd be sure to give it a new vivacity."

"Ah, that's very well said," Mrs. Blazer declared, showing her large teeth in a heartier smile than before. "But he only said he remembered seeing you, or knowing of you, some years ago in Springfield. Mr. Sweetser can remember a long time back — for a young man."

"I don't think I remember *him*," said Oliphant, reflecting.

"I dare say not; I believe he had known Mrs. Oliphant, when she was Miss Davenant. But I notice your cousin beckoning for you over there: she wants to see you."

"Where?" Oliphant turned, and discovering Mrs. Deering, went to join her.

"I am dying to ask you one question," said that alert little lady, when she had drawn him apart to a quieter spot. "Is it Mrs. Gifford?"

"It? What? And what about her?"

"Why, I mean the letter. Is she the widow you meant, when you told Roger?"

Oliphant was thunderstruck. "Is it possible he mentioned that to you?" he inquired, showing his vexation. "I told him particularly" —

"Oh, never mind that," interrupted Mrs. Deering, good-humoredly. "Of course he tried to keep it to himself, but he was so much interested, he could n't. And do you know, I guessed right away that it was Mrs. Gifford. Was n't that 'cute of me?" She gazed up at him with such a saucy triumph, that he was obliged to pocket his annoyance.

"I don't know that it makes any difference to me," he said. "But Mrs.

Gifford certainly has some claim. I'm sorry I spoke to Roger, even vaguely."

"You might trust me a *little*," said his cousin, in a tone of injury. "Of course I sha'n't allude to it to any one else, in the faintest way. But I want to know if you're really going to show her that letter."

"Of course not. How can I? Would *you* do such a thing?"

"Decidedly not, unless I wanted to give her a shock and make her unhappy."

"You think, then, that it really would make her unhappy?"

"I'm sure of it."

"But possibly she knows of the original fact already, even if she never heard of the letter."

Mrs. Deering shook her head. "I doubt if she knows; and even if she did, showing her this old letter would only bring it up in a painful, unnecessary way."

"So I think," he returned. "But as long as you had been told, I thought I'd get your opinion."

"Well, I've given it; but you mustn't consider me as advising," said she, settling her chin with the placidness of sated curiosity.

Oliphant was exasperated at the semi-publicity into which he had allowed his secret to be dragged; but he consoled himself with the fact that husband and wife had flatly contradicted each other's counsel.

The day for the dinner arrived, and at Mrs. Blazer's everything appeared light, gay, brilliant; but the elegance of her big mirrors, teakwood furniture, and huge vases was tarnished by a suspicion that it could not be quite genuine.

"We are just waiting for the Count," said the hostess, while she welcomed Porter and his companion. She had on a dress of cream-colored silk, plaited and draped with the elaboration of a bastioned fortress; and around the tightly drawn space at the bottom was spread,

like a victorious ensign, a rich applied Turkish embroidery, full of red and yellow.

The servant announced Count Fitz-Stuart, and Porter whispered to Oliphant, "'Positively the last' of the Stuarts. They don't last especially well, eh?"

In truth, the young Count made no very distinguished figure: slim, habile in form, face the color of an apricot ripened under artificial conditions; insignificant teeth, slightly injured; a general expression of light-hearted readiness for whatever should turn up; all this glazed over with a thin magnificence of manner, somewhat run down from want of exercise.

Among the others present were Vivian Ware and her brother Stillman, Perry Thorburn and Miss Hobart, and the two Misses Blazer. Oliphant was keenly on the lookout for Mrs. Gifford, who greeted him with a smile that was flattering because it seemed to premise that, having seen him once, she was glad to meet him again in a more intimate circle. He crossed over to speak with her.

"I didn't see you at the Casino, to-day," he said.

"No, I go only now and then. And to-day I—I was particularly occupied." She looked down for an instant, and then at him, with an almost girlish anticipation of the surprise she meant to give him. "Where do you suppose I was? The most romantic thing you can imagine!"

"If it's romantic," said Oliphant, "I sha'n't try to guess; for only like knows like."

"I don't know what makes me tell you," Mrs. Gifford proceeded; "I'm sure I don't. Well, I was down at old Trinity Church, listening to the organ—on a week-day, you know."

He thought this a flat conclusion, but exclaimed with fervor, "How singular!"

"Yes," said his new friend; "but

that's nothing at all. The great point is the organist."

"Ah? Who is he?"

"A young musical magnificence. Justin Craig is his name."

"Craig? Why, I've heard of him. I'm staying in his father's house, with Mr. Porter. Is n't it the same?"

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Gifford, alive with enthusiasm. "Have you met Justin?"

The gaslight appeared to Oliphant to burn several degrees brighter, under the influence of this sudden interest.

"No, I don't know him," he said, reluctantly. "You have a high opinion of his talent, then?"

"You shall see for yourself what it is, Mr. Oliphant. He is coming to play for us here, later in the evening."

"Then that is n't he over there by the window, talking with Miss Hobart?" Oliphant had reference to a tall young man with a palish, elongated face, and vaguely high-bred air, who seemed to be uncomfortable in whatever position he took, and had just shaken himself into a fresh attitude before Josephine.

Mrs. Gifford returned an incredulous gaze. "That! Why, that's Lord Hawkstane; didn't you know? Poor Justin would never be invited here to *dine*."

Oliphant was now taken away for presentation to Miss Blazer, the elder, Ruth by name, with whom he was to go in to dinner. Mrs. Blazer led with Lord Hawkstane, and Count Fitz-Stuart escorted Vivian Ware. The dining-room was a rotunda, and the table was circular, too; so that although Oliphant was placed between Vivian Ware and Ruth Blazer, with Lord Hawkstane and Tilly Blazer opposite, he had a good view of the whole company. There were burning candles in slim brass holders set on small circular mirrors; red and yellow flowers, repeating the tints of Mrs. Blazer's embroidery, abounded; and trails of fern led from the central mass to each plate, softening the glitter

of the lights, the brass, the glass, and the flame-colored blossoms.

As the turbot à la béchamel followed the Little Neck clams, the Count was heard remarking to Vivian: "But this I do not see, why they call him Little Neck, for this feeshes has not any necks of all."

"Next to none," Oliphant hazarded; whereupon Vivian gave him a merry glance that put value into the wretched pun.

Just then Lord Hawkstane monopolized attention by what he was saying to Miss Tilly Blazer; a young woman, by the way, sagacious and picturesque after her manner, with a cultivated air of silliness, and sleepy-looking eyes and nose. She listened with absorption to his account of the fox-hunt. "Yes, I got the mask," he said. "But all this sort of thing," he continued, in his high-pitched, boyish voice, "is very different to England, you know. Beastly stone walls and all that, don't you know; but then it was awfully jolly w'en we came in at the death. How'ever, on the way, we got to one of those windmills, don't you know, — ha, ha!" — he burst into a watery little laugh — "and the fox ran in there. Yes he did, 'pon my word."

"How mean of him!" sighed Miss Tilly.

"Yes," agreed his lordship, after gulping a glass of Sauterne. "Awfully. It was what you call here 'cussed,' don't you know? 'Pure cussedness.'" And he laughed again, with gratification at having proved himself a wit. "He was a nahsty little fox. Well, we had to call the hunt together, you know, and begin again. They beat him out, and then I got in front and had an awfully tight pull with Thorburn, and came in ahead; so I got the mask, you und'-stand."

"How perfectly lovely!" Tilly exclaimed. "And the mask is the head, is n't it?"

"Yes."

"It sounds so awfully mysterious, don't you know?" she went on, bringing her manner softly into accord with his. "The mask, and the brush, and pads! How I wish I'd been there."

"Why did n't you come?" Lord Hawkstane asked. "Miss Hobart took the run with us, you know: she was almost in."

"I was afraid of those dreadful leaps," said Tilly. "But I *should* so like to see a mask! Do you have it to keep, all for your own?"

"Oh yes," said the youthful nobleman, dallying with the enjoyment of some unexpressed joke. "I'm not sure, how'ever, that I shall keep it." (Tilly blushed, and exhibited a readiness to be overwhelmed by his kindness). "Rather a baw, you know: what can one do with those sort of things?"

"Oh, I should think it would be so *very* interesting to have," Tilly replied, with expectant timidity.

"If you really care for it so much," he began, showing the energy of sudden munificence, "I can let you see it, I dassy."

Mrs. Blazer observed that he here stole a look at Miss Hobart, who was at some distance from him; and the hidden springs in Mrs. Blazer's upper lip began to move nervously, in consequence.

Oliphant made good progress with Vivian Ware, during those intervals when Mrs. Blazer engaged the Count. Miss Ware was unlike most of the young Boston women he had known, in that she quite threw aside the prim reserve usually assigned to them as a characteristic. She had been much about the world, and there was a gay freedom in her manner which even subjected her at times to the charge of being "fast;" yet there lurked in her tone, in her refined features and soft complexion crowned with golden hair

— briefly, in her entire presence — an unspoiled sweetness that belonged to the flowering-time of life.

"One of the chief things," he said to her, "when I was last in Newport, was to go to the Fort, on Thursdays. Were you there yesterday?"

"Bless you, no!" exclaimed Miss Ware. "It's all out of date, now. Last week I believe just one carriage went. It must have felt like a fossil."

"So do I," he responded. "I see I shall have to remodel myself. How would you advise beginning? Buy a white hat?"

"If you do that," said Vivian, "you are lost. Black is *de rigueur*, this summer. And then, you must wear little pointed shoes with cloth down the front."

"Why?"

"Because you must. It's supposed to be the latest English wrinkle."

"How is it with our friend the lord, opposite? Does he get himself up that way?"

"Oh, no; he can wear anything he likes. He's *real*, you see, and our young men are only imitation. They have to take great pains to pass for even that much: the danger is, they may turn out to be nothing, — not even imitation."

"I'm glad I'm not one of the young men," Oliphant observed, "if that's the way you talk about them."

"And well you may be," said Vivian with sprightly ease. "You'd much better stay as you are."

Meanwhile he had opportunities enough to glance across the flower-strewn board at Mrs. Gifford, and the more he contemplated her the greater was the charm. He retraced the lines of her delicate face; the thin lips, the small mouth and decisive eyebrows. Her brown hair was of the palest that it could be without merging into blonde, but she had chosen to invest it with a slight ornamentation of black lace, which

though not sombre gave a hint of widowhood. Her dress was black and white, with a skillful introduction of violet. Quite to the slender throat it came; and the face above, having no strong color, acquired by contrast the remote beauty of warm-toned ivory. To see her smile, toss back her head, drink, look, was to feel a wondrousness about it all, as if an exquisite work of art had suddenly been endowed with life.

As soon as the dinner had worn its way through numerous courses to the cloyment of sweets and coffee, and a respite of smoke had been allowed, Oliphant hastened to rejoin her.

"I begin to think," he commenced, "that you have held out false hopes as to your youthful prodigy, Craig. He does n't seem to have come."

"No," said Mrs. Gifford, plainly disappointed. "Mrs. Blazer received a note after we left the dining-room, and it seems he won't be here."

There occurred, instead, a duet by the Misses Blazer; after which he renewed the conversation. But the knowledge of the letter he had discovered hampered him at every step; he was haunted by suspicions that she might know all about that old courtship, and by an uncomfortable fancy that perhaps she knew nothing, in which case he had her at a disadvantage. The temptation to approach the topic indirectly became irresistible.

"We were speaking of Springfield, the other evening," he finally remarked, as if by an accident of thought. "It's strange that I never met Mr. Gifford there. You never heard him speak of me, I suppose?"

"No, I don't remember to have heard him," said Octavia. "What makes you think of that?"

"Well, your name struck me as one that I knew, when I heard it here, on meeting you. Possibly it had come to me in some other way. Perhaps my wife — you see, Mr. Gifford may have

been known to her; that is, of course, before we were married."

The reconnaissance was as clumsy as it could well be; but Octavia gave no sign of apprehending his motive. "Your wife?" she repeated, in a hushed tone. "As I told you, I never was in Springfield. What was her name, Mr. Oliphant, before your marriage?"

His voice came lingeringly, as he replied: "Alice Davenant."

"What a beautiful one!" Octavia exclaimed, sincerely, in subdued tones. "It has the ring of poetry in it. Alice Davenant! I'm quite sure, though, that Mr. Gifford did not know her: if he had, I should have remembered his mentioning it."

Oliphant's doubts were thus set at rest. He changed the topic quickly, and availed himself of the first opportunity to ask if he might call upon her.

"Why not?" she replied. "I shall be glad to see you. Are you to remain some time in Newport?"

"Probably through the season," he answered.

"A wise resolve," said she, "in any one who comes here. You won't regret it."

I shall not deny that Oliphant attributed to these words a superstitious force which they were not fitted to bear. "That's a good prophecy," he said with vigor, after an instant's revery. "And, since you make it, I think it must be a true one."

When they had all gone, Mrs. Blazer — left alone with her swan-like nieces, — drew a crumpled note from her pocket. "There!" she cried, to Ruth. "Read that. Read it aloud."

Miss Blazer obeyed. The note was from Justin Craig, declining to be present and returning the check she had sent him. "Allow me to add," it ended, "that I will not debase my art to the amusement of people who, considering me unfit to associate with on equal terms, would have me sit in the same

room and exhibit the beauty of something they are unable to appreciate. If you are content with your position, so am I with mine."

"Did you ever hear such an insult!" stormed Mrs. Farley Blazer, walking swiftly about and fanning herself ferociously. "After Octavia Gifford had been at me to send for him, and I had done it out of pure charity, too! Well, it's just the same, high and low: there's a constant fight with people, even now when I've made them acknowledge me; and it's hardly worth while to do anything. And you there, Tilly, why did n't you go to the meet? Do you know what I've found out? It's another piece of Gifford work, getting Josephine Hobart over here; and I heard Hawkstane saying, just before he left, that he was going to send her a memento of the fox-hunt. Of course it's the mask, which you'd have got for yourself, if you had any vim!"

Saying which, the matron broke into a violence of epithet that, if I were to repeat it, would at once be pronounced unnatural and incredible: therefore we will leave it to be washed away by the tears to which she gave free vent in the midst of her tirade.

But Oliphant, wending back to the supposed Queen Anne cottage, was soothed by his delightful impressions of Octavia Gifford, which like a refreshing autumn rain had begun to lay the dust of his arid past; nor, if he had known of Mrs. Blazer's explosion, could he have guessed how it would affect his own fate.

IV.

SOME IMPORTANT TRIFLES.

"Here's a pretty go with young Craig," said Raish to his visitor, the next afternoon; and he related the manner of Justin's refusal, which Mrs. Blazer had been confiding to him. "But the funny

part of it," he added, "is the rage she's in. She's formed such a habit, in her long social war, of feeling slighted that she can't be comfortable now without an injury. The case between Craig and her reminds me of the eagle who refused to carry off a fine plump ewe, on the ground that the muttonish creature would n't appreciate the honor; and then the ewe went around complaining that the eagle had insulted her."

"Did you tell Mrs. Blazer that?" Oliphant inquired.

"'Gad, no!" Raish exclaimed. "I told Craig, though, when I saw him, a little while ago: thought it would pacify him."

"Well, what does he say?"

"Oh, he's in a sumptuous and haughty frame of mind. It's a pity he behaved so, because this would really have been a good opening for him. But I think I calmed him down a little; and I succeeded, according to promise, in making him consent to come up here and play for you — this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said Oliphant. "This quixotic proceeding of his makes me more anxious than ever to see him."

"The real inside reason why he would n't accept Mrs. Blazer's offer," Porter volunteered, "was probably that he has a desperate attachment for Miss Ware, and did n't wish to appear before her in the light of an inferior."

"Good!" rejoined Oliphant. "The interest increases. And the attachment is hopeless, you think?"

"Oh, I don't know that it is. On the face of it, you'd think so: fact, it's ridiculous. Of course I'm with him in sympathy: smash up the cliques, I say — except when you're in 'em yourself. 'Down with exclusiveness,' and so forth. Let the genius in humble circumstances marry the swell girl, and all that. As I said to you recently, we must do away with all this old humbug which is reasserting itself in a country that was made for better things, and start a new order.

But for the present the obstacles in Craig's way appear insurmountable; enough so, any way, to make the hopelessness profitable. To him as a musician, you see, despair is just so much stock in trade."

"For heaven's sake," remonstrated the other, "don't put it that way — as if he were carrying on a business in emotions! You make my blood run cold."

Porter laughed indulgently. "It's true, all the same," he said. "Everything is business, nowadays. The poets and painters and musicians are all traders, but they catch the public by pretending not to be. A mere financial genius like me can succeed only by casting up the value of those things that are assumed not to be business at all, and making them count at the right time. I don't suppose Craig has come as yet to the point of seeing these things clearly; but he instinctively seizes, on ecstasy and despair as being in his line."

They were smoking their cigars in the cosey bachelor drawing-room, that evening, with black coffee in small Sattsuma cups awaiting them on a tray, when Justin Craig made his appearance. Eugene had expected something eccentric; he thought the young man would be tall, gloomy, and in all likelihood long-haired. He was surprised, therefore, to find him so gentle, so inconspicuous, and yet so uncommonly attractive as he proved to be.

"Did you bring any music with you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Justin, nodding, but with a reserve of humor in his eyes; "I've brought some."

Then, taking his place at the piano, he looked quietly at the keys for a moment, and, before it could well be noticed that he had actually begun, was tracing his way through the first bars of a prelude by Chopin. As the delicate, gradual tones succeeded each other, Oliphant was strangely affected.

Something there was so pure and refined in the player's touch, his beginning with this perfectly simple theme showed so true a sensibility, that the world-worn man who listened was carried back to his boyhood, and then far away out of himself into an unknown, sunny-misted region of fancy, where pleasant visions floated round him. All the while, there recurred in the melody, which had about it a great though heart-broken peacefulness, some fine and slow descending notes that brought into his mind imperceptibly the idea of light rain falling.

"Is life so dreary as I have thought?" mused Oliphant, under this spell. "Surely, if it has room for this young fellow, with his heart and head responding to such sweet fantasies, it may yet hold a possibility of genuine happiness for me."

The piece stopped as quietly as it had begun, and he asked what it was. "It's usually called *The Raindrop*," said Justin. "One of the best of Chopin's things, too. Now I'll give you some of Raff," he continued, plunging at once into a brilliant impromptu.

Porter, after a congenial remark or two, took his leave, on the plea of a business engagement. Thus left alone, the young musician and his new friend enjoyed an hour of rare delight, both in discussing various composers and listening to their productions, as Justin gave them wing upon the keyboard. Justin had a long face; rather a long nose; an expression of natural pride, which yet had nothing domineering about it, and was tempered with natural sweetness. His lips were slightly drawn back at the corners, without being strained; and there was a small hollow just above the chin, caused by the firm jut of the lower lip, so decided that, as the light streamed over him from above, a spot of shadow rested there. His own shadow was thrown behind him upon the dim-papered wall, wavering somewhat with

his firm, unexaggerated motion as his hands changed position and grasped from the keys the secret of their harmonies. Altogether, that keen, unusual face, so steady and concentrated in the midst of shifting lights and shadows, with wave on wave of intelligent sound rising up and floating around it, became singularly impressive.

"I'm sorry," said Oliphant at length, when Craig had stopped to rest, and was lounging in a deep chair with a cigarette in his mouth, — "I'm sorry we could n't have heard you last night, at Mrs. Blazer's."

Justin jumped up, letting an angry whiff of smoke escape. "I could n't have played there, Mr. Oliphant, — I could n't!" he exclaimed. "Why, my fingers would have rebelled, even if I had consented. Don't you see how it is? You would n't ask me to do such a thing, I should hope. You have too much of the artist in you, for that, even if you have been a business man."

"I'm glad you think so well of me, at any rate," smiled Eugene. "Certainly I appreciate your feeling, but" —

"Oh, 'but,' 'but!'" interrupted the younger man. "There is no 'but' about it. Pardon me; I did n't mean to be rough," he added. "But if you only knew how the snobbishness of this whole place jars on me, and how that incident of last night brings it all back! Oh, it's insufferable, it's miserable! Sham, sham, sham, all around: we're on an island of sham, with the big ocean of reality on every side, which they're all afraid of being drowned in if they once venture off!" He curved his arms out, downward, and swept them round him, to describe this ocean, and went on railing more and more. "Of course," he wound up at last, "I know there are lovely people here, amiable and cultivated, and so forth; but even they are affected. I see a little of some of them who stay during the winter; but somehow, except with the poor ones, I am

made to feel my inferiority. And here is this house — our home — that we have to abandon during the season. Why should I feel humiliated by that fact, if we can't help it? But I am; I'm humiliated. There's no sense in it, and it only shows how you can't help breathing in this poison of the plutocracy, that fills the air. I hate everything and everybody in the place!"

"Including Mrs. Gifford?" inquired Oliphant mildly.

"Ah, Mrs. Gifford! No; I believe she is a good friend. Such a woman as she is! Perfect in herself — standing way off from a fellow, yet so sympathetic. No; I ought n't to have said everybody; for there's another — one other" — Justin stopped short, relighted his cigarette, which had gone out, and subsided into his chair.

As he sat there, a distant look came into his face; the storminess of his recent mood died away in an expression of great gentleness. Oliphant knew he must be thinking of Vivian Ware.

It was after this that, returning to the piano, Justin played something which startled his auditor by its crisp, clear, bounding individuality. Coming after so many German pieces, it was like the scent of aromatic New England woods and the sound of native speech, on the return from Europe. Oliphant recognized in the music something native and original; and it turned out to be, in fact, Justin's own composition. He no longer hesitated to regard the young man as a promising genius; and he foresaw that to take him in charge and aid him in his professional education might furnish just the sort of motive in life which he himself would like.

Raish did not return until late, when Craig had been gone some time. He appeared in more than good spirits: he was excited, which with him was rarely the case. His eyes glowed as if from the reflected glare of some crucible seething with combinations that were to

yield marvelous results. "You've lost a great pleasure," said his guest. "I would n't have missed it, for a good share in the profits I suppose you've been figuring up."

"Do you really mean that?" queried Raish, blandly rubbing his hands.

"Thoroughly."

The shining look passed away from the other man's eyes, which rapidly cooled down under pressure of the will. "My dear fellow," said he, carelessly, seating himself, "a tenth in one of my operations — say my new Orbicular Machinery Company, whose patents you know are going to make it an enormous success — would give, with what you have, a really handsome fortune. But, bah!" he ended impatiently. "I resolved when you came that we should n't talk money; and we won't. Don't let me forget again. Have some beer, before bed?"

His hand was on the bell; but Oliphant declined the refreshment. Arrived at his room, he suspected that Porter really wanted to discuss business, and he was glad he had escaped. Assuredly there was something about this man which made it hard to trust him fully; and it was odd that both he and Justin, of whose sincerity Oliphant had n't a doubt, should have taken the same tone in criticising the Newport spirit. If two men so opposite could agree, there must be something in it, Oliphant thought. This, however, was not what he thought about chiefly, as he sat in his ombra indulging a brief meditation, and watching the pale stars that shot forth their gleams in a silent rhythm. He was brooding over Justin's enamored subjection to Vivian Ware. Wonderful must be the refined passion which drew the young minstrel towards her. Wonderful, too, in a world so full of disappointments, to find a youthful heart — so like millions of other youthful hearts — fired with lofty enthusiasm, lavish in scorn and unreasonableness,

and devoutly believing in love! . . . At last, Oliphant's reverie settled upon Octavia Gifford, and he even harbored a wish that he also could be young, like Justin.

Two or three days later, Dana Sweetser, bestarched, perfumed, roseate of countenance, and resplendent as to neck-scarf, was making a morning call at Mrs. Blazer's. Something occurred in the conversation which led Mrs. Blazer to tax him with being forgetful. This was touching him in a tender spot, and he became determined to show her that his mind was still young and active. "My dear madam," he exclaimed, "you could n't make a greater mistake! Accuse me of other faults, if you like, — ah, too great a fondness for the fair sex — he, he! — but don't accuse my memory. Why, it's the easiest thing to give you proofs of its strength." Dana was really on the verge of being incensed: his little thimbleful of soul was tossing with puny indignation. It occurred to him that he might tell her how well he remembered the time when her father was a butcher, — not a very good one, either, — and how her husband had begun in life as the proprietor of a junk-shop. But it did not lie in Dana's composition to do anything so harsh as that; so he punished her merely by recalling a quantity of dry details about long past trivial events. Mrs. Blazer was beginning to wince under the infliction, when he suddenly struck a new vein. "Oh, and Mr. Oliphant, you know!" said he. "I was telling you I knew about *him*. But I did n't get a chance to mention the oddest thing. What do you suppose?"

"Can't imagine, Mr. Sweetser. What?"

"Why," — Dana laughed, seemingly inclined to prolong the pleasure of imparting, — "his wife, you know, the girl he married" —

"Whom did he marry?" Mrs. Blazer asked, growing curious.

"Alice Davenant, — Miss Davenant, of Springfield. But the joke is this: she had previously jilted Gifford, the husband of Mrs. Gifford the lovely, here. Is n't that singular?"

Mrs. Blazer's eyes glowed. "As a coincidence, yes; very singular. And Octavia had n't known this Mr. Oliphant, do you suppose, till they met, the other day?"

"No," said Dana; "I believe they were strangers."

"Well, well, upon my life!" Mrs. Blazer exclaimed, smiling with peculiar relish for the situation. "Of course they must have known the facts, though," she added, contracting her glance to an evil watchfulness.

"That I can't say," Dana rejoined, thoroughly mellowed, and as much exhilarated as if he had taken a glass of wine. "I should think Oliphant must have known; but it would n't be so certain that Mrs. Gifford did, you know: would it?" And he cocked his appreciative eye at her, like one competent to get the full value out of such matters, by discussing all the minute possibilities of doubt.

The lady of the smoky white complexion humored him and suited herself, by carrying out this process. "First tell me all the particulars you know," she said, "and then I can form a judgment."

So Dana bubbled on, joyously chattering out the shallowness of his information, with utmost generosity: it was all he had to give, and he gave it. He had vindicated his memory; he had interested Mrs. Blazer.

From what she had gathered, Mrs. Farley Blazer came to the conclusion that Octavia probably knew nothing of that old history; but, for purposes of her own, she assumed just the contrary when she next saw the widow. She could not forgive Octavia for having drawn down a mortification upon her, by urging her to invite Craig to play for hire, and so putting her into a posi-

tion to be snubbed by the youngster. Still less could she overlook the offense of bringing Josephine Hobart back to Newport, to distract Lord Hawkstane's attention from Tilly. Accordingly, when Octavia came, to pay her dinner call, Tilly's aunt found an apt moment for remarking casually, "Oh, my dear, what a queer thing it is that you two should have met here, — you and the man whose wife was an old flame of your husband's!"

Mrs. Gifford showed an amused surprise. "It would be queer," she said, calmly, "if there were any such man; but there is n't. What put it into your head? Whom do you mean?"

Mrs. Blazer unfolded her meaning; but, to her chagrin, it produced no shock. Octavia persisted in her laughing incredulity, and ridiculed Dana Sweetser's evidence. "You may be sure," she said, "that he has been mixing us up with some other people." And before Mrs. Blazer saw clearly how it was done, Octavia brought in another topic, and then took her leave, completely uncrushed.

These things had happened before Eugene, on his way to see Mrs. Gifford, stopped in at his cousin's.

"Have you heard the news?" she immediately asked him.

"Yes; Major Bottick told me at the club," he answered.

Mary Deering's face became blank with astonishment. "Major Bottick!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly; he's up in all these war matters. Of course you mean about the English and the Suez Canal?"

"What have I said about a canal?" inquired Mrs. Deering, aggrieved.

"Oh, then you're thinking of the President's expected visit here?"

"No, indeed," said his cousin, still more reproachfully. "How dull of you! Do you call those things news? What I'm talking about is Lord Hawkstane's engagement."

"Hullo! Is n't he rather 'previous' ? Whom is he engaged to?"

"Josephine Hobart."

"Well, that has the approved stamp of news; it's so incredible. Have they announced it?"

"Not yet; but a few of us know it. He sent her the mask that he won at the hunt; had it set in a collar of gold and surrounded with the most magnificent flowers: just think of it! Then he went up yesterday to call, and, as we suppose, offered himself. He's been so puffed-up and vainglorious ever since, that hardly any one can approach him, even to offer a congratulation. So you see there's no doubt of it at all: they're engaged. And it will be an awful blow to Mrs. Farley Blazer!"

"I can hardly believe it yet," said Eugene. "I can't see why Miss Hobart should take him. Have you asked Mrs. Gifford about it?"

"No; I've had no chance. But I intend to."

Olipphant told her that he was about to call upon the widow.

"Oh, do," urged his cousin, "and then tell me what you find out about the engagement. But mind you, don't let her know of that letter."

"No danger," said he. "I have decided *that* point." Before long he broke out, "By the way, speaking of its being a blow, how about young Thorburn? If you were right in thinking he was in love with Miss Hobart, this will be a bitter thing for him."

"Ah, Eugene," said Mrs. Deering, laying her hand on his arm, "save your compassion. I was mistaken about that: it's Mrs. Gifford that he's after."

"Oh," said Olipphant, amazed at the ease with which she changed her view. "Being a woman, I suppose you must know. But don't you remember how at the first I thought Mrs. Gifford was his object?"

"Yes, Eugene. It must be that you have a sort of feminine instinct."

"Possibly," he answered, with some dryness, and became silent. "I am thinking," he then said slowly, "that his courtship of the widow will leave him as badly off as if he had been trying to marry Miss Hobart; provided you are right as to Mrs. Gifford's being so unapproachable. You recall what you said, I suppose."

"Yes."

"It does n't seem to me, though, that because she was so happy, before, is any reason against her attempting matrimony again. I should say her former experience would work as an argument directly in favor of renewing her happiness with some other worthy person, if she should by accident find one."

"I know," was Mrs. Deering's reply. "That's the way men would look at it. But then — Eugene," she recommenced, with unwonted earnestness, "have you noticed those clear, bright diamonds she always wears in her ears?"

"I think I have, the few times I have seen her."

"Well, they're a kind of symbol," said Mrs. Deering, impressively. "I think they are like petrified tears! They don't attract attention, but they're always in sight, as silent emblems of her loss. Yes, yes," she went on — and it was remarkable to Olipphant how his lively and conventional little cousin was aroused and thrilled by her own fantasy, — "they are talismans! And until a man had got them away, or persuaded her to stop wearing them, it would be no use to attempt winning her." In reaching this climax, nevertheless, Mary Deering, apparently overcome by the absurdity of the notion, burst into a laugh.

"That will do very well as a superstition," said Olipphant, smiling, although her remark had produced no little effect upon him.

She sat there unheeding: one would have supposed she had not heard what

he said. She picked away with her needle at some rosy thread which she was stitching into a pattern, and the light from it threw a soft reflection on her face. Can it have been that she had deliberately tried to incite Oliphant to make some advance towards the widow?

I only know that he grew restless. He began to think it was of the highest importance to see Mrs. Gifford immediately, as if something of great moment was to be settled by doing so.

"I must go along," he said, rising. And in half an hour he was at Octavia's door.

V.

A WOMAN'S AGONY.

At High Lawn, Oliphant was ushered into an apartment so prettily devised that it was like a fair and open countenance.

He was conscious of having made a real advance in his acquaintance with Octavia, merely by stepping into this dwelling-place of hers. The room was finished in holly-wood, with a dead surface, smooth like ivory, but pleasanter, because it still had somewhat of the freshness of a limber growth that had once swayed in the breeze. Panels along the walls were filled in with wine-colored silk, upon which silver thread and varicolored floss were embroidered in slender lines. There were low seats scattered about, covered with pale tints of this wine hue and with clear sea-green; and the whole place looked above all cosy and inhabited, as if its usual occupant were not afraid of its richness and refinement, or at all subordinated by it, but made herself at home there as in her native element. On a small side-table lay some new worsted-work and a large book, open at the page she had last been reading. The plan of the room was slightly irregular, includ-

ing near one end a spacious embayed window, the panes of which were set in delicate wood-tracery, where the sunlight was treasured up and some plants grew brightly. Oliphant moved thither, and while he was looking at the gossamer threads of the embroidery on the wall, he heard a light movement, turned, and discovered Mrs. Gifford, who had come into the window-space through an unnoticed doorway. So for a moment she stood there against a vista of lawn slope and trees that led down to the level, shining reaches of the bay; a figure full of brilliancy and gladness, that seemed to concentrate in itself all the charm of the surroundings.

"You see I have come soon," he said, shaking hands. "And is Miss Hobart still with you?"

She had motioned him to a chair, and had taken a place for herself on a sort of huge pale-green cushion which did duty as a seat.

"Yes, Miss Hobart is still here, but she has to excuse herself to-day."

Oliphant wondered whether Josephine's invisibility were due to a rapturous privacy consequent upon her engagement. Just then his eye fell upon the fox's head, of which he had heard so much: encircled by a mass of flowers, it lifted its furry nose from a table near by.

"A little trophy," said Octavia, smiling. "Lord Hawkstane sent it to Josephine. How does it strike you?"

"I think I should like the flowers alone better."

"I'm glad to have you say so," she declared. "It's dreadfully cruel."

"The sport? Yes, it is cruel; and it's empty, — emptier than that poor creature's head."

"Of course you mean the fox's head," observed Octavia, a twinkle of sarcasm in her eyes.

"Of course," he answered, laughing.

"As to the sport," said Octavia, "Josephine followed the hounds, and that

part of it does n't seem so cruel, you know. But having the poor head served up in flowers does strike me as rather savage. Hawkstane got the idea from one of his American friends. He never would have thought of anything so barbarous himself; but it was suggested to him as the proper way to do things here."

"Possibly," Oliphant contended, "his friend was right. Is n't it the spirit of the place to be idly busy and fill up the time with expensive nonsense?"

"Do you really think so?" she asked.

"I'm not sure that I do," he returned. "I really enjoy this Newport existence. Still, I suspect it of being what I just called the sport—empty. What does it all come to? There's an immense amount of occupation: dressing, dining, driving, show. But it becomes a routine, and there does n't seem to be any good reason for the thing. In fact, I have a radical friend who declares that Newport is wholly un-American, and ought not to exist."

"Ah, that's the trouble with us," Octavia remarked. "There are so many American things that are un-American."

"What's your own opinion?" Oliphant asked.

"Mine? Oh, I glory in Newport! I'm devoted to it. I don't pretend to account for myself, in that; but when you love a place or a person—really love, I mean—you like the faults as well as the virtues, don't you know?"

"And on that basis, if there are no faults, it's just so much deprivation, I suppose," said he, enlarging on her theory. "But I'm afraid I made a mistake in speaking so scornfully of Newport. You will condemn me."

"Not at all. I like candor, though of course it need n't always be put as Justin Craig put his to Mrs. Blazer. What an unfortunate affair, by the way!"

"Yes, conventionally speaking. But

don't you find it refreshing sometimes to have people come out with exactly what they feel, even if they are a little crude about it?"

"Indeed, yes." Octavia spoke quickly, and as quickly added, "It depends on who the people are. I like Justin very much: he's so true to himself. But I remember your cousin saying—and how sharp she is!—that it's the same with people as with some of the things we eat. When fish tastes too much like fish, we don't like it, simply because we say it's 'too fishy.' And so it won't do for people to be too much themselves in society: if they are, they're not acceptable—though a slight flavor of individuality is much esteemed. Is n't that clever?"

"Rather so. A certain amount of deceit is necessary."

Octavia sighed, placidly. "At our age, Mr. Oliphant, one comes to recognize that principle."

"Still," Oliphant observed, "there must be exceptions. Now when I meet anybody in whom I'm likely to be interested, I go for clearing away all surface deceptions at once: I try to get down to a simple and straightforward understanding as soon as possible."

"That's the best way in those cases," said Octavia. "The danger is, your frankness may be misapprehended."

"Very possibly it may," he returned. "But there's an instinct that tells us when it will be taken amiss. I imagine, in fact I'm pretty confident, that *you*, for instance, would be careful not to misapprehend."

She laughed, greatly at her ease: his admission that he was likely to be interested in her was so ingenuous. "I should try to be careful," she replied.

He recognized the position in which he had placed himself. "There," he said, "you see how, the moment we try to be sincere and direct, we become personal. That's the reason people are so afraid of sincerity: they dread being

personal. I had no intention about it, but now I find that I've been trying to get this very point settled between us."

Again Octavia laughed, adding, "It seems to have settled itself." And so, in truth, it had: they were no longer mere acquaintances, but had made a beginning of friendship.

Olipphant now remembered his cousin's injunction to find out something about the engagement. Mentioning it, he asked, "May I offer my congratulations, through you?"

"I have n't been empowered, Mr. Olipphant, to receive them."

"Then the rumor is n't true, I infer."

Octavia saw fit to be mysterious. "If you want to know," she counseled him, "you must go to Josephine herself, or to Lord Hawkstane."

"I can't very well do that," he said.

Octavia's face wore an amused look, but very soon this changed to one of deepening interest.

"It is queer how reports get into circulation," she began. "Something has just come into my mind" — Then she hesitated.

"Some other rumor?" Olipphant queried.

"Yes: a ridiculous one. But it is n't worth mentioning."

He was wondering what it could be, when the maid entered with a letter on her salver. "Beg your pardon, ma'am: the man said it was to be given you right away."

Octavia apologized to her caller and broke the envelope, which bore a glowing gold monogram on one side and a dashing superscription on the other. It was a note from Perry Thorburn, asking her to drive with him that afternoon. "There's no answer at present: I will send one very soon," she said to the maid, and laid the note in its cover on a bracket-shelf.

"Don't let me incommode you," said Olipphant, rising.

"Oh, no. Wait a little. I think you are interested in Justin, and I want to talk with you about him. Perhaps we can get him a chance for a concert which can be made fashionable, and you may be useful in persuading him to it."

Olipphant resumed his place; but she noticed, as she thought, a strange look in his eyes, which had not been there before the arrival of the note. The incident brought freshly up in his mind his secret concerning Gifford's letter. He was imagining how it would be if that letter, instead of the one with the gilt monogram, had just come to her.

"Of course," he said, "I shall be glad to do anything I can to assist Craig, especially if I please you by it."

"Ah, that is very nice," said the young widow, with almost girlish enjoyment. Nevertheless, they were both thinking of something else than their words indicated. Octavia, for her part, had been growing restless over Mrs. Blazer's assertion of a former attachment between Gifford and Miss Davenant, particularly since a second rumor had come to her ears, and was anxious to controvert it. This was what really occupied her mind while she spoke so glibly of Craig. "It's very nice," she repeated, inertly, once more becoming aware of that look in Olipphant's eyes. "But you seem to speak in a different tone now. You're not enthusiastic. Are you concealing something unfavorable?"

He tried vainly to shake off the reserve which he knew was creeping over his manner. "About Craig? No; nothing."

"At any rate," said Octavia, with unconcern, "I have no right to cross-examine you. We were just talking," she went on, "about frankness. If you're not keeping anything back, I confess that I *am*, though it has nothing to do with Justin. That rumor I mentioned just now — that is what I'm

holding in reserve ; but I think I must tell you about it. You will see that it's not quite pleasant to speak of, perhaps ; but I am annoyed by it, and want your help."

"Well, then, there's that much of good in it," Oliphant answered, more at ease.

She paused an instant ; then resumed, in a tone of wonderful gentleness : "You asked lately, Mr. Oliphant, if I had known your wife's name."

A chill passed through him. What was coming? What had she discovered? He merely bent his head assentingly, and she continued : "It was a coincidence that you should have asked me that question, because of something else that came up soon afterwards."

"Indeed?" he said, his apprehensiveness increasing.

Octavia exhibited embarrassment. "Yes ; it was hinted to me that Mr. Gifford had known Miss Davenant and had been an admirer of hers — a devoted admirer, in fact, before he and I had met." Here she smiled, perhaps only from nervousness ; but Oliphant remained gravely silent, waiting to hear more. "Of course," she added, "as Mr. Gifford never had spoken to me of her, the notion seemed improbable ; but now there has been a second rumor, and this time it is said that you know all about the history. I hope you will pardon me for talking of it : you can guess that I never would do so unless I thought there was a duty involved. The gossips have no right to be inventing tales about those two who have gone. I thought you ought to know how your name is being used ; and really it is for both our interests to stop such idle talk, don't you think?"

The gentleness in her voice had insensibly increased, until the words flowed like the notes of distant music : the tone was subdued, verging upon tremulousness. Both she who spoke and he who listened were thrilled by one chord

of memories solemn and sweet, though to Oliphant it brought an after-tone of endless repining.

"Who would have thought," he mused aloud, not answering her questions at once, "that we who did not know of one another's existence, a few days ago, should so soon be speaking of things that lie nearest to us? I think it shows that there ought to be confidence between us. And now in regard to your question, Mrs. Gifford, if you will only place such confidence in me — I quite agree that our interests coincide ; we want to stop the chatterers. I suggest that the best way is to ignore them."

"That's easily said," Octavia objected ; "but I can't do it unless you help me. You see, they are quoting you."

She gazed at him with a certain innocent confidence, against which a vague inquiry contended. It was evident to Oliphant that she counted upon him to deny the rumor, and so assist her to a triumph ; and it gave him a poignant regret that he could not do this.

"What have you heard as to my knowledge?" he inquired, still dallying.

"It's hardly worth while to go into that," she replied, "unless you really know something. But tell me ; there is no truth in the report, is there?"

Oliphant was in a pitiable dilemma. "Are you not troubling yourself needlessly?" he said, in perplexity. "I am not responsible for all this. If you compel me, I suppose I must admit that there is ground for what has been said ; but it is wiser to let it rest."

"That is impossible," declared Octavia, becoming imperious. "I want to put the whole thing down ; and, in the form which it has taken, that can be done only by positive denial."

"I see that my doctrine of candor is being put to a terrible test," he interposed, attempting to take a light tone, although really in consternation.

"Mr. Oliphant," said she, "I must know whatever you have to tell me. Is it not my right?"

"Undoubtedly, if you choose to assert it. But, after all, I have little to tell."

"You have no disproof" — she hesitated — "or proof?"

"I have a letter; that's all."

Octavia did not respond. She withdrew into herself; her eyes sank. Oliphant fancied that she shuddered.

"A letter from Mr. Gifford?" she then asked, looking straight at him.

"Yes; a letter to my wife, before she became my wife." He met her eyes, and tried to appear as if he attached slight importance to his statement.

"Ah," she scarcely more than whispered, "it was something of that sort that I heard."

"You heard of the letter, too!" he cried, hotly. "Then some one must have been guilty of treachery."

"What else could you expect, if you told any one?" the widow inquired, as icy as he was the opposite. But her eyes were not cold: their luminous depths were softened by a look of tender pleading.

"I have not told. I beg you to believe" —

"I will believe nothing that you say I ought not," she interrupted with dignity.

"Very well. What has become known is due to an accident. I cannot even comprehend how you have been spoken to as you have." Oliphant rose, and, moving a pace or two, drew his gloves impatiently through one hand, knitting his brows in bewilderment and vexation. "It's wrong, it's unfair," he muttered, "that this should be brought upon me."

Octavia changed her mood as instinctively as one might in improvising upon a sympathetic instrument. "Oh, well, we ought not to distress ourselves," she

said; though Oliphant knew perfectly well that she was suffering keenly. "Why should n't Mr. Gifford have written to Miss Davenant, if he pleased? I dare say it quite passed out of his mind afterwards; and that is what makes it seem so odd that we should only now be discovering their acquaintance. The whole thing is simple enough."

"Certainly; quite simple," Oliphant rejoined, grasping at a chance of escape that promised so well. He was dumfounded by the rapid and conflicting turns through which he was being led, but made a manful effort to keep his balance. "I'm glad you don't give it too much consequence," he ended.

"Only I shall want to see the letter, you know," she suddenly reminded him, with a gracious smile, but looking very determined. Her head was bent a trifle sidewise, and she gave him a long, steady glance, which was like a sharp-shooter's in taking aim.

Then Oliphant recognized that it would be futile to hold out any longer. "It shall be as you like," he said. "Only let me say that no one else has read the letter."

"So much the better. Have you it here?"

"In Newport? Yes: I can send it to you." He could not face the ordeal of handing it to her in person.

"Thanks. Very soon, too, I hope. Could you let me have it to-day? You will understand my eagerness to see anything that my husband wrote."

"Oh, yes, I understand." He pitied her from the bottom of his heart, as he stood there looking down at her. Did she see the compassion in his eyes, I wonder? Why could she not comprehend his reluctance to give her pain; and why could she not let him judge what was best for her peace of mind?

What a beautiful picture of grace and contentment she made in that charming room, with its embroideries and sunlight and delicate colors! What

a picture of a smiling and unruffled life her face suggested, too! And here was Oliphant compelled to bring disturbance and disaster into the scene, through no fault of his own; knowing well that when he next beheld her there would be a change — that things could not remain the same after she should have seen the letter. “You shall have it in half an hour,” he said. Then, instead of going at once, he paused. “I hope you will not misjudge me in this matter. I can explain more, perhaps, by and by. But would you mind letting me know who it was that brought you the reports?”

“I’d rather not, now, Mr. Oliphant. Let us leave that till afterwards, too; but I will try to think that you are not to blame.”

And so, with the friendly smile she gave him in parting, he made a barren effort to solace himself as he drove away, heavy at heart. Wondering how Mary Deering could have been so reckless as to circulate the story of the letter — for he supposed that it must have come from her — he mechanically put his hand into the inner pocket where he had been carrying the vexatious little paper burden; but it was no longer there! Where to begin the search for it he could not decide; but as he was near Mrs. Deering’s he ordered the coachman to stop at her house, resolving at least to investigate her conduct. He reappeared in the small parlor in a stormy mood; questioning and accusing his cousin, and denouncing people in general. She persisted in asserting her innocence; and he went his way again within five minutes, a dim hope that he might have left the letter in another coat lending haste to his movements. His anxiety increased every instant, until he reached the Queen Anne cottage, and, dashing up stairs, entered his room. There, surely enough, he found the momentous letter slumbering in a coat which he had not had on for two days.

Not until he had inclosed it and sent it away by a paid messenger did the ugly surmise enter his mind that his occult and ubiquitous host, Raish, might have played the spy, coming upon this document during some one of his own absences from the room.

When Octavia received the long envelope, she was still in her pretty holly-wood drawing-room. Not a word of comment accompanied the inclosure, and, tearing off the cover, she instantly scanned the contents.

Unnoticed, the yellow sheet fell to the floor, when she had read the last words. For whatever purpose circumstance and the power above circumstance had preserved it, it had done its work.

Octavia remained passive for some time in her chair, gazing blankly before her. When she finally stirred, it was as a somnambulist might have done: she moved from one part of the room to another, unconsciously, with hands knotted together and knuckles pressed backward against her smooth forehead. Heat at its utmost becomes white, like numb, chill snow: was it by a similar transformation that the burning agony in her brain now seemed not to burn at all, but to be freezing her into insensibility? A curious effect, this. She began to wonder at it; she had a wild inclination to laugh; but with that desire a clearer sense of her misery awoke. “What right had he to send me this?” she moaned. “What have I done, to be so crushed? — and he a mere acquaintance, a stranger! It’s unbearable; yes, it’s a crime! And I shall never, never” — her voice sank to a whisper more ominous than even the dreary wail that had preceded — “never forgive it.”

Ah, if she could have wept then! But the fountains of her life were choked; a parched desert seemed to spread itself all around her and within.

Turning away, she strayed slowly down the room again; this time looking closely at one object after another: at

the opaline glass of the chandelier, at a rotund porcelain Buddha contemplating with his fat face a Spanish *navaja* six times his own length; and at the fox's head, which she could almost believe returned a sardonic gleam of intelligence. Everything was strange, as if she had never been in the room before. Finally, she came to the table where her faucy-work and the open book lay. The volume was a sumptuous one, suggesting leisure, elegance, peace; and her eye rested on these words:—

"The Heart is a garden, and youth is its Spring, and Hope is its sunshine, and Love is a thorny path that springs up and bears one bright blossom that has nothing like it in all the world."

"Oh no, no, no!" she said aloud, not with protest, but with scorn. "That is n't true. It is n't a thorny plant, but only a weak and miserable weed, with a black, deadly blossom. The 'heart is a garden,' you say—but what if there's nothing but grave-dust in the garden? Oh, why do they write so of love? Why should we be fooled with this sort of thing, and be brought up on it, when it's all a lie!"

Again her hands were locked; she sank upon a couch; she was shaken by her rage against fate, as the air is made to quiver with visible heat in the furnace of summer.

Everything on which she had built her happiest faiths was swept away at one blow. She had believed that her husband had never loved any one before; but she could never again be sure that he had really loved her at all. Perhaps she had been to him only the solace of a concealed disappointment. Her own pride was wounded: she was angry at her husband, impalpable shade though he was, because he had hidden this thing, had left her to be humiliated and in question where his heart's deepest fealty had been given. Yet at the same moment her pride on his behalf was stirred up against Oliphant,

because he knew of Gifford's rejection by another woman.

"I shall go mad, if I think of it!" she groaned. A spasm of unearthly jealousy seized her: Gifford had passed away to another world, and Alice Oliphant had gone thither, also. "He is mine!" Octavia muttered passionately, with a force as if she were calling to some one far away. "We were to meet there; because the fable is that love is everlasting. Have *they* met, instead?" And as the shadow of her love and wrath loomed up distorted on the mist that veils all life beyond us, she trembled for her sanity; the prospect grew so dark, she began to doubt of heaven itself.

In the midst of this horrible turmoil, she rose, crossed the floor, and mechanically picked up the fallen letter. That petty precaution brought her back to self-control.

She was hungry for action. Something definite must be done. She must find a relief, a compensation, for the strain she had undergone. Should it take the form of revenge? A plan flitted through her brain, and she adopted it instantly; but, whatever it was, the first steps did not suggest anything like danger.

Ringling the bell for her maid, "Take away that fox's head," she commanded, "and don't let me see it again. And come back immediately: I shall have a note to send."

Seated at her writing-table in the embayed window, she dashed off not one note, but two. The first was to Perry Thorburn, accepting his invitation to drive, two hours later. "Mr. Oliphant shall see, at any rate, that I am not crushed," she declared aloud. The second note consisted of a few lines to Oliphant himself, thanking him for his promptness in gratifying her wish, and saying that, if he would call soon, she would like to speak with him further.

Thereupon she consulted the lozenge-

shaped mirror that hung in velvet on the wall ; and the mirror gallantly sustained her : instead of the lines of distress which had so recently shown in her face, it revealed a triumphant energy. No ; in all this there was nothing to alarm a possible observer. Yet any one who knew Octavia well might have thought her too determined to be safe ; and there was a hard glitter about those symbols of her widowhood, the diamonds at her ears.

George Parsons Lathrop.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

THE legend says, In Paradise
 God gave the world to man. Ah me !
 The woman lifted up her eyes :
 " Woman, I have but tears for thee."
 But tears ? and she began to shed,
 Thereat, the tears that comforted.

(No other beautiful woman breathed,
 No rival among men had he ;
 The seraph's sword of fire was sheathed,
 The golden fruit hung on the tree.
 Her lord was lord of all the earth,
 Wherein no child had wailed its birth.)

" Tears to a bride ? " " Yea, therefore tears."
 " In Eden ? " " Yea, and tears therefore."
 Ah, bride in Eden, there were fears
 In that first blush your young cheeks wore,
 Lest that first kiss had been too sweet,
 Lest Eden withered from your feet.

Mother of women ! Did you see
 How brief your beauty, and how brief,
 Therefore, the love of it must be
 In that first garden, that first grief ?
 Did those first drops of sorrow fall
 To move God's pity for us all ?

O sobbing mourner by the dead,
 One watcher at the grave grass-grown ;
 O sleepless for some darling head,
 Cold pillowed on the prison stone,
 Or wet with drowning seas, He knew
 Who gave the gift of tears to you !

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS COUTURE.

It was a beautiful day in the middle of July, 1876, when we glided out of the Gare du Nord, in Paris, on our way to see Thomas Couture, at the little village where for many years he passed the summer months in the seclusion of the country.

We descended, after about half an hour's ride, at the little station of Villiers le Bel, which seemed stranded in the open fields, as no village was in sight. We began to fear that we too were stranded, and had perhaps been left at the wrong station. However, following the few people who, like ourselves, had been spilled, as it were, by the now fast-vanishing train, we passed through the station, and found, drawn up in the shade, an old dusty omnibus, with two sturdy Normandy horses attached. We were assured by a worthy in a blouse, and with a very thick and almost unintelligible *patois*, that this would conduct us to our destination, the village of Villiers le Bel itself, and that he would have the honor to drive us.

With a great cracking of the whip we were soon off at a good pace, over a well-macadamized road which led straight out into the country, and the little station was left deserted and quiet till the arrival of the next train.

Before us stretched the broad, dusty road, and on either hand, with no fence between, were spread the fields of fast-ripening grain, waving and rippling in the breeze; the great red poppies blazed in the sun, and the whole air was musical with the larks soaring far up in the blue sky. How strange it all seemed, and yet how familiar! At every step one was reminded of pictures by Lambinet and Rousseau, Troyon and Daubigny, but Lambinet more than the others; for he it is who has made this part of France peculiarly his own, as Rous-

seau the Forest of Fontainebleau and Daubigny the river Oise. When, at one point, we passed some peasants at their noonday meal under the shadow of their cart, which was tipped up with its shafts in the air, while the good horse, with harness off, browsed hard by, "Ah," I involuntarily thought, "what a perfect Millet!" So it is that the familiarity born of books and pictures gives an added charm to travel.

Aside from this, the landscape in Normandy has a special grace of its own. The gently flowing lines of the hills, and the wide stretch of level plain, without fence or bound to break the view; the little hamlets scattered here and there, and the groups of graceful trees, which from the custom of trimming the lower branches for firewood lift themselves against the soft skies with peculiar character in their silhouettes, all lend themselves ready made to the artist's hand. In the atmosphere full of moisture from the English Channel, the distance melts away in a soft haze, and there is never that knock-down aspect of things, near or remote, with which we are so familiar in New England.

After a twenty minutes' drive across the level plain, we reached the outskirts of the village, nestled among its trees at the foot, and running up the slope, of the hill of Ecouen. As we rattled up its little narrow paved street, amid a salvo from the driver's whip, which echoed and reëchoed from the gray houses on either hand like a very successful Fourth of July celebration, loungers came out from doors; and fresh faces, framed in white caps, peeped at us from upper windows, to give and receive voluble sallies from our blue-bloused driver, who was evidently in high favor with his townsfolk. At length we reached the little square in

the middle of the village and drew up in front of the Bureau de Poste. Here we alighted and looked about us.

On one side of the square rose the little Gothic church, with its spire terminating in a ridge. The inside, unhappily, has been spoiled by a thick coat of whitewash, but the outside is quite picturesque, and, dominating as it does the little hamlet, is an attractive object from many points in the surrounding country, and has often figured in pictures by French and American artists. With the assistance of an old gentleman with a wheelbarrow, on which were deposited our few *impedimenta*, we set out for the inn, along one of the streets leading from the square. The streets of Villiers, as in other French country towns, are all paved with large square blocks of stone; the houses abut directly on the street, and the sidewalk, where there is any, is also paved, and so narrow that in places it is quite lost, where some obtrusive house elbows its way out of the general line. The gutter is often in the middle of the street and answers for a drain as well. Being open to the air, gases have no chance to accumulate; and although you are sometimes greeted by unpleasant odors, no fevers are the result.

The inn proved to be also a pastry cook's. The landlord was the cook, and was rarely seen out of his well-ordered kitchen, while his wife sat all day in the shop, with her knitting, and demanded exorbitant prices for the very sweet but generally flavorless *confitures* in which the French delight. No well-regulated French household ever makes its own puddings or pies, but sends for them to the *patisserie*, which therefore exercises an important function.

In the mean time the hotel part of the establishment was expected to run itself, with such help as it could get from the much-put-upon man of all work, who did everything, from making the beds to washing out the court-yard.

The natural result was that between over-work and Madame's temper, which was none of the best, the poor *garçon* generally left at the end of his first month, to be succeeded by another unfortunate. He in turn would be summoned from his bed-making by the shrill voice of Madame in the court-yard below, to attend to some newly arrived guest, only to be scolded back again because his rooms were not done.

We entered the inn through the large green doors of the paved court-yard, and after paying our aged conductor waited patiently for the clanging of the great bell, which he had set ringing, to subside. We decided to postpone the inspection of rooms for the more pressing demands of hunger; and so expressed ourselves to the for once smiling landlady. At her suggestion, a table was spread for us in what was called by the somewhat misleading name of *Bosquet*, a sort of arbor running along one side of the court-yard, and composed of straggling vines on espaliers, and sickly creepers running up the high wall that inclosed the court on that side. The other three sides were occupied by the house, under which, in one part, was the stable. We felt that now we were indeed in Bohemia, and our *al fresco* repast was none the less enjoyable from the fact that the beef-steak was tough and the *vin ordinaire* very ordinaire.

Omelettes and bread are always good in France, and we found no exception here, while later we learned that our landlord had a very good vintage of Beaune, if we chose to pay for it.

Our meal was shared by a cat and a dog, the former, however, only in imagination, as she dared not descend from her vantage-ground on the high wall. The dog was a large setter in the hobble-de-hoy stage of puppyhood, and had been christened Stop by an Italian artist at the hotel, with, I fear, rather vague ideas of English: something as

the Japanese supposed "Come here" to be the English for dog, because their masters used that phrase in calling to them.

Stop, this particular dog certainly never did, but went tumbling over everything; getting between the waiter's legs, and causing no end of mischief, but all in such a good-natured way that the vituperations with which he was greeted usually ended in caresses.

After lunch, while the ladies installed themselves in such rooms as we were able to make up our minds to accept, I determined to take the bull by the horns and pay my visit to Couture, to get his consent to give me some instruction. I had often heard him described as a man with a very bad temper and brusque manners, and I feared my imperfect command of the French language might lead me to say something to rouse his ire, as what may be quite polite in one language is very often rude in another. Besides, he had for many years refused to take pupils, properly so called, and had only recently made exception in favor of some American ladies. Whether he would take a male into his harem seemed quite doubtful, and indeed he refused, while I was there, to take some Frenchmen as pupils, though after my advent admitting other Americans and an Italian.

It was therefore with trembling that I sought the abode of the great man. I was directed to a neighboring street, where in a long, high wall, overhung by beautiful old trees, I found the large gate of his *château* as it was called. Beside this gate was a smaller one, with a grating in it about six inches square. I pulled the iron bell-rod that hung on one side, and immediately, as if both bell and dog had been attached to the same cord, there ensued a great jangling and barking. Inside I heard the clack, clack, of wooden shoes coming across a paved court; the slide behind the little grating was pushed back, and

an old woman in a Bretonne cap peered out at me. The dog, meanwhile, having been partially suppressed, kept up a muttered protest. "Dear me," I said to myself, "this is indeed a Blue Beard's castle;" and the dog, who was still invisible, assumed to my imagination gigantic proportions. In response to my inquiry if M. Couture was at home, — my outward appearance being, I suppose, satisfactory, — I was greeted with a smiling "Entrez, monsieur," and the drawing back of bolts and opening of the little gate. Somewhat reassured by the smiles of the old lady, and finding that the dog, although of evil countenance, was not so very large, I entered, and followed the Bretonne cap and wooden shoes across the court, that had once been laid out with some care, with flower beds, and a fountain in the middle, but was now all in disorder, with a general tangle of weeds and grasses growing up between the paving-stones. Bringing up the rear came the dog, a sort of mongrel mastiff, sniffing unpleasantly near to my trouser legs. Had I but known, as I very soon learned, that both dog and master were the most good-natured of creatures, instead of the bug-bears my imagination had painted them, I should not have felt so like a man going to his execution. Although I still marched on, my French, if not my courage, basely deserted me, and left me to stumble through the ensuing interview as best I could, and then taunted me when safely back at the hotel with what I might have said, but did not. The *Château Couture*, more properly a *maison de campagne*, was a long, two-storied stuccoed building, without much architectural pretense, like many another country-house in the suburbs of Paris. It rested so low on the ground that one step carried you into its front door, or through its long French windows. I was ushered into a room on the left of the entrance, used, I afterwards learned, as the dining-room;

catching on the way, through the door opposite, a glimpse of the kitchen, with its large, old-fashioned fire-place and bright array of copper saucepans, evidently the pride of the Bretonne cap. Knowing that mine host had a weakness for Americans as more liberal patrons of art than his own countrymen had proved to be, to him at least, I took care to impress on the good dame that it was an American who wished to see monsieur. It was an even chance whether the disappointment of finding that I was not a rich American amateur would not counterbalance the supposed advantage of my nationality; but I hoped for an amiable reception before he found that out.

Nor was I mistaken. Clack, clack, went the wooden shoes up the stone stairs, and clack, clack, they soon returned, to say that monsieur would immediately descend.

The dog, all the while, had followed close at my heels, and stood guard to see that I did not run off with the family spoons. He had a bloodshot look in his eyes, that boded no good to any such attempt, and fearing he might mistake my Western freedom for republican license, I sat as still as I could on the edge of my chair.

Presently, clack, clack, clack, another pair of wooden shoes came down the stairs, and there entered a short, stout man, in a broad-brimmed Panama hat, dressed in a crumpled suit of gray linen, and with black sabots on his feet. I rose as he entered, and the dog, after several violent blows with his tail against the table leg, that happened to be in the way of this customary salutation, laid himself down in the sun with a great flop and sigh of relief that his duties as policeman were over for the present.

Couture — for it was he — extended to me a soft, pulpy, but small and white hand, and welcomed me with much *em-pressement*.

“Always charmed to see Americans. Had many American amateurs, who had bought his pictures,” etc. Ah, I said to myself, I feared as much! How shall I ever dare to undeceive him?

Seeing my evident embarrassment in trying to express myself intelligibly, with great tact he suggested that we should go for a walk in the park, as he called it.

He rightly divined that a stroll round the grounds would be less formal than sitting up on chairs, and that I should be more at my ease in the open air. This eye to the main chance and extreme sensitiveness to the feelings and motives of others, as well as to any supposed slight upon himself, I found to be among his strongest characteristics.

His sharp little eyes read with wonderful insight the characters of his pupils; and although he understood not a word of English, we were often startled to find how quick he was to interpret some passing remark from one to another, when we thought ourselves safe behind our foreign tongue, and his abrupt “*Comment?*” would speedily bring us back to our good manners.

Leading the way into the next room, Couture called my attention to some writing in charcoal on one of the panels of the white wainscoting that reached to the ceiling. At the time of the siege of Paris he had written here an appeal to the Prussians to spare his house and pictures, as the home of an artist well known in Europe, and some of whose paintings graced the walls of the galleries of Berlin. I wish I could remember the exact words, they were so *naïve* in their egotism, of which his having preserved them to this day was another touch.

This room, which was the principal salon, must have been nearly thirty feet long, and reached from side to side of the house, with long French windows on either hand, through one of which we passed to a terrace overlooking the

park. The grounds had once been laid out with much skill, but Couture's dislike to spending money had allowed them to become overgrown and out of repair.

A broad vista of fine trees led down to where the paved *chaussée* from Paris to Ecouen terminated the estate. By skillful planting, and the substitution of an iron paling for the high wall that elsewhere bordered the road, this was quite overlooked, and the eye was led on over smiling fields to the hills of Montmorency, four miles away. Thus the name of "park" did not seem altogether undeserved, although there could not have been over six acres in the whole place.

As we wandered about among the trees and shrubberies, I found little need of talking; my companion, it seemed, liked nothing better than to hold forth. With his arm drawn through mine, a favorite habit of his when walking with any one, he stumped along in his wooden shoes, and was the picture of good nature and *bonhomie*. A short and thick man, as I have said, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; small but very bright eyes, set in a rather heavy and puffy face, of a pale and sallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaved, save for a heavy, drooping gray mustache, which concealed a large, sensuous mouth; finally, a receding chin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy,—not a handsome man, certainly. At the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable; there was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish that could hardly be expected from his origin.

He often made fun of his awkwardness, and told amusing stories of going to receptions at the Tuileries in the days when he was in high favor with Napoleon; of putting his feet through great ladies' trains, and committing other *gaucheries*, to the disgust of the more accomplished courtiers.

I found him anything but the bear he had been depicted, and, with the exception of extreme sensitiveness to any imagined slight, the most good-natured of men; very fond of telling stories, and quite willing to laugh at himself, but unwilling to be laughed at; very sure that he was the greatest painter living, and that all others were mere daubers, and very sore at the ill-treatment he fancied he had received at the hands of the French government and artists; in a word, a childlike nature within a rough exterior, but very lovable. Driven into voluntary exile by the jealousy of other artists and intrigues in high places, for ten years he did not touch a brush. Living on the reputation made in his younger days, he could not consent to enter the arena a second time, and notwithstanding his love of money he was content to remain idle, unless spurred on to do something by the importunity of buyers seeking him out. I never succeeded in getting at the right of the case in his quarrel with the world.

The ill-treatment, the slights cast upon him by other artists, and his breaking with the government when in the midst of large commissions, because, as he alleged, he would not give a present to the Minister of Fine Arts for procuring him these orders, may have been in great part due to his over-sensitive imagination. To crown all, he rashly wrote a book. "Oh, that mine enemy had written a book!" All the art-world of Paris set up a howl, and its echoes still linger in the ateliers on either bank of the Seine. He retired to nurse his wrongs at Villiers le Bel, and so entirely

did he become a thing of the past that most lovers of art, if they thought about him at all, thought of him as dead, and wondered why his great painting of *Les Romains de la Décadence* was not removed to the Louvre, as is the custom with works owned by the state after the artist has been dead ten years. What had the poor man done? He had written a slight sketch of his life, given an account of his method of painting, and dared to criticise, but perhaps without sufficient prudence, the works of other painters. If he had had more worldly wisdom he would have held his tongue.

The "*méthode Couture*" has been a by-word in the ateliers of Paris ever since. Not that it was not a good-enough system in its way and as employed by him; but yet it was a difficult method to copy, especially when learned only from his book, and like a written constitution, the too exact formulation of ideas gave a chance for cavilers to find fault. To many, to paint by rule, and not by inspiration, seemed absurd. His system was either misunderstood or misapplied, and certainly has never been successfully held to by any of his pupils. Pupils of other men have been allowed to follow in the footsteps of their masters without discredit, but those of Couture have been pursued relentlessly as long as any trace of the master's method has remained.

Why this should be I cannot say. Why bitumen used by Couture is any more sinful than when used by others I do not know, but so it is. His great aim was freshness and purity of color, which he sought to get by mixing or stirring the colors together as little as possible, and by placing on the canvas the exact tint as nearly as he could hit it, and not disturbing it afterwards. Rather than disturb it, he preferred either to remove an unlucky touch with the palette knife and bread, or leave it till dry, and then repaint it.

His great maxim was to make haste slowly. He used to say, "Give three minutes to looking at a thing, and one to painting it." "Make up your mind exactly what ought to be done, and then do it with rapidity and decision, as if it were the easiest thing in the world." "If a thing does not come right at first, do not fuss over it, but go to something else; and if necessary, come back to it later, when you will often find that it is not so bad, or at least is so unimportant in the general result as to be hardly worth doing over," — all of which maxims are most difficult to beginners.

The great trouble with the *méthode Couture* was that, like the battle-axe of *Cœur de Lion*, only the master could wield it. To get additional brilliancy, he liked to employ very long brushes that took up a great quantity of paint. This he applied in a single decisive touch with a peculiar movement of the hand, which none of us were ever able to imitate, and which left the paint all bristling and sparkling, like grass with the morning dew fresh upon it. He contended that when put on in this way and varnished it would remain fresh forever, whereas the painting over and over resulted only in deadening the paint and turning it dark in time. Nevertheless, he was always ready, if a thing did not please him, either to scrape it out, or, when dry, to glaze it down and repaint it, but always trying as far as possible to retain the brilliant qualities of a first painting.

By this process of glazing and repainting he was able, contrary to the generally received opinion, to obtain, when he chose, the most minute finish. Many of his smaller pictures will bear witness to this, and it was only in his larger canvases that he left things in what might seem an incomplete state.

He did not invariably work in the same way; but his usual method was to put in the shadows with a very little bitumen and light red mixed with a dry-

ing medium, then load the lights, and by the time the shadows had become a little sticky from drying, drag the proper colors into them, which gave a more transparent quality than painting them in more solidly would have done.

In his drawing he insisted on style: every line should express character, and every line he ever drew was full of it. His careful study of the antique had made him an idealist; he could not be a servile copyist. With a few telling strokes he would express the whole essence of an object distilled through the alembic of his imagination. He was one of the last of the classical school, and had no sympathy with the growing realism of the age, nor it with him.

Alas for the man who is born too late, or who outlives his proper period! He who is ahead of his time may come to be revered as a prophet, but he who is behind has no one so poor to do him reverence. The whirligig of time alone may bring him adequate recognition. Among modern painters, Couture is preëminent for nobleness of conception and design; but in cleverness of technique he has been much surpassed. His faults were a certain dryness in execution, from the roughness of his paint, and a want of unity in his larger compositions, arising in part from his habit of studying each figure separately, and in part from a lack of feeling for the just relation of values.

His fondness for subjects of a satirical nature worked him harm. It is a doubtful point how far art should be used as a moral agent, except as it elevates the mind. The satirist has his place, but it is not the highest place, and the noblest art is degraded if used to point a moral too openly. In such pictures as *The Realist* (a student seated upon the bust of the Venus of Milo, engaged in drawing a pig's head), *The Love of Gold*, *The Courtesan*, and similar subjects, he squandered the talent that ought to have been devoted to

higher aims. It was, I think, a perversion of the intellectual quality in art. In *Les Romains de la Décadence*, his best known picture, and the one which made his reputation, we have, however, a lesson of the debauchery of luxury and vice which is very powerfully told. The utter weariness and satiety of over-indulgence is admirably indicated in the attitudes and expression of the figures. The fair cease to charm or the wine to cheer, and the moral is not too obtrusively drawn in the despair of the poet on the one hand, and the scorn of the philosophers on the other.

As a portrait-painter he was not very successful. He idealized the likeness out of his sitters, and left only what he thought they ought to be. We prefer ourselves as our looking-glass shows us, and not as others see us, in spite of the old saying.

Before parting with Couture, on that first visit, I secured his consent to my becoming a pupil. He seemed much less averse to my project than I had anticipated, but confessed that he had intended never to take another scholar, although willing to criticise works brought to him by artists. He had broken his resolution because an American girl had come to him and said, "*Je veux prendre des leçons*," instead of "*Je désire*," which so amused him with its maidenly imperiousness that he yielded. Having once given way (and, I suspect, seeing a chance for a little money, though he did not mention that), he thought he would try a few pupils for one summer. I was to return the next morning with my paints and such sketches as I had with me, that he might see how proficient I was.

I shall never forget that morning. It was very hot. After a repetition of the formalities of the day before at the gate only with broader smiles on the part of the good dame, and this time with appropriate recognition on that of the dog that I was henceforth a priv-

ileged person, I was shown up to the room used for a studio. Couture, with the inevitable straw hat, received me warmly, and after rummaging about among a lot of old canvases, at which I lounged to get a better look, produced a superb study of a man nude to the waist, which he had made years ago for the picture *L'Amour de l'Or*. This he set me to copy. To put me a little at my ease, he took up a book and pretended to read, but I felt all the time that he was looking with those sharp little eyes at every stroke I made. Although the perspiration started at every pore, there was nothing for it but to go on. Oh, how hot it was! The flies buzzed on the window panes, or lit on my nose; there was no other sound save an occasional grunt from my tormentor, whether of approval or disgust I could not tell. After a painful struggle, my task was finished. I felt that I had done myself scant justice; but perhaps it was just as well, as the improvement thereafter would be all the more marked, and that would please the teacher. With a "Not so bad," he informed me that "we should soon change all that," and that the next day I could regularly begin. As other pupils arrived soon after, he arranged a class, which met at his house during the first week of every month. He would either give us something of his own to copy, or, painting himself from a model in the morning, make us do the same in the afternoon. In this way we learned how he attacked a subject, and his method of treating it; also gathered many useful hints from his criticism of our own and others' sketches. The rest of the month we worked by ourselves from models, or sketched in the fields, carrying the results to him for correction.

He liked to have us come to his house on Sunday afternoons, when he held a sort of levee, seated under the trees in the park. Barbédienne, the celebrated

dealer in bronzes, who was his most intimate friend, often came from Paris to pass his Sunday, and other artists from the neighboring Ecouen, a great centre for *genre* painters, were frequent visitors on those pleasant afternoons. Surrounded by his family, with a clean white linen suit on, his best Panama on his head, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, he poured forth by the hour together a stream of racy anecdotes and amusing conceits.

The family consisted of his wife and two daughters and the dog Didi, a very important member. When the Prussians were approaching Paris, the Couture family fled, like so many others; leaving the writing on the wall that I have before mentioned, to mollify the conquerors. But alas, on reaching Paris Didi the cherished was missing! He had been left behind, and the Prussians would surely get him. So, in face of the whole advancing host, Couture sallied forth to rescue the dog. He passed the French lines, and advanced into the now deserted country; he reached Villiers le Bel in safety, to find it silent and almost uninhabited, but he found the dog. As yet no Prussians were in sight, and he was about to return, when suddenly, over the hill from Ecouen, two Uhlans appeared; they came to a halt; then two more appeared from another direction; then, silently, stealthily, like the coming-in of the tide, from all sides, by every alley and street, came the spiked helmets. The village was surrounded and occupied, and Couture a prisoner. The officers, however, were very kind and polite, and allowed him to return to his family in Paris in triumph, with the dog. History does not relate how Didi escaped being eaten during the siege, but he would have been a tough morsel, and that fact probably saved him.

Couture's youngest daughter, Jeanne, was his favorite. She was at that time a very sweet girl of about sixteen, and acted as her father's *rapin*, that is, helper

in the studio. She kept his palette beautifully clean, washed his brushes, and always had a fresh rag or paint-tube ready to his hand in time of need. She spoke a little English, which she had learned at school, but was very shy of her accomplishment. Painting a little herself, she took a great interest in the work going on, and with her dark olive skin and the bright ribbon in her hair was always a charming picture, beside her rugged old father.

We passed two summers at Villiers le Bel, working in the manner described; the class varying from two to nearly a dozen, mostly of the fair sex. One day in the second summer there came near being an end to the whole thing through our touching the master on his sensitive spot. We had been having a model whom we all disliked, except Couture, who found in her beauties lost on our duller perceptions. I suppose we regarded her from too realistic a standpoint. Her good points were all rudimentary, and it needed the master to add what nature had denied her. He used to say that he preferred a thin to a stout model, because you could study the structure, and could add as much as you liked; whereas in the other case, the flesh hid everything from view, and you did not know how much to take off. Be that as it may, in this case we got very tired of her and her want of beauty, and without any special concert it so happened that one fine morning all the class stayed away, save one faithful mortal. I had taken the day to go up to Paris on necessary business, and the others had similarly found something else to do. Of course the faithful one reported that there was a rod in pickle for us.

The next morning we went to Couture's prepared for an outburst, and sure enough it came.

When we assembled in the room used for a studio, Couture had not yet come down, and he kept us waiting

some time, which was an ominous sign. Presently we heard his wooden shoes stumping along through the room leading to ours. He entered with great ceremony, making a low bow to us all, and not with his usual jovial salutation. He was carefully dressed in his best, freshly shaved (a rather rare occurrence, by the way), with his hat in his hand instead of on his head, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole,—altogether *en grande tenue*. Addressing me as the oldest pupil, he made an oration on the disrespect of our conduct, when he gave us lessons only as a great favor, and wound up by saying that this rebellion had very much wounded his feelings, and that he should give us no more instruction. Feeling that I was called upon to speak for the others, I expressed my extreme regret at what had happened; explained that no disrespect was intended, that I had been obliged to go to town on business, and that it was a mere accident that the others stayed away at the same time. Remembering that the French are more easily influenced by an epigram than a sound reason, I wound up by saying that what he had thought a revolution was nothing at most but an *émeute*, and should not be regarded seriously. This had the desired effect: the clouds cleared away, he burst out laughing, and we all set to work, and I never knew him more good-natured than he was for the rest of the day. And so the lessons went on.

The last time I saw Couture was in Paris, in the autumn of 1878. We were about leaving for Egypt, and invited him and his daughter Jeanne to come and lunch with us at our hotel in the Latin Quarter. He was in a very hilarious mood, and, like a school-boy out for a holiday, bent on enjoying himself. After our repast we proposed that we should all go to the Exposition and look at the pictures; thinking his criticism would be both instructive and amusing. But no; he said, he was tired

of the Exposition; he was a provincial up from the country, and preferred to *flâner* in the streets of the great city. So off we set; Couture in front with my wife on his arm, and I behind with mademoiselle.

We must have made a queer group, and I am afraid the good people at home would have been much scandalized at our behavior. Couture acted out to the letter the part of countryman; insisting on looking in all the shop windows, as if he had never before been in Paris; calling loudly to Jeanne to come and admire some object; rushing wildly across the street, to his own and my wife's imminent peril, his hat usually flying off in the passage, which we behind were obliged to rescue from under the feet of the horses or wheels of passing cabs.

Even in Paris, where people are used to eccentric behavior, such actions and actors attracted a good deal of notice, and I was glad to get him into Goupil's on pretense of showing him one of his own pictures which I had seen there several days before. The young man who conducted us to the gallery up-stairs seemed at first inclined to treat with

much coldness such an unpromising set of visitors, and with reluctance produced the head I asked for. No sooner was it placed on the easel than Couture burst out in derisive laughter, abused it roundly, and, although it was an undoubted Couture, saw fit to ridicule the whole thing. The showman was naturally much incensed, and proceeded to point out to us the excellences of the painting; but Couture would not listen to him, and continued to call it all sorts of names, saying that they used to make omelettes on it, and kicked it about generally in the atelier. The man now looked puzzled, as if he were dealing with a madman; suddenly a gleam of intelligence shot across his face, as he began to realize that this eccentric must be Couture himself. Never was there a greater change: he ransacked the whole shop for pictures that would interest us, and finally bowed us out with all the obsequiousness he could muster.

It was now time for Couture and his daughter to leave us, to take the train for Villiers le Bel, and the flourish of the large Panama hat from a cab window was the last I ever saw of my worthy master.

Ernest W. Longfellow.

IN THE OLD DOMINION.

FOUR o'clock of a lovely day in the early autumn; a chilly wind, contradicted by a hot sun; a touch of crimson in the sumach bushes lining a country lane in Virginia, down which a gentleman is galloping, — a fine, erect figure mounted on a stout hack, which is carefully groomed, somewhat dingy in accoutrement, and just now putting out its best paces. At the mouth of the lane, where it debouches into the high-road, there is a glorious maple, that a month later might well stand for the burning

bush of Moses, with its shimmering lights, glowing and sparkling in new and beautiful combinations of color, as sunshine, cloud, and breeze make of it alternately a tree of gold, a tree of blood, a tree of bronze.

Already the ground at its feet is carpeted in a way to delight the æsthetic soul, and a girl who has been sitting for an hour with a lap full of leaves, which she has been admiring, arranging, comparing, unable to decide which to keep and which to throw away, rises,

seizes two parcels, drops three, recaptures them only to drop half her leaves, makes a triumphant swoop upon these, and picks her way toward the horseman. Not a lady at all; an awkward, freckled factory-girl, going home with the coming week's work; yet the moment he catches sight of her, he pulls up his horse with a suddenness that sends streams of liquid mud flying up the animal's flanks, and as he walks past her takes his hat off and executes a profound and courtly salute, — such as Sir Charles Grandison may have kept for the duchesses of his acquaintance, — goes on quietly for a few hundred yards, and then resumes his gallop for a couple of miles, when he reaches a shackling, low-spirited gate, off the hinge, set in a luxuriant, unclipped hedge of *bois d'arc*, and turns into the grounds of Edgewood. In its day Edgewood was known from New England to the Carolinas as one of the colonial show-places, with a thousand acres at its back, half as many slaves to till its fields, stables that accommodated fifty horses, and room and welcome for a perennial stream of guests, — the belles, beaux, and local magnates of the country and neighborhood, with such distinguished foreigners as chanced to stray that way. The house was built of English bricks, in a pseudo-Grecian style of architecture, with portico sufficient for the Madeleine, and a noble hall, through which one could drive a coach-and-four: two features greatly insisted upon by the Virginian gentry of the period. It stood in a park of seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland, and was set on a knoll commanding fine views of the surrounding country. But the place was sadly shorn of its past glories, and in China would properly have been regarded as a monument, not a home, and promptly converted into a chapel and grounds for the worship and deification of ancestors. The lawn was ragged and unkempt, and the grass dying, apparently, of a green

and yellow melancholy. The enormous wooden pillars of the portico were almost destitute of paint, and the boards under-foot were rotting away in various places. In front, a weather-stained, chipped marble fountain seemed incapable of pumping up so much as a single tear over its own bright past and arid future, or that of its owners. Of the original estate, only two hundred and fifty acres remained, producing chiefly blue thistles, and having no modern devices, such as phosphates, rotation of crops, and improved machinery, to stimulate its flagging cereals.

The front door was a fine old piece of mahogany, to which time had given a rich wine-color; it was further adorned with a huge brass lock and knocker, polished by several generations of muscular Africans, under the lynx-eyed supervision of as many notable housewives. It stood open, revealing a section of the hall, with its stained floor, spindle-legged furniture, racks for hats, whips, and fishing-tackle, family portraits, and a group of crossed swords wielded by revolutionary sires, supplemented by two others that had belonged to the dead sons of the house, — two gallant young cavalry officers, who fell on the same day in the Wilderness.

Just outside, in a rustic arm-chair, sat an old man of ninety, who looked as though he would crumble at a touch; with long, scanty locks of white hair hanging down on his shoulders, a face wrinkled like a baked apple, a nose that still insisted on being handsome amid the wreck and ruin of all the other features, and two bristling tufts of white hair set above a pair of pale blue eyes, deeply sunken in their sockets and wandering in expression. He was dressed with extreme care, in the style of the "fine old English gentleman," in a dark suit of some long-past period, very long as to the waistcoat and tight as to the coat; wore a patched boot neatly blacked, topped by gray gaiters, a fob,

and a voluminous cravat, wrapped around his neck again and again, until the tip of chin and ears disappeared. It was this, combined with a trick he had of moving his entire body, from the waist, in turning to address one, that gave a curious Jack-in-the-box effect to the shining bald crown which had, indeed, been engaged for a life-time in trying to keep itself above water. With one tremulous, deep-veined hand he held a brown vellum book, from which he was reading aloud to a gentleman sitting near, using the other to turn over the yellow leaves, and pointing his moral with a skinny forefinger as he peered closely at the text.

"Listen to this, my boy," said he, his cracked voice rising in shrill exultation, as he went on with the passage from his favorite author: "'If New England be called a receptacle of Dissenters, Pennsylvania a nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the refuge of runaways, and South Carolina the delight of buccaneers and pirates, Virginia may justly be esteemed the happy retreat of true Britons and true Churchmen.'" It is impossible to give an idea of the emphasis and importance he contrived to throw into his "Virginia." Even in his thin tones it had a dignified, Old Dominion, Mother-of-States-and-Presidents swell to it that told its own tale of love and pride; it was a roll-call of the States, in which his heart said "Here!" as plainly as possible to the listening ear.

His companion had given a merely mechanical attention, and was saying, "You are very fortunate, Mr. Vesey, in being able to read without your glasses. I suffer considerable inconvenience from the necessity I am always under of carrying them about with me wherever I go. My carelessness and absence of mind are such that" —

"There's my son!" exclaimed the old gentleman abruptly; "and he has

taken the chestnut out again, in spite of my having distinctly forbidden it. A troublesome lad, — a very troublesome lad." Saying this for the third time, he rose with great difficulty, and aided by his cane limped to the edge of the veranda, and stood there waiting for his son to dismount.

"You have taken the chestnut again, Wyndham, although you knew it was contrary to my wishes. I am surprised at your want of filial respect, sir, — surprised, surprised," he called out fretfully, as soon as his son came within ear-shot. "You have three saddle-horses of your own, sir, and had better leave mine alone. I should think that an intimation of my wishes on the subject would be all that is necessary; but you forget yourself, sir, — forget yourself entirely."

Although assailed in this way, the son did not seem at all disturbed, but fastened his bridle-rein composedly to a staple driven into one of the oaks; a substitute for the stable-boys who used to dart out from behind the house, by some happy inspiration, the moment there was any need of them. Mr. Vesey the elder was in his second childhood, and had a fixed idea that, with a stable full of thoroughbreds, his son would ride his father's horses. It was useless to argue the point, or explain that the chestnut was the only decent bit of horseflesh about the place; so his son advanced, hat in hand, made his apologies elaborately, and was told that "Mr. Brooke, of Shirley, had been waiting for more than an hour." Now, although the two men had been neighbors, schoolmates, college chums, and intimate friends all their lives, and were moreover in the habit of meeting daily at the same hour for a game, or games, of backgammon, of which both were very fond, the mere suspicion of discourtesy to a guest was so intolerable that Mr. Wyndham Vesey hastened to go through a second set of apologies, as

formal and punctilious as though they had been meant for an entire stranger. On examination, "the troublesome boy" proved to be a man of sixty-five, with gray hair and beard, and dignity and ease of manner quite incomparable, and a diction as clear-cut as his profile. His friend was a year or two older, of equally good address, with a manner suggestive of intense self-respect, utterly untinged by self-assertion, delightfully simple and unaffected, and with that unspoken deference for the opinions and utterances of others which scores so many points for the accomplished man of the world, especially with women.

After shaking hands, the friends stood for several minutes making the usual inquiries after each other's health, and that of each member of their respective households. It was, "I hope the ladies at Shirley are in the enjoyment of their usual good health to-day," and "I trust that Miss Gertrude has quite recovered from the extremely severe attack of neuralgia from which she was suffering yesterday," accompanied by repeated bows and thanks, and so on through the list. To have omitted anybody or slurred over so important a ceremony would have been considered almost indecent. The three gentlemen took chairs, and began a desultory conversation, which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the daughter of the house, Miss Gertrude Vesey, a smiling little lady, who trotted out, key-basket in hand, and greeting Mr. Brooke informed him that she was "right glad to see him," and "it certainly was a mighty fine day for him to ride over:" two phrases whose Elizabethan quaintness suited her and her surroundings. She was so fair and plump and rosy that, though only three years younger than her brother, she looked a softened fifty, and was regarded by her father as a mere child. If in consequence of her poverty she belonged to the black-alpaca sisterhood, by virtue of her ladyhood she had contrived

to take out of that dubious material all its unpleasant shininess and suggestion of vulgarity. Worn as Miss Gertrude wore it, with lace at the throat and wrists, — a miniature of an ancestress, a court beauty of Queen Anne's reign, — and a watch from whose chain depended a cross made from the wood of General Washington's coffin, it became to all intents and purposes a black silk, and could have held its own in the very finest company.

Yes, Miss Vesey wore alpaca and took boarders, who seemed to have taken her, so gentle and mild was she, and to have been the gainers by the transaction. For it had come to this. The scanty living afforded by the land had to be supplemented by something; and if every helpless incapable in petticoats and difficulties runs to boarders as inevitably as a garden to weeds, it is no wonder that a woman whose recipe for pickled oysters had been copied in half the cookery-books of a State where all the housewifely arts are esteemed and practiced, as they used to be among English dames a couple of centuries back, should take an impregnable position, and, first inserting advertisements demanding and according the "very highest testimonials," await the result as calmly as Napoleon before Austerlitz. Among the family heirlooms was a treasure, — the only one on which no one had counted or been able to dissipate, — in the shape of a small book bound in leather, in which several generations of ladies had recorded their domestic experiences and experiments. Here, in faded, crabbed characters, with a liberal use of capitals, and not always a fanatical adherence to the rules of spelling, were recorded recipes of every conceivable kind. A tremendous compound of honey, hyssop, licorice root, anise-seed, pulverized elecampane, angelica root, pepper, and ginger, called "Queen Elizabeth's Cordial Electuary," and said to have been "Her Majesty's

favorite remedy when troubled with straitness," which must have been pretty often, if we may judge from her pictures; "The Honorable Mr. Charles Hamilton's Method of Making Grape Wines," which "the Duke de Mirepoix," presumably a judge of such matters, "preferred to any other;" "Dr. Fuller's Chemical Snuff for Drowsy Distempers;" an "Incomparable Method of Salting Meat as Adopted by the late Empress of Russia," "more expensive than common brine," as imperial brine has a right to be, "but promising advantages that most people would be glad to purchase at a much higher price," — these, with recipes for "Bragget," "Ink Powder," a "Grand Ptsan or Diet Drink of Health and Longevity, by a Celebrated French Physician, who lived nearly one hundred and twenty years," doubtless on his own mixture, and a highly genteel "Remedy for Noisome Vermin," which "if applied with only the tip of a pin will cause the insect to be instantly deprived of existence," jostled each other in this quaint record of the dark age in which a woman was supposed to "superintend her family arrangements, investigate her accounts, instruct her servants, and keep within the bounds of her husband's income."

There was ample field for the expenditure of all Miss Vesey could earn; for, in addition to other claims, she had a brother's widow and her two daughters to take care of, beside a little boy, a distant cousin, who, being left orphaned and homeless, drifted, as a matter of right and of course, under the roof of a fourth cousin, who felt that she was only fulfilling a plain duty in engaging to support and educate him.

We will now go back to the company on the veranda, talking over several matters of local interest, with occasional interruptions from Mr. Vesey, senior, whose chair is set a little apart, so that he catches only a word here and there.

MR. BROOKE: "I saw Egerton Wharton, yesterday, when I went into town; and it was a great source of gratification to me to meet him again, and recall the pleasant week we spent together at Baltimore in the winter of '70. He has been living out in the West for thirty years, you know, but tells me that he has come home to remain, and has bought back the old place. He has been remarkably successful in his commercial ventures, I hear, and has achieved an independent fortune."

MR. W. VESEY, flicking with thumb and middle finger one of his sister's neatest darns on the knee of his trousers: "I am glad to hear it. Now that his time is no longer monopolized by money-making, a mechanical routine of sordid cares, in which there is little or no expansion of the higher faculties, or room for more elevating pursuits, he will be at liberty to cultivate the feelings and pursue the objects that exalt our nature, rather than increase our fortune. He married a Stainsforth, did he not?"

MR. BROOKE: "Yes. I was at his wedding, and it was a most interesting occasion. I still remember the alacrity with which I saluted the lovely bride, a most bewitching young enchantress; a second-cousin of mine, once removed. Her mother was a Fosbrooke, and her grandmother a Noel."

OLD GENTLEMAN, who has slipped down in his chair, and has been dozing, with his head on his breast: "Eh? What's that?"

MR. W. VESEY: "We are saying that Egerton Wharton's wife's mother was a Fosbrooke, and the grandmother a Noel."

OLD GENTLEMAN, sitting bolt upright: "Nothing of the sort, Wyndham, — nothing of the sort. Her mother was a Flower, and her grandmother was a gentlewoman of great worth and discretion, a daughter of Richard Jocelyn, of Helstone."

MR. W. VESEY: "I think you are mistaken, sir. You are thinking of the other brother."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Nothing of the sort, — nothing of-the-sort. How can I be mistaken? I never was mistaken in a thing of the kind in my life, — never. His father's place in King and Queen marched with mine, and I knew him when he was in long clothes. Visiting in the West, is n't he?"

MR. BROOKE: "He has come home, but he is looking wretchedly ill, and tells me the doctors give him a lease of only two years on life; just as he has gained all that he hoped for. Well, 'Sunt superis sua jura.'"

OLD GENTLEMAN, decisively: "He had better retire to his estate to die, and be buried among his own people."

MISS VESEY, on hospitable thoughts intent: "Is he staying in the neighborhood?"

MR. BROOKE: "I am unable to say. He was with Heathcote yesterday."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "That is a tide-water name. What is he doing up here?" (Glancing suspiciously from son to guest, from under his white, tufted eyebrows, as if the fact of Mr. Heathcote's being out of his own county required satisfactory explanation, and was in itself damaging.)

MR. W. VESEY: "He has come to settle up his aunt's property. She died without a will, and he is next of kin."

OLD GENTLEMAN, mollified by the respectable nature of his errand: "Oh, indeed! Fine man, his father. He was the *arbiter elegantiarum* of the county, when we were young fellows. No such people about here. The gentleman ceases with the oyster, in Virginia."

MR. W. VESEY, aside to his friend: "He is talking of the grandfather. Are you disposed to give me my revenge, now? If so, we may as well go inside for our game, unless, indeed, you prefer to woo the fickle goddess on the porch."

MR. BROOKE, rising: "Not at all; but

may I trouble you for a glass of water, first?"

MISS VESEY: "Not water alone, Mr. Brooke. You must try my raspberry cordial."

Interval of five minutes, after which a small African, with his wool carded out carefully and a snow-white apron over his every-day suit, appears in the doorway, a sulky frown on his face, the result of being forced to make a *toilette de circonstance*, and in his hand a silver tray, bearing glasses of cordial, in which bits of ice tinkle temptingly, flanked by a blue India plate, full of golden sponge-cake that clamors to be eaten.

"Ah, here is our Mercury," says Mr. Vesey; and after a little more conversation and liberal refreshment of the inner man, both gentlemen rise, and take their way to a large, bare room on the right of the hall, with windows giving on the porch. Left alone, outside, the weary old man takes intermittent naps, or lets his eyes wander to the white monuments in the cemetery on the hillside, where the declining rays of the sun are shining sadly upon the lonely graves of many a gallant soul who wore the blue or gray; and then to the mist-veiled mountain peaks, on which their eyes must often have nested, too, with God knows what longings for the distant home and friends they were never to see again. At last sleep wins what remains of the day. Not content with sleeping, he snores, and presently wakes himself up, and cries out with feeble fierceness, "Who's that?" It is the inquiry he usually makes under such circumstances, and never meets a response; but this time, as soon as he gets done blinking and staring, in the general confusion of his senses, he sees a dapper, spruce-looking man coming up the steps and approaching him. The new-comer has not dropped from the clouds at all, but has driven up in a smart buggy, very like a tea-tray set on wheels, freshly painted, glittering with varnish, and

presenting a striking contrast to the vehicle in which Mr. Brooke was wont to make his appearance, — a dingy, mud-splashed, ram-shackle affair, made up of blistered leather and black wood, the shafts being tied up in various places with bits of rope, and the harness three sizes too large for the small pony it festooned. With a good deal of difficulty old Mr. Vesey gets himself out of his chair, and bows to the stranger; then sinks back, and, leaning on his cane, peers suspiciously into the unfamiliar face.

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Good evening to you, sir. Take a seat" (waving him stiffly toward a chair).

Taking the seat indicated, he lolled back in it with breezy ease, crossed his legs aggressively, and, running his hand through his hair, began with breathless volubility to explain his errand, in short, staccato phrases, that irritated his listener very much as a fusillade from a peashooter might have done, though he caught only one in a dozen.

STRANGER: "Been traveling through your country. Very poor country, I call it. Should n't think it would yield twelve bushels of anything to the acre. Going to rack and ruin. Guess we 'll have to buy you out and put you down in truck farms. Convenient to markets. Raised on a farm. Worked on it till I took to the road. Know all about it. Got a better thing. Always on the lively hop, but layin' up the circulatin' cornstant." (In his satisfaction he here jerks up his coat-sleeves a little way, and rubs his hands together.) "Got a cousin down here. Been sick, and had to stop to see him." (Here he winked facetiously, and laid a finger on the side of his nose.) "Know him? Name's Perkins, — Obadiah."

OLD GENTLEMAN, shaking his head: "I have never met the relative you mention. There is no such name in the county."

STRANGER: "What say? Been livin'

five miles from here twenty years! Spick-spanking farm on the Woodville pike. No rags, bones, dirt, nor weeds there, you bet. Wife and ten children, mostly of the female gender."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Now that I think of it, there *has* been a person of that name about here for a good while. I trust that you are enjoying your visit, sir." (At this moment a pretty, dark-eyed boy of about six runs out on the porch, and seeing the stranger shrinks behind Mr. Vesey's chair.)

STRANGER: "Nice little chap. Grandson?"

OLD GENTLEMAN: "No, sir: a young relative, who has been the subject of a most afflicting dispensation of Providence, and has lost both his parents, whose places we are endeavoring as far as possible to fill."

STRANGER: "Fond of children. Got two little buckets of my own, out my way. Come here, young 'un." (Child declines.)

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Go and speak to the — ah" — (hesitates, and wipes his face with an enormous red bandana, laboriously searched for and applied) "the gentleman, my dear." (Child goes.)

STRANGER: "That's right. Be polite. It's always worth ninety cents on the dollar. Now, tell me, who are you?"

CHILD, as though he were announcing himself a Guelph or Ghibelline: "I am a Vesey."

STRANGER: "Oh, you are, are you?" (Laughing.) "How old are you?"

CHILD: "Going on seven."

STRANGER: "Well, how do you like it as far as you've got?" (Silence.) "Now tell me what you know. Can you read and write? Can you say your catechism?"

CHILD: "Which one?"

STRANGER: "How's that? How many do you learn?"

CHILD: "I know two: cousin Gertrude's and grandpa's. But I've forgot my duty to my neighbor."

STRANGER: "That's bad. Well, suppose you say the other. Sail in, now."

CHILD: "I can't say it, 'less grandpa asks the questions."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Very well, my son. Come here, and I will hear you. Speak so you can be heard. What are you?"

CHILD: "A gentleman."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "What is a gentleman, my son? What does he do?"

CHILD, in a shrill treble, running all the words together: "Fears God, loves his country, tells the truth, respects women, pities the unfortunate, helps the needy, and does his duty." (Old gentleman explains to stranger, and both laugh heartily.)

OLD GENTLEMAN, concluding that stranger is not quite as objectionable as he at first thought: "May I offer you a glass of wine?"

STRANGER: "No, I'm 'bliged to you. Must be off. Smart-like chap, that. Gets that off like it was greased. Like to see the lady of the house." (Child goes in search of Miss Vesey, who presently comes out, dropping a stiff courtesy on the door-sill to the stranger.)

STRANGER, not rising: "How are yer, ma'am? My name's Bates. I'm down here introducin' the finest thing of the age. Sold two thousand of 'em since the 1st of April. Can't get 'em made fast enough. Buckwheat cakes don't go off no faster. Got a large wash, ain't yer? Done in the house? Now I tell yer what yer want to do. Yer want to buy one of Baker's patent, automatic-action, self-feeding, double-cylindered wringers. Have all your petticoats and stockings out on the fence by eight o'clock, ef yer was born deaf and dumb and blind!"

A faint color tinged Miss Vesey's cheek at this "bold and indelicate allusion to certain garments," as she put it afterward, in talking over the merits of the new invention with her sister; but she passed it over at the time, though

she stiffened perceptibly, and pushed her chair back a little further from the presumptuous speaker. The family linen weighed as heavily upon Miss Vesey as it ever did upon Falstaff, and when got up at home was about equivalent to a weekly case of small-pox; so she listened not only with patience, but with interest, to Mr. Bates's exposition of the incomparable advantages to be derived from the use of his wringer, and then went for a paper and pencil with which to take his address, in the event of her deciding to invest in the machine. Mr. Vesey, with one of the changes of humor to which he was subject, had grown more and more irritated during the conversation, and had interrupted it several times with stage asides, such as, "Send the man away, Gertrude. We shall not sell any of the land, tell him." Wholly mistaking Mr. Bates's mission, he had an idea, born doubtless of much painful experience in the past, that some more of the Edgewood acres were about to be put into the melting-pot. When his daughter had gone, he leaned forward, and said with a puzzled air, "What part of the country did you say you lived in, sir?"

"Bad Axe, Michigan," promptly and proudly replied Mr. Bates.

"Good God! What a place to come from!" said the old man, a look of positive horror overspreading his face; and getting up, he tottered into the hall without another word, and shuffled slowly out of sight, every line in his figure expressive of the profoundest disgust.

It was not long after Miss Vesey had dismissed the florid Bates that some Washington people, staying in the neighborhood, came to call, and flocking up the steps were soon dotted about the porch in groups of two or three, enlivening the scene by their gay costumes and comments. The other ladies of the family were sent for, — a timid, sad-eyed widow and her two daughters. Conversation flourished apace, and old Mr. Vesey, com-

ing back after a while with two books under his arm, exclaimed, "Well, I declare!" at the sight of so many visitors, and was about to beat a retreat, when one of the gentlemen pulled up an arm-chair, and insisted on installing him in it. They entered into a friendly, if on Mr. Vesey's part rambling and incoherent, chat, and the younger man was highly diverted to hear his companion talk of "Tom Jefferson" and "Tom Paine," "the Resolutions of '98;" quote from "Mr. Addison's works" and Euripides; enter into an ardent defense of the principles and practices of the Whig party; and make a tremendous onslaught in Johnsonian periods upon foreigners in general, and the French in particular. It was, "I apprehend that the greatest danger threatening the perpetuity of our institutions lies in the unrestricted powers of our Chief Executive, sir. What does Patrick Henry say? 'The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. The day is coming when the patronage of the President will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall.'" Or, "Don't talk to me of the French, sir. I have no prejudices, but look at the Reign of Terror! They are a dirty race; they eat the Lord knows what kind of messes and kickshaws, and you can't believe a single word they say, sir. I was educated in England, and the day I left Southampton to return to my native land I looked toward France, and then toward England; and I said to myself, 'I thank my God that I sprang from this people, and not from that.'"

Meanwhile Miss Vesey had been taken possession of by a bright, pretty girl, of whom she was very fond, though the girl was as unlike as could be the ideal model young lady whom Miss Vesey had been trained to admire and imitate in her own youth. "So awfully glad to see you, dear Miss Gertrude," the girl

was saying. "Do sit right down here by me, and let me tell you what stacks of fun we've been having lately."

"'Awful' is a very suitable word to use when you have occasion to allude to the Day of Judgment, Amy; but I hardly think it applicable to the pleasure we experience on meeting a friend," objected Miss Vesey. "I wish you would try" —

"Oh, never mind, you dear old-fashioned thing! Don't scold. Everything is awful nowadays that isn't quite too perfectly jolly. I've been to a party at the Seaforths', and I danced twenty-three dances running. What do you think of that? Weren't you awfully fond of waltzing, too, when you were a girl?" asked the girl. "It's just too delightful for anything."

"I never waltzed in my life, my dear," said Miss Vesey, gently patting her young friend's hand as she spoke. "I don't approve of it, at all, you know. It seems to me a most indelicate proceeding, and I think that if you should read Salmagundi you would agree with me. I used to dance quadrilles, sometimes, but I never gave the gentleman more than the tips of my fingers, and I *always* wore gloves."

"Good gracious! You don't mean it!" cried Miss Amy, amazed and not a little amused by such a code of propriety. "How glad I am that I didn't live then! There was a sweet little man, with a perfect love of a mustache, who danced like an angel, at the party, the other night, and how we did spin! I tore all the embroidered flounce off my dress, and my hair all came down, and I dare say I looked a fright; but that didn't matter."

Miss VESSEY, severely, for her: "My dear child, how can you talk of any gentleman in such a shocking way? And alluding to his — his mustache, — it is positively bold. It is a fault of heedlessness, no doubt," she went on, afraid of having given offense, "yet it cannot

but give rise to scandal among the gossips. It is a great pity that you spoilt so expensive a dress, dancing in that violent way."

"Oh, that don't matter. Popper will give me a dozen like it, if I want them," said Amy.

"But surely you can repair the injury," urged Miss Vesey.

"No, I can't. I can't darn a bit, and it would be an awful bother."

Now Miss Vesey was amazed, in her turn. Her own needlework was exquisite. She had been pinned by her skirts to the chintz covering of a mahogany chair, at her grandmother's side, for two hours daily, from the age of three until such a measure was no longer necessary; and a child of six, at that period in Virginia, who could not make a shirt for her father neatly and completely was regarded as either hopelessly stupid, or a disgrace to her family. She could only murmur, "Dear me, dear me! I never knew any one so sadly neglected. You must not be angry with me for saying so, my dear."

"Why, of course not. I don't mind about not sewing. Popper's got lots of money, just pots of it, and he don't care how much I spend. My shoe-bill at school last winter was sixty dollars for three months, and my candy-bill was seventy-five, and Popper never said a word."

"I think I never heard of such extravagance!" exclaimed Miss Vesey. "It is really wicked to throw away money in that reckless fashion. What would you do if reverses came, my dear?"

"Oh, come and be housemaid at Edgewood, you dear thing!" replied the warm-hearted girl, with a kiss and pressure of Miss Vesey's hand. "There, they are going! I must say good-by." And say good-by she did; and Miss Vesey, having waited to get a last nod and bright smile from her through the carriage window, pulled out her knit-

ting, and clicked away briskly with her needles in the twilight. Through the open window close by came the rattle, rattle, rattle, and clop, clop, of the dice-boxes, with fragments of the conversation of the two gentlemen inside, "Ha! Had you there, Everard." "I've crossed the Rubicon now." "Look out for your laurels!" "Ten games ahead! Really, your hand seems to have lost its cunning. You block your game by heaping up men in the corners, I think." The voices grew higher and higher, expressing exultation on the one hand, and much irritation on the other. Presently Mr. Vesey called out, "Sixes!" "That takes all your men in," exclaimed his opponent, in a disgusted tone. "Sixes again, by the beard of the Prophet!" cried Mr. Vesey, and a clatter of pieces taken off and dumped down in the vacant board followed. "Sixes *again*!" he next shouted, in delighted amazement. "AND AGAIN!" he exclaimed, in genuine astonishment. "Did you ever hear of such luck?"

This was more than poor Mr. Brooke could bear, for he was of an impulsive temperament, and had been losing steadily all the afternoon. "By Heaven, it is n't fair! It is n't fair!" he roared, and, getting up, seized board, dice, and men, and threw them violently out of the window upon the lawn.

A dead silence followed this outburst, and then Miss Vesey, all of whose faculties had come out to hear, overheard her brother say, in his lowest, quietest, and most distinct tones, as he pushed back his chair, "You have called my honor in question, Mr. Brooke, and I am under my own roof. Allow me to wish you good-evening." With this he walked up-stairs, and a moment later Mr. Brooke bolted out on the porch, hastily untied his horse, scrambled into the buggy, and belaboring an astonished pony with the butt end of his cane was soon out of the Edgewood grounds.

The estrangement that followed be-

tween the two friends was one of the most painful episodes either had ever known. A most melancholy hiatus in their relations set in. They met continually, but only to stalk past each other fiercely, with averted looks, and then to go home to brood over their respective injuries.

"To think that Everard Brooke, whom I have known, man and boy, for fifty years, should accuse me of cheating! Loading the dice! A Vesey loading dice!" groaned Mr. Vesey to his sister, throwing himself about in his comfortable arm-chair as though it contained nests of scorpions, instead of well-stuffed cushions.

"Wyndham Vesey is too hard on me," Mr. Brooke would say. "I met him at the post-office this morning, and he could not have treated me with more contempt if I had been a tramp! He must know that I said what I did in an impulse of ungovernable temper; but I am not going to tell him so while he continues to assume that confounded air of superiority."

This state of affairs continued until Mr. Brooke, implacable, as people in the wrong generally are, having raged and abused and suffered his fill, came suddenly, one morning, in looking over an old trunk, upon a handsome silver-mounted whip, the gift of his friend. Forthwith habit, affection, regret, enforced by a conscience silenced, not convinced, all made a united, and this time successful, assault upon the weakened citadel, and sitting down he wrote as follows:—

THE HONORABLE WYNDHAM VESEY:

SIR,—Feeling as I do that I have almost forfeited the right to address you at all, it is with considerable trepidation that I approach the subject of our late misunderstanding. I cannot too

deeply deplore that in a moment of extreme irritation I allowed myself to be betrayed into a most ungentlemanly and indeed unpardonable display of temper and ill-breeding; but at the same time, I must be allowed to utterly disclaim the construction you unhappily placed upon my hasty utterances, reflecting severely upon you as a gentleman and a man of honor, to offer you an unconditional apology for the same, express my profound regret at what has happened, and assure you of the high esteem in which I have ever held you.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, I have the honor to remain very faithfully yours,

EVERARD BROOKE.

If the grave, orderly, dignified Mr. Brooke knew how to lose his temper with a good-will on rare occasions, he also knew how to atone for his indiscretion. He got in reply an extremely frank and cordial acceptance of his *amende honorable*, and, meeting Mr. Vesey two days later, looked so dreadfully embarrassed, held out his hand with such an uncertain air, and murmured in such an agitated tone, "You will shake hands with me, won't you, Wyndham?" that Mr. Vesey nearly wrung it off, and they were soon going through the usual stilted inquiries for the ladies at Shirley and Edgewood, with a barely perceptible additional tinge of formality and deference. The friendship that had withstood the shocks of a life-time, to be imperiled, strange to say, by four throws of a dice-box, flowed on ever after in a current strong as it was deep, undisturbed by the faintest breath of disagreement; and every day in the week, at the usual hour, the two men may still be seen, deeply engaged in the mysteries and intricacies of their favorite pastime.

F. C. Baylor.

STUDY OF A CAT-BIRD.

FOR more than eight months a cat-bird has lived in my house, passing his days in freedom in the room where I sit at work, and his nights in a cage not six feet from my head.

Having spent a summer in watching his ways in his home, and acquiring a proper respect for his intelligence, I now wished to test him under new conditions, to see how he would adapt himself to our home, and I found the study one of the most absorbing interest.

He had been caged a few weeks only, but he was not at all wild, and he soon grew so accustomed to my silent presence that, unless I spoke, or looked at him, he paid no attention to me. By means of a small mirror and an opera-glass I was able to watch him closely in any part of the room, when he thought himself unobserved.

To the loving student of bird ways his feathered friends differ in character, as do his human ones. My cat-bird is a decided character, with more intelligence than any other bird I have observed. The first trait I noticed, and perhaps the strongest, was curiosity. It was extremely interesting to see him make acquaintance with my room, the first he had ever been free to investigate.

Usually with birds long caged, it is at first hard to induce them to come out. I have been obliged actually to starve them to it, placing food and water outside, and repeating it for many days, before they would come out freely, and not be frightened. Not so with the cat-bird. The moment he found that a certain perch I had just put into his cage led into the room through the open door, he ran out upon it, and stood at the end, surveying his new territory.

Up and down, and on every side, he looked, excited, as the quick jerks of his expressive tail said plainly, but

not in the least alarmed. Then he took wing, flew around and around several times, and at last, as all birds do, came full speed against the window, and fell to the floor. There he stood, panting. I spoke to him, but did not startle him by a movement; and in a few minutes he recovered his breath, and flew again, several times, around the room.

As soon as he became accustomed to using his wings and learned, as he did at about the second attempt, that there was a solid reason why he could not fly to the trees he could see so plainly outside the window, he proceeded to study the peculiarities of the new world he found himself in. He ran and hopped all over the floor, into every corner; tried in vain to dig into it, and to pick up the small stripes on it. (The floor was covered with matting.) That being thoroughly explored, — the lines of junction of the breadths and the heads of the tacks, the dark mysteries of far under the bed and the queer retreat behind the desk, — he turned his attention to the ceiling. Around and around he flew slowly, hovering just under it, and touching it every moment with his bill, till that was fully understood to be far other than the blue sky, and not penetrable. Once having made up his mind about anything, it was never noticed again.

The windows next came under observation, and these proved to be a long problem. He would walk back and forth on the top of the lower sash, touching the glass constantly with his bill, or stand and gaze at the pigeons and sparrows, and other objects outside; taking the liveliest interest in their doings, and now and then gently tapping, as if he *could* not understand why it was impossible to join them. If it had not been winter, his evident longing would

have opened windows for him; a pining captive being too painful to afford any pleasure.

But he soon became entirely contented, and, having satisfied himself of the nature of glass, seldom looked out, unless something of unusual interest attracted his attention: a noisy dispute in the sparrow family, trouble among the children of the next yard, or a snow-storm, which latter astonished and disturbed him greatly, at first.

The furniture then underwent examination. Every chair round, every shelf, every table and book, every part of the bed, except the white spread, of which he always stood in awe, was closely studied, and its practicability for perching purposes decided upon. My desk is an ever fresh source of interest since its contents and arrangements vary. The top of a row of books across the back is his regular promenade, and is carpeted for his use, with a long strip of paper. There he comes the first thing in the morning, and peers over the desk to see if I have anything for him, or if any new object has arrived. Here he gets his bit of apple or raisin; here meal worms are sometimes to be had; and here he can stand on one foot and watch the movements of my pen, which he does with great interest. Occasionally he finds an open drawer, into which he delights to go, and continue his explorations among postage-stamps and bits of rubber, pencils and other small things, which he throws out on the floor, with always the possibility of discovering what is still an enigma to him, a rubber band, to carry off for his own use, as I will explain further on.

The walls and the furniture understood, he proceeded with his studies to the objects on the table. A mechanical toy interested him greatly. It moved easily, and the wind of his wings, alighting near it the first time, joggled it a little. He turned instantly, amazed to see signs of life where he did not expect

them. For a moment he stood crouched, ready for flight if the thing should make hostile demonstrations. Seeing it remain still, he touched it gently with his bill. The toy moved, and he sprung back. In a moment it was still, and he tried again; and he did not leave it till he had fully exhausted its possibilities in the way of motion.

At another time he saw his bath-tub, a tin dish, standing upon a pitcher. He alighted on the edge. It was so poised that it shook and rattled. The bird flew in a panic to the top of a cornice, his usual place of refuge, and closely watched the pan while it jarred back and forth several times. Apparently seeing that it was a harmless motion, he again flew down to the same spot; and the rattle and shake did not drive him away till he had seen if there was still a drop of water left for him in the bottom of the dish.

One day, in his travels about the floor, he found a marble. It was too large to take up in his mouth, so he tried to stab it, as he does a grape. The first peck he gave sent it rolling off, and he hastily retreated to the cornice. When it stopped he returned and tried it again. This time it sprang toward him. He gave one great leap, and then, ashamed of his fright, stood and waited for it to be still. Again and again he tried to pierce the marble, till he was satisfied that it was not practicable, when he abandoned it forever.

There is one mystery in the room not yet penetrated, though it is a subject of the deepest longing: it is my waste-basket; the contents are so varied and so attractive. He will stand on the edge, hop all around it, and view it from every side; but it is so deep and narrow that he evidently does not dare to venture further. Every day he goes to the edge, and gazes sadly and earnestly, but is never satisfied.

This interest in my doings is always intense, and at every fresh movement

he will come down to the corner nearest me, if in his cage, or alight on the back of my desk, if out, and peer at me with closest attention. One thing that seems to amaze and confound him is my appearance in a different dress. "What sort of a monster is this," his manner will say, "which can change its feathers so rapidly and so often?"

If I want him to go into his cage, or to any part of the room, I need only go there myself and put some little thing there, or even appear to do so; and as soon as I leave he will rush over to see what I have done.

Next to his curiosity is his love of teasing. The subject furnishing opportunity for a display of this quality is a cardinal grosbeak, which cannot be coaxed to leave his cage. The latter is the older resident, and he did not receive the cat-bird very cordially. In fact, he grew cross from the day the latter arrived, and snarled and scolded every time he came near. The cat-bird soon found out that his enemy never left the cage, and since then has considered the cardinal a fit subject for annoyance. He will alight on the cardinal's cage, driving him nearly frantic; he will stand on a shelf near the cage, look in, and try to get at the food dish,—all of which is in the highest degree offensive, and calls forth violent scolds and screams of rage. Finally, he will steal a grape or bit of fruit stuck between the wires, when the cardinal will fairly blaze with wrath. At one time the cat-bird indulged in promenades across the top of the cage, until the exasperated resident resorted to severe measures, and by nipping his toes succeeded in convincing his tormentor that the top of his house was not a public highway.

Worse than all his other misdeeds, however, was a deliberate insult he paid to the cardinal's singing. This ardent musician was one day sitting down on his perch, as he is fond of doing, and singing away for dear life, when the cat-

bird alighted on the window sash, close by the cage. The singer kept his eye on him, but proceeded with the music till the end of the strain, when, as usual, he paused. At that instant the cat-bird gave his tail one upward jerk, as if to say, "Humph!" I noticed the insulting air, but I was surprised to see that the cardinal appreciated it, also. He began again at once, in much louder tone, rising to his feet,—which he rarely does,—lifting his crest, swaying back and forth in a perfect rage, glaring at his enemy, and pouring out his usual song in such a flood of shrieks and calls that even the calm cat-bird was disturbed, and discreetly retired to the opposite window. Then the cardinal seated himself again, and stopped his song, but gave vent to his indignation in a most energetic series of sharp "tsips" for a long time.

Quite different is the cat-bird's treatment of two English goldfinches. On them he plays jokes, and his mischievous delight and his chuckling at their success are plain to see. One of them—Chip, by name—knows that when he is in his cage, with the door shut, he is safe, and nothing the cat-bird can do disturbs him in the least; but the other—Chipee—is just as flustered and panic-stricken in her cage as out, and the greatest pleasure of his life is to keep her wrought up to the fluttering point. He has a perfect perception of the difference between the two birds. When both are out he will chase them around the room, from cornice to cornice; drive them away from the bath, which they all have on a table, purely for fun, as his manner shows. But once caged, he pays no further attention to Chip, while always inventing new ways to worry Chipee. He alights on the perch between the cages, crouches down, with eyes fixed upon her and tail jerking, as if about to annihilate her. She flies in wild panic against the wires, to his great gratification. Then he ruffs himself up to look terrible, spreads his

legs wide apart, blusters, and jerks his body and wings and tail, making feints to rush at her, till she is so frightened that I take pity on her and drive him away.

One day, when she was more nervous and he more impish than usual, I covered her cage with a towel. He came back as soon as I had left it, and proceeded to inquire into this new screen. After looking at it sharply on all sides, he went around behind the cage, pulled at the end of the towel, and peeped in. She fluttered, and he was pleased. I arranged it more securely, and the next performance was to take hold with his bill, and shake it violently. This also remedied, his last resource was to come down on the end of the perch with a bounce, making much more noise than usual; he generally alights like a feather. After each bounce he would stand and listen, and the flutter he always heard delighted him hugely. As long as they lived in the same room, she never got over her fear, and he never tired of playing pranks around her.

If to learn by experience is a sign of reason in an animal, the cat-bird plainly demonstrated his possession of that quality. He learned very fast by experience. Once or twice alighting on the cane seat of a chair, and catching his claws, taught him that that was not a place for him, and he did it no more. When his claws grew so long as to curve around an ordinary perch, or a book, after being caught once or twice, he managed to accommodate himself to this new condition, and start in a different way. Instead of *diving* off a perch, as he naturally does, he gave a little jump up. The change was very marked, and he caught his claws no more.

He learned to ask to be uncovered in the morning, in about three days. He would begin his uneasiness quite early, flying back and forth violently in the cage, and at last he would call. I wanted to see if he would learn, so the moment he called I would get up and take

off the cover which protected him from cold at night. For two or three mornings he did the same, became uneasy, flew a while, and then called, when I at once responded. From the third day he called the instant he wanted to be uncovered, showing no more restlessness, and calling again and again if I did not move at once, at last giving his most harsh cry, and impatiently scolding with rage.

To beg for worms was an easy lesson. Having two or three times received them from a pair of tweezers on my desk, he came regularly; perched on the books; looked at me, then at the cup which had held the worms; then, if I did not get them, opened and closed his bill, and jerked his tail impatiently.

His great delight and mystery is a rubber band, of which I keep two sizes: one hardly larger than a thread, and the other an eighth of an inch wide and two inches long doubled. These he is wild to get; and since he treats them as he does worms, I conclude that their softness and elasticity are deceptive, and a mystery, like the glass, which he cannot solve. At any rate, after beating them on the floor as he does a worm, he always swallows them. He will persist in swallowing even the large ones, and sit puffed out on his perch in evident suffering for hours, before he discovers that he cannot digest it, and at last disgorges it. To find a rubber band is the desire of his heart, and to keep him from it is the desire of mine. At first, when he pounced upon one, he would stand on my desk and swallow it; but after I tried to get it away, he learned cunning. The instant his eye would spy one, generally under some paper in my drawer, he would first glance at me, then snatch the treasure, and instantly fly to the cornice, where I cannot reach him. I always know by the manner of his departure that he has found what he knows, perfectly well, is a forbidden object.

Another thing interesting to observe in the cat-bird is his way of hiding himself, when in plain sight all the time. He simply remains entirely motionless, and one may look directly at him, and not see him, so well does his plain dark dress harmonize with his usual surroundings. Often I come into the room and look about for him, in all his favorite places, — on the cornice, the desk, and before the glass; no bird to be seen. As I move about to look more closely, he will suddenly fly up almost from under my hand. Still as he can keep, his movements are rapid; he is deliberation itself in making up his mind to go anywhere, but once decided he goes like a flash.

When a new bird was introduced into the room, an English song thrush, twice as big as himself, the cat-bird was at first uncertain how to treat him; but in one day he learned that he could frighten him. The small, dark, impish-looking fellow, rushing madly at the big, honest, simple thrush, put him into an uncontrollable panic. As soon as this fact was established the cat-bird became a tyrant. He will not allow him to enjoy anything on the floor, drives him away from the bath, mocks his singing

with harsh notes, and assumes very saucy airs towards him.

The worst effect of the thrush's coming, however, was to show me a new trait of the cat-bird's character, — jealousy. The first day or two he sulked, would not go out of his cage, would not touch meat, and though he has gradually returned to his liberty and his meat, he still refuses, now after two months, to alight on my hands for his tid-bits, as he did before.

Nothing is more interesting than to note the variety the cat-bird will give to the cry which at a distance resembles the "mew" of a cat. He has many other notes and calls, besides his exquisite songs, but there is hardly a shade of emotion that he cannot express by the inflection he will give to that one cry. Whether he proclaims a melancholy word by softly breathing it from closed bill, or jerks it out with a snap at the end, as though he bit it off, when he is deprived of some cherished treasure, — as, for instance, a rubber band, — from one extreme to the other, with all the shades between, each expresses a meaning, and each is intelligible to a loving and observing student of his ways.

Olive Thorne Miller.

AROUND THE SPANISH COAST.

ON the 14th of April, four days' sail from Malta on the steamer Mizapore, we sighted the Pillars of Hercules, two lofty rocks, apparently some ten miles apart, — the gateway to a new world. The wind was west and the day showery. These historic monuments gained impressiveness from the thunderous clouds that concealed their summits, and left something of their majesty to the imagination. They frown at each other across the highway of commerce and dis-

covery, a symbol of Spanish and English distrust. In order to command the strait one power should hold both headlands. But since the English cannot be dislodged from Gibraltar, the Spaniards have seized the opposite rock, the high headland of Ceuta, the Punta de Africa, fortified it and garrisoned it, and converted it into an important military prison. Ceuta was the point from which the Moors embarked for the conquest of Spain, and the Spaniards now hold it

in terrorem over Morocco. But the Moors, who have little desire to reconstruct the world, do not fret over its occupation, as the Spaniards do over the sight of the English flag on Gibraltar.

The Mizapore had come from Sydney, and her passengers, with a sprinkling of travelers picked up at Bombay, returning East Indians, olive-skinned nurses with heavy silver anklets, and lithe Lascars, — just enough to add picturesqueness to the ship, — were mostly Australians, going “home” for the first time in their lives; loyally English, exceedingly curious to see the old country, but entirely un-English in manner and speech, having a provincial (or was it democratic?) manner, not agreeable, I noticed, to the real English on board, and wanting both the polish and the individual assertion, amounting almost to indifference to people not born on the great island, — the sort of bitter-sweet which makes the English traveler usually the most interesting of companions.

Statisticians could have proved that the death-rate was high on the Mizapore, for we had two funerals in our short passage. One was that of a returning Indian officer, who succumbed to consumption the night we left Malta, and the other that of a baby. Among the passengers was another Indian officer, who had been eager to join his wife and child at Malta and take them home. Mother and child were at the dock, but the child was ill, and the happy reunion was followed by a day of anxiety. On the second day, the body of the child, after a brief prayer, was pushed out of the same funeral opening, on the middle deck, where the dead officer had been launched, and two more were contributed to the myriads who make the smiling Mediterranean one of the most populous of graveyards.

The isolated rock of Gibraltar, presenting perpendicular points to the east and north about fourteen hundred feet

sheer above the sea, slopes away in a series of terraces to the west, where the straggling town lies, and helps, with the opposite coast of Algeiras, to form a small harbor, little protected by the low hills on the west of it, open to the southwest and the southeast, and swept by the current of air which draws over the flat land north of the rock, — the neutral ground between the rock and Spanish territory. The west wind was blowing freshly as we rounded into the bay, and the hundreds of vessels in the harbor were bobbing about like corks. It was no easy matter to get into one of the little boats that came off to take us to the landing, and we formed a very poor opinion of the harbor of Gibraltar as a place of shelter. Nor, although we were hospitably received, and given a ticket that permitted us to land and remain five days on the rock, with a warning not to be caught outside the gates at the sundown gun, could we get up much enthusiasm for the commonplace town. We endeavored to appreciate its military position and the labor that has been expended in cutting galleries and tunnels in the rock, and mounting big guns which peep out of embrasures and threaten Spain. I could not see that the strait was commanded against the passage of vessels; most of the armament is on the land side, and the rock is no doubt impregnable to any Spanish attempt, and a perpetual offense to Spanish pride. It looks insolent and dominating, both from land and sea. From a spacious chamber hewn out of the rock hundreds of feet above the water, on the north side; a chamber furnished with long, down-slanting, wicked-looking guns, ready with a turn of their carriage wheels to poke their cold noses out of the embrasures; a chamber in which the officers of the establishment give lunches to their lady friends; a cool retreat, where the artillery of love is just now more dangerous than that of war, because love is a

repeating and revolving arm, that never needs to be reloaded, and is often deadly when it is empty, — from this banqueting hall, that might become lurid with smoke and saltpetre, we looked down upon the narrow neck of sandy flat that separates England from Spain. Immediately at the foot of the rock is the burial-ground of the English troops; beyond that, barracks, and then a line of British soldiers, slowly pacing forward and backward; beyond the soldiers, a strip of neutral sand, perhaps three hundred yards in width; and beyond that, a line of Spanish sentinels, also pacing forward and backward in hostile show, and behind them barracks again, and the town of San Roque on rising ground. And thus stand Spain and England, in this day of grace and Christianity, watching each other in mutual distrust, while their peoples meet in the friendship of trade and social intercourse.

The most prominent object in San Roque is the new Bull Ring, a vast stone structure like the Coliseum, — a sign of the progress in civilization of the people of the Peninsula.

There are several pleasant villas nestled among the rocks on the southeast exposure, and the Alameda runs along to the southeast from the main town through flowering gardens and sweet-scented trees, — a cheerful promenade and drive when wind and dust are laid. Beyond, dwelling in caves in the east end of the rock, is said to be a remnant of the old and very respectable colony of tailless and harmless apes, who obey a leader, and seem, having discarded the tail as vulgar, to be trying to develop into citizens and voters. They have only reached the bandit stage of civilization of the region, and rob the gardens by way of varying their diet of sweet roots and the fruit of the cactus. There seems to be here an opportunity of encouraging the development theory, and a tempting field for Positivist mis-

sionaries. Our scientific age is not living up to its opportunities. Why should we grope about in the past to prove that men once had tails, when we have here an almost brother, who shows by coming out of the tail period that he is waiting for the higher education? Why should we not take hold of him, — not by the organ we would once have taken hold of him, — and lift him up?

Such thoughts come to the perplexed traveler, as he sees and hears, in the narrow street by the hotel, another rudimentary institution, — the drum and fife corps of Old England, piping and pounding out that barbarous and soul-stirring music which inspires the courage of the living, drowns the cries of the wounded, and is a requiem for the dead. I have never heard the drum and fife played with such vigor, vim, exactness of time, and faith, and, let me add, with such pride. These stalwart musicians gloried in their profession, and their magnificent vaunting of the power of England and the advantage of the trade of war seemed to me irresistible as a recruiting argument. Certainly, I followed them about as long as I could, without enlisting, and was never tired of watching the drummers toss their sticks in air and catch them without missing a note, nor of feeling the thrill imparted by their vigor, nor of sympathizing with the swelling efforts of the fifers to split the ears of the town, nor of studying, as a scientific problem, the elevating effect upon the mind of well-regulated noise. This is, surely, the perfection of martial obstreperousness; and I scarcely wonder that soldiers, for a shilling a day and pretty girls for nothing, are willing to follow the English drum-beat round the world; and I do not wonder at all at the military prowess of the Briton. With such incentives, it would seem to be easy to kill a Frenchman, or an Egyptian, or a Chinaman, or to do anything except to sit on this sun and wind

beaten rock, and wait for the hidalgos to come and take it.

It seems, on the map, an easy voyage across the sunny strait to Tangier. The high coast of old Africa looks inviting, and the distance is not more than thirty miles. We went on board the steam-tug *Hercules* at noon. Getting on board was not agreeable, for the exposed harbor was exceedingly rough; all the vessels at anchor were as active as dancers in a jig, and the small boats bobbed about like chips on the heaving, chopping waves. The steam-tug, neither clean nor commodious, is a cattle and passenger boat. A deck passage for both is imperative, because the small cabin in the stern is a loathsome hole, in which the motion and smells forbid any human being to abide. The passengers stowed themselves about the deck seats under the bulwarks and on the hatchway, and a few of the first class on a platform raised above the engine. It was a choice assortment of traders and vagabonds, Moors, Jews, disconsolate women and children, and half a dozen English and Americans. In the teeth of a head wind we bore away for Point Tarifa, — a frontier fortress, which I suppose gave us the blessed word “tariff,” — now a city of crumbling walls, and the sweetest oranges and most gracious and complacent women in Spain, — according to the guide-book. The women wear the mantilla drawn over the head, so as to conceal all the face except one destructive eye, and the place is said to retain more Moorish characteristics than any other in Andalusia. In front of it is a fortified rocky island with a lighthouse. When we ran past this we were in the open strait, and nobody paid much attention to the scenery. The wind seemed to freshen, and when the boat struck the inward flowing current, which the captain said was seven knots an hour, she began to climb over the waves and sink between them, and bob about in a most

confusing manner. To meet the wind and the current, her nose was pointed straight out to the Atlantic, and for weary hours we appeared to be going to America, while we were actually drifting nearer the African coast. In this battle with waves and wind, the waves had the best of it, and every few moments spray and volumes of water dashed aboard, drenching us all, even the occupants of the upper platform. It was almost impossible to keep a seat, or even to hang on to the hatchway. Most of the passengers gave up all effort, and sprawled about on the deck in any position chance gave them. I was particularly interested in a Jewish family, a man and his wife and a boy and girl of twelve and fourteen, who had established themselves on the floor in front of the cabin hatchway. The children, rolled up in blankets and locked in each other's arms, seemed to be sleeping, regardless of the tumult. But the quiet did not long continue. Father and mother soon ceased to take the least interest in their offspring, and rocked about the deck in utter misery. The children began to moan and writhe and twist under their blankets, and then to howl and kick, until they had rid themselves of half their clothing. Deathly sick, and apparently enraged at such treatment, they kicked and screamed, but never unclasped themselves from each other's arms. It would have been pitiful, if the misery had not been so nearly universal. The sun shone in bright mockery of our calamity, the west wind blew with fresh inspiration, the salt water soaked and blinded us, and the nasty little tug plunged about like an unbroken colt. We were five hours on this voyage of thirty miles; and when the vessel at last floated in calm water, behind the breakwater in the harbor of Tangier, it seemed as if an age separated us from Europe.

The harbor is shallow, and is open to the northeast. We anchored some

distance from the shore, and were at once surrounded (who does not recall the familiar oriental scene?) by a fleet of clumsy boats, and the usual hordes of eager, excited boatmen swarmed on board, — Moors in gowns and turbans, — who seized upon our baggage as if we had been captives, and fought for the possession of our persons. Amid pulling, hauling, shouting, screaming, swearing, and wild gesticulation, we found ourselves transferred to a small boat, and on the way to the landing. Boats were dashing about in all directions, with frantic splashing of oars and reckless steering; collisions were imminent; everybody was shouting as if crazy; and in all the tumult there was laughing, chaffing, and abundant good humor. Half-way to shore our boat stuck in the sand, and overboard went the chattering crew, pushing, pulling, and howling, till we reached the landing pier, when there was another scramble out of the boat and a rush along the shaky scaffolding. The most helpful people these, — the whole population is eager to take a hand in disposing of us; and the moment we touch Africa a couple of dozen of men and boys have seized upon our trunks, bags, and bundles, and have rushed away with them through the gate and into the city. It looks like a robbery; in New York it would be; but this is not a civilized land, and we shall find every piece of baggage at our hotel, with a man guarding it, recounting the exhausting labor of carrying it, and demanding four times the pay he expects to get.

The hurry is over, the tumult subsides, and as we walk leisurely on there begins to fall upon us the peace of the Orient. At the gate sit, in monumental calm, four officers of the customs, in spotless white raiment of silk and linen, who gravely return our salute. We ascend through a straight street, roughly paved and not too clean, lined with shops displaying the tempting stuffs of

Eastern ingenuity, — the shops of workers in metal, leather, slippers, horse furniture, and bricabrac, — and emerge, by the gate into the market-place under the wall, into a scene wholly oriental: groups of camels squatting in the dust, moving their ungainly necks in a serpent-like undulation, or standing, weary, in their patient ugliness; donkeys loaded with sticks, grass, and vegetables; on mats spread on the ground heaps of wheat, beans, salads, oranges, and all sorts of grimy provisions; water-sellers; money-changers, with piles of debased copper, and scales to weigh it; half-naked children tumbling about in the dirt, negroes, stately Moors in tattered gowns, wild-looking camel drivers, women enveloped in single pieces of white cloth, draped about the body and drawn over the head. We make our way, amid this swarm, up a hill gullied by the water, through a narrow lane thick-set with gigantic aloes and cacti, to the hotel *Ville de France*, — a spacious and very comfortable French house, backed and flanked by splendid gardens of flowers and fruit.

Outside and above the town, higher than any part of it except the castle hill, which is on the sea-bluff on the right entrance of the harbor, the hotel occupies a commanding position, and offers a lovely prospect. On its left, toward the north, the ground slopes gently up to a wide grassy plain, the level of the sea-bluff, along which are the picturesque cottages and plantations of the foreign embassies, lying amid gardens in the full sun, but fanned by the ocean breeze. From a window in one side of the room I occupied, I looked over the garden, blooming with roses, geraniums, acacias, oranges, to the sandy curve of the harbor and the blue-green of its shallow water, and the opening into a plain in the direction of Tetuan; and from a window on the other side, over the white town to the blue sea and the dim mountain coast of Spain. No

lovelier and more restful prospect exists. When the traveler reaches the hotel of M. Brugaud, opens the windows to let in the odors of the garden, and gazes out on the smiling prospect of land and sea, he feels that he has come to a place of rest. It is one of the few spots in the world where the wanderer loses his unrest and all desire to go further. The town, which is shabby enough as we walk through it, is picturesque from this point. It shines like silver, under the sun; all the whitewashed, flat-roofed houses contrasting with the blue water beyond; a couple of mosque towers, green, looking as if tiled, but probably painted; and flags of all nations flying here and there on roofs that climb above their humbler neighbors.

Sunday is the best market-day. When I awoke at dawn I heard the throb of the darabuka down in the place below, and the innumerable hum of traffic; and when I looked out I saw that the Soko was swarming like an ant-hill. When we descended into the motley throng, the business of the day was in full blast. The beggars followed us about; the snake-charmers and story-tellers had already formed rings of delighted spectators: women clad in coarse white stuff, with children slung on their backs; stately, handsome Moorish merchants in cool, gauzy robes; comely urchins in rags begging and offering to act as guides; sellers of unattractive goods crying their merchandise; camels roaring, and donkeys braying, and dervishes posturing, — the picture shifted like the bits in a kaleidoscope. Here was a fantastic dervish arrogating to himself the title of Sheriff of Beggars, with a variegated turban, his dress thickly hung with ornaments, and four rings on each finger. Here were the unpleasant Riffs from the country, men in dirty embroidered robes, with the head all shaved except one long curl on one side, — a lock left for Lord Mahomet to pull the wearer up to heaven. The high civilization

and lack of self-consciousness of these people are shown by the fact that everybody may wear any dress he chooses, or none, and attract no attention.

In the town it was Sunday, also, and just as lively. The Jews form a considerable portion of the population, and are in appearance the most decent and thrifty. We were admitted to several Jewish houses, built with open courts, in the Moorish style, which were exceedingly neat and comfortable. The women, who have a reputation for beauty, are of light complexion, — much lighter than the men, — and many of them have fine eyes, and all the national fondness for jewelry. Notwithstanding their wealth and orderly behavior, the Jews are liked by nobody, and the Moorish merchants, who are no more scrupulous than other traders, always regard the Jew as dishonest. In no oriental community does the Jew rise above this prejudice.

On a street corner was a roulette table in full operation, whirled by an honest man from Malaga, who coveted our good opinion, without expecting us to join his game; supposing that, as foreigners, we looked down, as he did, upon these ignoble surroundings.

"You ought to be very good here," I said, "with three Sabbaths, — the Moslem Friday, the Jewish Saturday, and the Christian Sunday."

"Oh, yes," replied the devout Spaniard, giving the wheel a whirl; "but Moors no keep Sunday. And" (said suddenly, as if it were a new thought) "Christians no keep it, neither! Jews *must* keep it; 'bliged by their law."

We left this introducer of Christian ways whirling his wheel and gathering in the stray coppers. How much sin it is to gamble with the Moorish copper is a question. Having need to fill my pocket with it to satisfy the beggars, I received from a money-changer a large bowlful of it in exchange for a *peseta*, a silver piece worth twenty cents.

Tangier, for climate, scenery, novel entertainment, is a delightful winter residence. In two weeks, at any rate, we did not tire of it, and every day became more in love with the easy terms of existence there. The broken country in the direction of Cape Sportel is inviting both to the foot-pad and the horseman, and the embassies, when they are not paying their annual visit to Morocco, the capital, must offer some good society. We went one day to the plantation of the American consul, some two miles out on the road to Cape Sportel, which is laid out on one side of a glen; sheltered from the prevailing wind, but open to the ocean breezes. Here in a pretty oriental cottage, with an extensive garden, blooming the winter through with flowers of every sort, fragrant with the orange, the banana, the pepper, and the acacia trees, one might forget that snow and ice and "blizzards" and politics and all the discomforts of civilization in the temperate zone exist.

Tangier, notwithstanding its openness to the world, is still a place of civility and repose. Oriental costume is the rule; the streets are dirty, the people are amiable, the oranges are sweet, the climate is lovely. The *laissez-aller* of the town is attractive, and the shopmen and beggars have something of the politeness of the grave Moors. I used to be attended often in my strolls by a charming boy, in a ragged gown, handsome, and with the breeding of a prince. He had picked up a little French and a little English, broken fragments, which were melodious in his mouth, and he aspired to be a guide and earn a few daily coppers. He assumed an air of protection, and kept off the more clamorous beggars and the rabble of urchins that are willing to accompany the stranger all day in his walks. His gracious, deferential, and superior manner was guided by a sure instinct, which enabled him to keep the narrow line between haughtiness and servility, and to remain

near me without compromising his dignity, when he was bluntly told that his company was no longer wanted.

"You know Mark Twain?" he asked, by way of scraping acquaintance, on his first appearance.

"Yes, I know Mark Twain very well. Do you?"

"Yaas; he friend to me. I guide to him. He vely good man, Mark Twain."

"Why, you young rascal, you were n't born when he was in Tangier, sixteen years ago."

"Oh, yaas, born enough. Me know him. He vely good man."

"What makes you think him a good man?"

"Oh, he vely good man; plenty back-sheesh. You go castle?" And the handsome boy made a dive, and routed the increasing throng of beggars; and then returned to my side, with the easy but high-bred manner of an established friendship, and strolled along with the air of a citizen of the place pointing out the objects of interest to a stranger.

To reach Cadiz from Tangier, it is usually necessary to go to Gibraltar, thus making two voyages on the strait. We thought ourselves fortunate, therefore, when a Spanish steamer came into port, one evening, bound for Cadiz. Passage was taken, and we were on board at seven o'clock in the morning. The steamer was a small tug-propeller, with a weak engine, an inclination to roll and pitch simultaneously, with that peculiar corkscrew motion that landmen loathe, and absolutely no accommodation for passengers except a chance to lie on deck, or sit on the hatchway and hang on with both hands. It was a charming day; the wind west, the sky blue, with scattered white clouds sailing in it, and the coasts of Africa and Europe in sharp outline. When we got away into the strait, and began to feel the long swell of the Atlantic, nothing could be more inviting than the fair, indented Spanish coast, — the blue water lapping the white

sand ridges, the shining cities and towers, the rolling hills behind; and yet, as we turned to look upon receding Africa, the green bluffs and white houses of Tangier, the mass of mountains rising into the snowy heights of the Atlas, we felt reluctance to leave it. Our reluctance was indulged. The dirty little tug, discouraged by the Atlantic waves, had no heart to drive on, but staggered about like a footman in a plowed field, unable to make more than five miles an hour. All day long we loafed along the charming coast of Spain, the sport of the waves, which tossed us and flung us; laughed at by the merry breeze, which dashed us with spray; cheered by the sun and the blue sky; wearied beyond endurance with trying to keep our seats on the slanting hatchway; diverted by the historic pageant, points, bays, watch-towers, and towns famous in wars and adventure. And we had time to study the shore; for "passing a given point" was not the forte of the little Pablo. It was often a matter of doubt whether we, or some town or point of which we were abreast, were going ahead. In this way we loitered along the low sandy lines of Cape Trafalgar, where the dashing Nelson, at a quarter past one o'clock on the 21st of October, 1805, received his death-wound. Inland a few miles is the Laguna de Janda, near which, in 711, Tarik, in a single battle, won Spain for the Moslems. All this coast has been fought over. Further along to the west is the knoll of Barrosa, where the allied English and Spaniards barely escaped defeat in 1811. We are long in sight of San Fernandino, which we mistake for Cadiz, — a gay-looking city, straggling along the shore, distinguished by a great observatory, the southernmost on the continent of Europe. Abreast of it is La Isla de Leon, an island which masqueraded under half a dozen classic names, and is believed to be the place where the fat cattle which Hercules stole were fed. A different

breed of bulls is bred on it now, for the ring. The island gets its name from the Ponce de Leon family, to whom it was for a time granted in the fifteenth century. The marshes here are celebrated for the production of salt and delicious small crabs, — a most obliging animal, which grows its claws again after the epicures have torn them off and cast the crab adrift.

We stayed here, loitering over the waves, long enough for a crab to grow new claws. Cadiz was at last in sight, brilliant white over the blue sea, conspicuous with its hundred *miradores*. We thought our long agony was over. We drew near to Cadiz, we sailed along it, we kept on and on and sailed by it, and appeared to be making for another city across the bay, which we began to think must be the real Cadiz. But the fact was that we were beating entirely around the city to get into the channel that enters the harbor on the west side. For Cadiz is on a rocky peninsula, the shape of a hain, curving out into the ocean, and its harbor is on the narrow isthmus. This peninsula rises from ten to fifty feet above the sea, and white Cadiz, lapped by the blue sea on every side, is like the diamond setting of a ring in turquoise. Nothing certainly could be more brilliant than the coast picture as we saw it that afternoon: the white, jutting city with its strong walls and bastions, the dancing, sparkling sea flecked with lanteen sails leaning from the breeze, and the white sand of the curving shore twinkling in the sun. It was all life and motion.

There were ten hours of pitch and toss before the sluggish little tug anchored in the inner harbor, within the breakwater behind the town; and we lay there an hour longer, waiting the pleasure of the lazy officials. At six o'clock a sail-boat came off, with a health officer and an inspector, and after we were found to be in good health we embarked on the boat and sailed about the

harbor for half an hour longer, tacking back and forth, before we could make the landing. Besides our company of four, the only other passengers were a Jew commercial traveler and a Tangier Moor with a box of live chickens. We made friends with the customs officer, gave him an exact list of our luggage, hand-bags and all, explained that we had only the ordinary baggage of travelers, and thought our troubles were over when we stepped ashore. Desperately tired, and hungry after fasting all day, we inquired for hotel porters, and thanked the officer for his courtesy. The dock loafers picked up our luggage and carried it across the quay a few steps, and deposited it in a musty shed with grated windows. We followed and entered, when the polite official informed us that we could go now. "It is finish."

"What is finish?" we asked, in astonishment.

"Finish, the baggage; you can't have it till morning."

"Can't have it? We must have it. We cannot go to the hotel without it."

"Can't help that; too late; inspector gone home."

"That 's not our fault," we said; "you kept us waiting in the harbor an hour; and we must have our hand-bags at least,—our night-clothes and brushes and combs. You can see there is nothing else in the bags. This is simply barbarous."

"You can have them in the morning."

"But can't we take out what we absolutely need from the bags?"

"Nothing;" and the official turned abruptly away, and left us amid a pushing, jeering crowd of Spanish spectators, who were bent on exhibiting the native courtesy to strangers. I inquired for the American consul, and went in search of him, leaving the ladies seated on their baggage in the musty room, near a grated window. The crowd increased about the door and windows,

and during the hour I was absent the ladies were the objects of the most insulting remarks. I found that the customs officials had a reputation for extreme incivility and no disposition to oblige travelers. The consul was prompt in his offers of assistance, and set out at once to see what he could do, but had little hope of extricating us from our difficulties that night. But when I returned, the appeal to the consul had had some effect, for we were permitted to take a hand-bag each and depart. It was nearly nine o'clock before we reached our hotel. To make the vexatious story short, it occupied us all the morning to get our handful of baggage free. The inspector did not appear till ten o'clock, and I owed our late deliverance to a young English resident of the town, who dispensed the necessary coin to the officials and various impudent hangers-on, who put in preposterous claims, and got our baggage away to the railway station. "Your troubles have just begun," said our young friend; "the Spaniards hate all strangers, and you will find little civility."

This little experience of our entry into Spain was so contrary to my preconceived notions of the behavior of the "politest nation in Europe" that I have departed from my usual habit in regard to such annoyances of travel, and set it down. We learned afterwards that the self-conscious and provincial Spaniard has a peculiar way of showing his superior breeding.

Cadiz, though old, looks modern in its complete suit of whitewash, which is spread over every building, from basement to summit. Its narrow streets, flanked by high buildings, are clean, and it is well lighted and paved and pleasing to the eye. But it does not attract the sight-seer. We saw enough of it from the high old tower La Torre de la Vigia, whence we looked upon the entire town, smokeless, dustless, whitewashed, with its flat roofs and picturesque look-

out towers. Indeed, the peculiarity of the city is in these towers, or *miradores*, of which there are hundreds rising from the lofty roofs all around, each one with a little turret on the side. In the days of her commercial prosperity the merchants of Cadiz used to ascend these to look out for their laden galleons returning from the West Indies. They have the air now of being unused, and merely ornamental; the merchants of Cadiz have little to expect from the Indies, and I doubt if they often climb into the *miradores* to see the sunsets.

When the traveler has walked in the spick-span-clean streets, shaded by tall balconied houses in endless perspective, peeped into the *patios*, the centre courts of the houses, where flowers and fountains suggest family groups and the guitar, and strolled about the sea ramparts to inhale the sea breeze, he will have little to detain him in Cadiz. It boasts two cathedrals, both despoiled, and both renovated and unattractive. An idle man might sit a good while on the sea wall and angle for red mullet with a long cane, and enjoy it, watching meantime his fellow fishers the gulls. We went to the suppressed Capuchin convent to see the last picture Murillo painted, — the admirably composed and harmoniously colored Marriage of St. Catherine. The artist was on a scaffold finishing this picture — that was in 1682

— when he fell and received injuries from which he died shortly after in Seville. In the same chapel is another work of this master, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, — a charming piece.

We left Cadiz without reluctance, yet I confess I look back upon it with some longing; it is so white and shining and historically resplendent. I wish the Romans or the Phœnicians were still there, or even the Moors. I cannot be reconciled that this sea-blown, picturesque town is not more attractive. We went out by rail through interminable salt marshes, where the salt is stacked up like the white tents of encamping soldiers; keeping at first by the sea, and then still over level and barren plains, to ground slightly rolling, past Jerez, with its great whitewashed sheds, which are the famous *botegas*, or wine vaults, where the sherry is manipulated and refined; and so on, approaching the Guadalquivir over land as flat as a floor and extensive as a Western prairie, and as treeless, we came at evening to the last station before reaching Seville, eight miles distant, the poetically named Two Sisters, embowered in great orange gardens. The night was mild; we could see faintly the twinkle of dark shining leaves and golden fruit, and all the air was heavy with the perfume of the blossoms. It was the odor of the Spain of our fancy.

Charles Dudley Warner.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. McMASTER gives notice of the school to which he belongs when he entitles his history of the United States *A History of the People of the United States*.¹ The late Mr. J. R. Green was not precisely a pioneer, but his brilliant

history was so conspicuous an example of a mode of treatment which commends itself to the minds of men educated under democratic principles that it has served to stimulate other writers, and to make historical students take

¹ *A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War.* By JOHN

BACH McMASTER. In five volumes. Volume I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1833.

much more careful note than formerly of the multitudinous life which finds expression in the varied form of human activity, and to cease concerning themselves mainly with governmental development. The rise of this school of history is a distinct witness to the new reading of humanity which the present century has known. The growth of democratic ideas has given dignity to the study of the individual; the emancipation of the intellect, which is a part of the great renaissance of modern times, has resulted in an intense inquiry into the reign of law: so that the most acceptable historian to-day, the one most in accord with the temper of the age, is he who is able to detect the operation of the greatest variety of individual life, and to discover the comprehensive laws which govern in the development of the nation.

A country like England, where the idea of government by class has not been so much overthrown by the violence of revolutions as displaced by the greater energy of democratic principles, offers a most attractive theme to the historian who would disclose the undercurrent of popular life and its gradual emergence into the light of day. A history of the English people is a protest against an interpretation of history which makes it the drama of kings, and its finest success is in tracing a confessed power back into periods when it was dumbly, unconsciously, working out its destiny. Dean Stanley leading a party of workingmen through Westminster Abbey, and discoursing upon the historic monuments to which they are heirs in common, is a fine picture of contemporary England; but by what steps were the figures in the picture brought together? To tell that is to tell the history of the people of England.

The contrasts which such a picture suggests are abundant in English history, and they arrest the mind; but is there an equally suggestive theme in

American history? Is the history of the American people a protest against false views of that history which once prevailed? Certainly not in so distinct a degree as may be averred of English history, although the habits of historical writing prevalent in one country have naturally influenced and largely determined the same habits in the other. Nevertheless, one is aware that Mr. McMaster has had a deliberate intention to recover in his history the true note which should be struck. "In the course of this narrative," he says at the outset, "much, indeed, must be written of wars, conspiracies, and rebellions; of presidents, of congresses, of embassies, of treaties, of the ambition of political leaders in the senate-house, and of the rise of great parties in the nation. Yet the history of the people shall be the chief theme. At every stage of the splendid progress which separates the America of Washington and Adams from the America in which we live, it shall be my purpose to describe the dress, the occupations, the amusements, the literary canons, of the time; to note the changes of manners and morals; to trace the growth of that humane spirit which abolished punishment for debt, which reformed the discipline of prisons and of jails, and which has, in our own time, destroyed slavery and lessened the miseries of dumb brutes. Nor shall it be less my aim to recount the manifold improvements which in a thousand ways have multiplied the conveniences of life and ministered to the happiness of our race; to describe the rise and progress of that long series of mechanical inventions and discoveries which is now the admiration of the world, and our just pride and boast; to tell how, under the benign influence of liberty and peace, there sprang up, in the course of a single century, a prosperity unparalleled in the annals of human affairs; how, from a state of great poverty and feebleness, our country grew rapidly to

one of opulence and power; how her agriculture and her manufactures flourished together; how, by a wise system of free education and a free press, knowledge was disseminated, and the arts and sciences advanced; how the ingenuity of her people became fruitful of wonders far more astonishing than any of which the alchemists had ever dreamed."

This is unquestionably a brilliant prospectus, and the spirit with which Mr. McMaster enters upon his task is so generous and enthusiastic that we are quite willing to forgive the somewhat extravagant terms in which he forecasts his work, especially as we find him, in the progress of the volume, ready with his indignation whenever the people, whose historian he is, deviates from the straight line which his opening paragraph almost intimates was the historic course. It is because of this high spirit and generous temper that we venture to believe in a slight falsification of the prospectus as the work shall proceed; for by the time Mr. McMaster has reached the end of his fifth volume he will have opportunity to revise his judgment as to the comparative unimportance in history of wars, conspiracies, rebellions, presidents, congresses, embassies, treaties, ambitions of political leaders, and the rise of great parties. The ease with which he sets all these aside is a mere rhetorical burst, borrowed from the creed of the school to which he belongs, and the style of the master on whose heels he treads. It is very true that in English history there is a people in distinction from a government; but no one, we are convinced, who is so honest as Mr. McMaster can make an exhaustive study of United States history without revealing the fundamental doctrine that the people constitutes the nation, and that there is no political order external to it. No doubt this truth is one which grows clearer in the progress of the nation, and yet the organic life of the people of

the United States has always been an integrity; it is merely a habit of mind borrowed from traditional study, which speaks of wars, presidents, congresses, and the like as if they were something foreign from the life of the people, or only incidental to it. There is a radical defect in any conception of the history of the United States which invests the political life and institutions and administration of government with any foreign property. It is a defect resident in much of our political thought, and it is slowly wearing away from our political consciousness; but it ought to be wholly absent from the mind of a historical teacher, and we shall be greatly disappointed if Mr. McMaster does not himself abjure the heresy before he comes to the end of his work.

There is, indeed, one view in which an author, governed by such a notion, is in danger of missing the greatness of his subject altogether. The history of a nation is scarcely worth telling if it leave upon the mind the impression that an improved mower, or even a public-school system, represents its highest attainment. There is a national life which surpasses any individual product, or any system which human ingenuity has evolved. It is in the realization of freedom, and has its record in public acts and the deliberate registration of the public conscience. A bill of rights is a more admirable representation of the life of the people than letters patent, and the organic unity of the nation has been found to mean more to the individual member of the nation than any well-ordered or comfortable life, however adorned by the arts and graces of civilization. It is for this reason that congresses and courts, proceeding from the people and responsible to them, may occupy the thought of an American historian of the people with far more just propriety than the same subjects may engage the attention of an historian of the English people.

The survey of the country with which Mr. McMaster opens his history gives the reader a cross-section of popular life immediately at the close of the war for independence. It was in Mr. McMaster's plan to give rather an external view of the nation at that time; and thus, while he portrays the American in his various phases of life, he omits altogether any view of him as a political animal. It belongs to such a survey to make the scene vivid by contrasting the conditions of life then with what is familiar to us now, and there is always danger of raising the lights and deepening the shades in the contrasted pictures; but one comes to be a little cautious in accepting the colors as merely strong, and not false, when one observes Mr. McMaster's occasional recklessness in handling facts. The treaty which secured the independence of the colonies did not "clearly define the region given up by the mother country;" for Mr. McMaster will be compelled to relate, further on, how near we came once or twice to a war to determine just what the bounds were. "In New Hampshire," he tells us, "a few hardy adventurers had marked out the sites of villages in the Green Mountains;" a form of statement which certainly would leave in most readers' minds the impression that the Green Mountains were to-day to be found in New Hampshire. "In every city were to be seen women who had fled at the dead of night from their burning cabins; who had perhaps witnessed the destruction of Schenectady." This "perhaps" is a saving clause; but any old woman who could, in 1784, remember the destruction of Schenectady must have been a hundred years old. "Faneuil Hall, the Old South, the old State House, and a few other relics of ancient time still exist; but they exist in a state of ruinous decay, and before another generation has passed away old Boston will be known in tradition only." Prophecy like this may be safe, but it

should not be coupled with misrepresentation of fact. We suspect Mr. McMaster has not been in Boston lately, from the off-hand manner in which he says, in an explanatory foot-note, that "the neck seems to have been quite a barrier to the daily travel between Boston and Charlestown." It is in one of his vague generalizations, also, that he says of the New England minister of 1784, "Compared with Cotton or Hooker, he had indeed made vast strides towards toleration. He was a very different man from the fanatics who burned Catholics at the stake [!], who drove out the Quakers, who sent Roger Williams to find an asylum among the Indians of Rhode Island, and sat in judgment on the witches of Salem and Andover." But the supposed vast stride is nothing to Mr. McMaster's stretcher.

There are statements of a loose character, which irritate one because they are just true enough to read well, and yet do not stand for exact historical knowledge. When Mr. McMaster says, "New England had been settled by the Puritans, and there the leveling spirit, the stern theology, the rigid and strait-laced morality, were as unyielding as ever" (in 1784), he is rhetorical and conventional, and shows that he is not acquainted with the changes in New England life apparent upon any honest reading of its history. When he is drawing a picture of the industry of New England, at the same time he is misleading by the half truth of his statement: "New England produced scarce enough corn and rye for the needs of her citizens. Beyond a few stately trees, suitable for masts for his majesty's ships of war, the Eastern States grew nothing the mother country wished to buy. These men built ships, sailed the ocean, caught fish, extracted oil from the blubber of whales, put up great warehouses, and kept great shops." But in belittling the agriculture of the Eastern States, he succeeds also in turning away atten-

tion from the fisheries and commerce. He gives the impression that books in Boston, at that time, were a ragged regiment of unreadable literature, and intimates that, because many of the books would be very dull now, they were good for nothing then; but the evidences are clear that the literature of the time was abundant in Boston then. A circulating library of twelve hundred volumes and a bookseller's stock of ten thousand books could not have made a despicable show. It is the misfortune of such contrasts of the past with the present that they ignore many of the relative conditions of life. It may be a marvelous thing that the telegraph can now carry a message in a twinkling from one city to another; but before we commiserate our ancestors, who had no telegraph, we need to find out how much they required one. The same consideration applies when we find Mr. McMaster representing the New England minister as in the depths of poverty, because Dr. Buckminster never had more than six or seven hundred dollars a year, and the ordinary clergyman saw little money. But the small salary and the absence of money did not mean what they would to-day, for the minister had his farm, and the demands upon his purse were far less than they now are: the whole order of the society in which he moves has changed. Mr. McMaster's wish to make a point leads him into other sweeping statements. "There did not then exist in the country," he says, "a single piece of architecture which, when tried even by the standard of that day, can be called respectable;" and yet some of these pieces, both in whole or in detail, are accepted as standards to-day, and architects study to reproduce their features in the latest buildings which they put up. He draws a forlorn picture of the mechanic's life, without stove, coal, or matches. But was the rich man of the same day any better off?

A carelessness in minute points makes

us a little reluctant to commit ourselves to Mr. McMaster when we cannot verify his authorities. Twice he speaks of Symbert when he means Smybert; he says that Honorius was Noah Webster's pen name, when it was Honestus. While the proposition to make the President's term one of seven years is given in detail, there is no hint of the change to four years, nor of the erection of the electoral college. So important a matter as the treatment of slavery in the ordinance of 1787 is passed over in silence.

In pursuance of his general plan, Mr. McMaster naturally has recourse for much of his material to the newspapers of the day, which supply him with curious information, and especially with the drift of public sentiment. This reference to newspapers undoubtedly has enabled him to make a livelier narrative, but the instances of carelessness which we have noted would lead us to doubt his caution in making use of such dubious authorities. It may be, however, — for we do not pretend to have verified his newspaper references, — that he depends upon them rather for the embellishment of his narrative, while he relies upon more formal annals for his main historic facts. He makes no reference, for instance, to Minot, in his animated account of Shays' rebellion, yet a comparison with Minot's history leads one pretty definitely to the conclusion that it furnished Mr. McMaster with a guide through the scenes.

The spirited style of the book makes the petty inaccuracies very irritating. The transitions are admirably managed, so that the reader is led dexterously from one subject to another, and he would like to surrender himself to so entertaining a guide; but when he finds that flourishes and antithetical phrases are made to do service for exact details of fact, he begins to distrust his leader, and to be uncomfortable lest he should be receiving impressions which a more accurate knowledge of history would

show him to be false. We do not wish Mr. McMaster to be any less picturesque, but we wish he were not so eager to make points, and that he would employ contrasts less in his pictures. Since he has engaged upon this important task of writing a history of the people of the United States in five volumes, he is not likely to be followed immediately by any one else in the same track,

and the readableness of his work will doubtless make it a popular one for some time to come. All the more is it to be desired that he should scrutinize his authorities and present his facts with accuracy. Few students will follow him through the files of papers in order to test his fidelity, and we must ask him, therefore, to honor the trust which readers will repose in him.

JOHN A. DIX.

THESE handsome volumes,¹ which, be it said in passing, are in every respect a credit to American book-making and to the good taste of the author and publishers, contain the memoirs of a man who for sixty-five years, with only brief intervals, served his country, and for a large portion of that period filled a conspicuous place among the public men of his day. Dr. Dix has written the story of his father's life in a most simple and attractive manner. There would be very few persons who would dissent from the affectionate and yet modest estimate which he makes of his father's character, abilities, and public services. The biography has an individual and personal rather than a historical quality. The memoirs of John A. Dix would of course be an important contribution to our history if they did no more than present a faithful picture of their subject; and they do not, in fact, go much beyond this. They do not, except in a few instances, throw much light on the general history of the time. As Dr. Dix says, the period since the war is too recent, and too many of the actors are still living, to permit a full and critical discussion of the affairs in which his father

was then engaged. But this is not true of the long period before the war during which General Dix was in active public life. It might fairly have been expected that we should learn much that was new of the Albany Regency, of which General Dix was a member, and of the inside history of the democratic party from 1830 to 1860. There are occasional glimpses of the political history of those years, which are from a new point of view, and which have a freshness that makes the reader wish for a more extended acquaintance with the sources from which these suggestions arise. But Dr. Dix seems to have been so absorbed in the central figure of his biography that he has ventured but little into the wider field of general history. This is perfectly natural and perhaps equally wise. The result is certainly a very vivid picture of the hero of the story. One can only say that when so much has been so well done there is a feeling of regret that a little more was not attempted.

General Dix was born in New Hampshire, the rugged little State which has sent forth so many distinguished men to seek elsewhere a more generous fortune than was offered them among their rocky hills. At the age of fifteen he entered the army, and served in the war

¹ *Memoirs of John Adams Dix.* Compiled by his son, MORGAN DIX. Illustrated. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883.

of 1812 with his father, whose life was finally sacrificed by disease and exposure on the Canadian frontier. Then followed sixteen years of military life, and then came a happy and fortunate marriage and the abandonment of the army for law and politics. Even in the army General Dix had given much attention to public affairs, and exerted a considerable influence by writing for the newspapers. Once released from the trammels of the army, he drifted, after a brief interval, into active politics, for which he had great natural fitness. He was appointed Adjutant General, and then Secretary of State, in New York, and in this capacity was a leading member of the famous Albany Regency. General Dix, like his father, was a democrat, and what is more a New England democrat, which meant a good deal in the days when democracy was synonymous with resistance to the dominant and often domineering federalism of that part of the country. At the outset an admirer of Mr. Calhoun, General Dix naturally became, in the progress of events, an ardent supporter of Jackson, and then of Van Buren. For the latter gentleman, indeed, General Dix appears to have had a strong affection, and his son and biographer takes a view of the astute New York manager which certainly seems a little rosy. Dr. Dix writes with much indignant warmth of the rejection of Van Buren by the Senate when he was nominated for the mission to England. It is, as Dr. Dix says, perfectly true that this rejection helped Van Buren to the presidency, and was an unprecedented proceeding. But he omits to state that Van Buren was the first, and we believe the last, American statesman who in an official paper addressed a foreign court as the representative of a party, and not of the nation, and cast reflections upon his predecessors for the benefit of a foreign minister. A meaner act of extreme partisanship could not have been committed, and it is pleasant

to think that the Senate rebuked it as it deserved. Dr. Dix also refers to Van Buren as one of the "purest" statesmen of the country. This seems hardly the epithet to apply to a man who, whatever his abilities and merits, was conspicuous for an adroitness which often became trickery.

The Whig victories, in 1838, forced General Dix into retirement, from which he soon emerged to sit in the New York assembly, and then to represent the State in the Senate. His career as a senator was honorable and distinguished. He was always an independent and fearless man, and although he was involved in the contradiction of opposing the extension of slavery, and at the same time of sustaining the Mexican war and the acquisition of territory without the Wilmot proviso, he never hesitated to differ from his party. It was this bold and manly spirit which led Mr. Polk to try to remove General Dix from the Senate by sending him to England. On the same occasion, Mr. Polk assured General Dix that he had no idea of conquests in Mexico. The characteristic duplicity of which this is fresh evidence is still further brought out by the way in which General Dix was deluded in regard to certain New York appointments by this same administration, described more forcibly than politely by one of the general's friends as "a mere elongation of the trading, time-serving, mongrel Tyler concern."

General Dix's differences with his party arose on the slavery question, upon which he never bent the knee. He was opposed to meddling with slavery in the States, but he was still more opposed to the system and to its extension. He was in principle a free-soiler, and it is not surprising that he was nominated for governor by that party in 1848. He ran in the election much against his will, and yet he was in the right and natural place. But although never an extreme partisan except to-

ward his youthful foes, the federalists, it was an essential quality of his nature to be very loyal to his party and his friends. The free-soil movement having been checked, General Dix devoted his best energies to a reunion of the democracy. To his efforts and those of his friends this reunion and the consequent victory were largely due. But General Dix soon found that he had committed the unpardonable sin. He had dared to speak out on the subject of slavery, and the South stood between him and all advancement, and held back the hand of Franklin Pierce — poor, weak creature — when, as President, he tried to do his duty to the high-minded New York leader. The democratic party had no use for such a man as General Dix until their post-office at New York was beset with corruption, and then they called on him to repair the mischief. It was at this time that General Dix wrote a letter which would serve as an admirable campaign document to-day, forbidding political assessments in the post-office. He was a Jackson democrat, but with the chief dogma of his old leader, “the spoils system,” he would have nothing to do. He was a thorough-going civil-service reformer in every respect.

But while General Dix was managing the New York post-office, the country was drifting rapidly upon the rocks of rebellion and secession. In the last hours of Buchanan’s administration, with driveling timidity in the White House and bold treason in the cabinet, General Dix was called upon to take charge of a bankrupt treasury. He restored confidence and raised money; but he did more, far more, than this. Andrew Jackson was national to the core, and that was the essential quality of all his best followers, one of whom now found himself in Washington at the head of a great department, confronted with panic, treachery, and a breaking Union. Above the confused noises of

that miserable winter, the voice of John A. Dix rises clear and strong: “If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.” With characteristic modesty, General Dix said afterwards that he should be chiefly remembered by a “savage order, justified by a still more savage provocation.” The truth was that he had the good fortune and the inspiration to strike the keynote, to say the one all-embracing word at the very moment of a great conflict. All else might go, but the symbol of unity, the flag, should never be hauled down or given up; and that was the war cry of the North, and what they fought for and won. The war revived all General Dix’s old love of military life. He was at once made a general, and was deeply disappointed that he was not sent to the front. But that was the work for younger men, who probably could not have fulfilled the delicate, difficult, and most important duties which came to General Dix at Baltimore and in the Department of the East, where the rare combination of civil and military training which he possessed was so essential. After the close of the war came the mission to France, and a term as governor of New York, — well-earned distinctions, which closed General Dix’s public career. He lived five years longer, happy and active, and then died, surrounded by his family and full of years and honors.

We have touched only on the public side of General Dix’s career, but he had many interests and many admirable qualities wholly apart from public affairs. He had a vigorous administrative faculty, great diligence, and a marked aptitude for business, and he never shrank from any task when he could render valuable services. He was a good linguist; he had much literary taste and skill, as is shown by his version of the *Dies Iræ*; and he was a really fine Latin scholar. He spoke well, and sensibly, with great force and effect,

and was master of a strong and simple style. Above all, he was courageous and affectionate, with a keen sense of humor, and manly in all his ways and habits.

The first feeling that comes to us, after reading these volumes, is one of pride in the character and career of this typical American gentleman, who was so simple and brave, a lover of learning for its own sake, and a modest, industrious, and patriotic man. General Dix was not one of those who sway the course of events, and leave their individ-

ual impress on a nation's history; but he was a type of man of which the country has a right to be proud, and of which there are far too few examples in our public life to-day. He will always be remembered as the man who, at the crisis of the nation's fate, put into one short sentence the great principle which was at stake, and to which the people rallied and clung for four long years. Any man may be content who has thus succeeded in associating his name indissolubly with the emblem of a great and united country.

THE REMINISCENCES OF ERNEST RENAN.

THERE has always been an element of the magical in the style of M. Ernest Renan — an art of saying things in a way to make them beautiful. At the present moment he is the first writer in France; no one has in an equal degree the secret of fairness of expression. His style is fair in both the senses in which we use the word — in that of being temperate and just, and in that of being without a flaw; and these Reminiscences of his younger years,¹ lately collected from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, are perhaps the most complete revelation of it. His problem here was unusually difficult, and his success has been proportionately brilliant. He proposed to talk uninterruptedly about himself, and yet he proposed — or rather he was naturally disposed — to remain a model of delicacy. M. Renan is the great apostle of the delicate; he upholds this waning fashion on every occasion. His mission is to say delicate things, to plead the cause of intellectual good manners, and he is wonder-

fully competent to discharge it. No one to-day says such things so well, though in our own language Mr. Matthew Arnold often approaches him. Among his own countrymen, Sainte-Beuve cultivated the same art, and there was nothing too delicate for Sainte-Beuve to attempt to say. But he spoke less simply — his delicacy was always a greater complexity. M. Renan, on the other hand, delivers himself of those truths which he has arrived at through the fineness of his perception and the purity of his taste with a candid confidence, an absence of personal precautions, which leave the image as perfect and as naked as an old Greek statue. It is needless to say that there is nothing crude in M. Renan; but the soft serenity with which, in the presence of a mocking world, he leaves his usual plea for the ideal to any fate that may await it is an example of how extremes may sometimes meet. It is not enough to say of him that he has the courage of his opinions; for that, after all, is a comparatively frequent virtue. He has the resignation; he has the indifference; he has, above all, the

¹ *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1883.

good humor. He combines qualities the most diverse, and, lighted up as he is by the interesting confessions of the volume before us, he presents himself as an extraordinary figure. He makes the remark that in his opinion less importance will be attached to talent as the world goes on; what we shall care for will be simply truth. This declaration is singular in many ways, among others in this: that it appears to overlook the fact that one of the great uses of talent will always be to discover truth and present it; and that, being an eminently personal thing, and therefore susceptible of great variety, it can hardly fail to be included in the estimate that the world will continue to make of persons. M. Renan makes light of his own talent — he can well afford to; if he appears to be quite conscious of the degree in which it exists, he minimizes as much as possible the merit that attaches to it. This is a part of that constant play of taste which animates his style, governs his judgments, colors all his thought; for nothing can be in better taste, of course, than to temper the violence with which you happen to strike people. To make your estimate of your own gifts as low as may seem probable is a form of high consideration for others; it corresponds perfectly with that canon of good manners which requires us to take up a moderate space at table. At the feast of existence we may not jostle our neighbors, and to be considerate is for M. Renan an indefeasible necessity. He informs us of this himself; it is true that we had long ago guessed it. He places the fact before us, however, in a relation to other facts, which makes it doubly interesting; he gives us the history of his modesty, his erudition, his amiability, his temperance of appetite, his indifference to gain. The reader will easily perceive the value that must attach to such explanations on the part of a man of M. Renan's intelligence. He finds himself in con-

stant agreement with the author, who does nothing but interpret with extraordinary tact the latent impressions of his critic.

M. Renan carries to such a high point the art of pleasing that we enter without a protest into the pleasantness of the account he gives of himself. He is incapable of evil, learned, happy, cheerful, witty, devoted to the ideal, indifferent to every vulgar aim. He demonstrates all this with such grace, such discretion and good humor, that the operation, exempt from vulgar vanity, from motives of self-interest, M. Renan being at that point of literary eminence where a writer has nothing more to gain, seems to go on in the pure ether of the abstract, among the causes of things and above all questions of relative success. Speaking of his ancestors in Brittany, whom he traces back to the fifth century, simple tillers of the earth and fishers of the sea, he says, with great felicity, "There they led for thirteen hundred years a life of obscurity, saving up their thoughts and sensations into an accumulated capital, which has fallen at last to me. I feel that I think for them and that they live in me. . . . My incapacity to be bad, or even to appear so, comes to me from them." Many men would hesitate to speak so freely of their incapacity to be bad; others, still more of their incapacity to appear so. But M. Renan has polished to such clearness the plate of glass through which he allows us to look at him that we are quite unable to charge him with deceiving us. If we fail to see in him so much good as that, it is simply that our vision is more dim, our intelligence less fine. "I have a strong taste for the people, for the poor. I have been able, alone in my age, to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi." There is a great serenity in that, and though, detached from the text, it may startle us a little, it will not seem to the reader

who meets it in its place to be a boastful note. M. Renan does not indeed mean to say that he has been the only Christian of his time; he means that he is not acquainted with any description of the character of Jesus containing as much historic truth as the Life he published in 1864. The passage is curious, however, as showing the lengths to which a man of high delicacy may go when he undertakes to be perfectly frank. That, indeed, is the interest of the whole volume. Many of its pages are rare and precious, in that they offer us together certain qualities that are almost never combined. The aristocratic intellect is not prone to confess itself, to take other minds into its confidence. M. Renan believes in a caste of intellectual nobles, and of course does not himself belong to any inferior order. Yet in these volumes he has alighted from his gilded coach, as it were; he has come down into the streets and walked about with the multitude. He has, in a word, waived the question of privacy — a great question for such a man as M. Renan to waive. When the impersonal becomes personal the change is great, and it is interesting to see that sooner or later it must become so. Naturally, for us English readers, the difference of race renders such a fact more difficult to appreciate; for we have a traditional theory that when it comes to making confidences a Frenchman is capable of almost anything. He is certainly more gracefully egotistic than people of other stock, though he may have more real reserve than his style would indicate. His modesty is individual, his style is generic; he writes in a language which makes everything definite, including confessions and other forms of self-reference. The truth is that he talks better than other people, and that the genius of talk carries him far. There is nothing into which it carries people more naturally than egotism. M. Renan's volume is a prolonged *causerie*,

and he has both the privileges and the success of the talker.

There are many things in his composition and many things in his writing; more than we have any hope of describing in their order. "I was not a priest in profession; I was a priest in mind. All my defects are owing to that: they are the defects of the priest." The basis of M. Renan's character and his work is the qualities that led him to study for the priesthood, and the experience of a youth passed in Catholic seminaries. "Le pli était pris — the bent was taken," as he says; in spite of changes, renunciations, a rupture with these early aspirations as complete as it was painful, he has remained indefinitely, ineffaceably, clerical. The higher education of a Catholic priest is an education of subtleties, and subtlety is the note, as we say to-day, of M. Renan's view of things. But he is a profane philosopher as well as a product of the seminary, and he is in the bargain a Parisian and a man of letters; so that the groundwork has embroidered itself with many patterns. When we add to this the high scholarship, the artistic feeling, the urbanity, the amenity of temper, that quality of ripeness and completeness, the air of being permeated by civilization, which our author owes to his great experience of human knowledge, to his eminent position in literature and science, to his association with innumerable accomplished and distinguished minds — when we piece these things together we feel that the portrait he has, both by intention and by implication, painted of himself has not wanted an inspiring model. The episode which M. Renan has had mainly to relate in these pages is of course the interruption of his clerical career. He has made the history so suggestive, so interesting, and given such a charm to his narrative, that we have little hesitation in saying that these chapters will rank among the most brilliant he has

produced. We are almost ashamed to express ourselves in this manner, for, as we have said, M. Renan makes very light of literary glory, and cares little for this kind of commendation. Indeed, when we turn to the page in which he gives us the measure of his indifference to successful form we feel almost tempted to blot out what we have written. "I do not share the error of the literary judgments of our time. . . . I tried to care for literature for a while only to gratify M. Sainte-Beuve, who had a great deal of influence over me. Since his death I care no longer. I see very well that talent has a value only because the world is childish. If it had a strong enough head it would content itself with truth. . . . I have never sought to make use of this inferior quality [literary skill], which has injured me more as a *savant* than it has helped me for itself. I have never in the least rested on it. . . . I have always been the least literary of men." The reader may be tempted to ask himself whether these remarks are but a refinement of coquetry; whether a faculty of expression so perfect as M. Renan's was ever a simple accident. He will do well, however, to decide that the writer is sincere, for he speaks from the point of view of a seeker of scientific truth. M. Renan is deeply versed in the achievements of German science: he knows what has been done by scholars who have not sacrificed to the graces, and in the presence of these great examples he would fain persuade himself that he has not, at least consenting-ly, been guilty of that weakness. In spite of this he will continue to pass for one of the most characteristic children of the race that is preëminent in the art of statement. It is a proof of the richness of his genius that we may derive so much entertainment from those parts of it which he regards as least essential. We do not pretend in this place to speak, with critical or other in-

tention, of the various admirable works which have presented M. Renan to the world as one of the most acute explorers of the mysteries of early Christian history; we take for granted the fact that they have been largely appreciated, and that the writer, as he stands before us here, has the benefit of all the authority which a great task executed in a great manner can confer. But we venture to say that, fascinating, touching, as his style, to whatever applied, never ceases to be, none of the great subjects he has treated has taken a more charming light from the process than these evocations of his own laborious past.

And we say this with a perfect consciousness that the volume before us is after all, in a certain sense, but an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*. M. Renan is a philosopher, but he is a sportive philosopher; he is full of soft irony, of ingenious fancy, of poetic sympathies, of transcendent tastes. He speaks more than once of his natural gayety, and of that quality in members of the Breton race which leads them to move freely in the moral world and to divert themselves with ideas, with sentiments. Half of the ideas, the feelings, that M. Renan expresses in these pages (and they spring from under his pen with wonderful facility) are put forward with a smile which seems a constant admission that he knows that everything that one may say has eventually to be qualified. The qualification may be in one's tact, one's discretion, one's civility, one's desire not to be dogmatic; in other considerations, too numerous for us to mention. M. Renan has a horror of dogmatism; he thinks that one should always leave that to one's opponent, as it is an instrument with which he ends by cutting himself. He has a high conception of generosity, and though his mind contains several very positive convictions, he is of the opinion that there is always a certain grossness in insistence. Two or three curious passages throw light upon this

disposition. "Not having amused myself when I was young, and yet having in my character a great deal of irony and gayety, I have been obliged, at the age at which one sees the vanity of everything, to become extremely indulgent to foibles with which I had never had to reproach myself: so that various persons, who perhaps have not behaved so well as I, have sometimes found themselves scandalized at my complaisance. In political matters, above all, people of a Puritan turn cannot imagine what I am about; it is the order of things in which I like myself best, and yet ever so many persons think my laxity in this respect extreme. I cannot get it out of my head that it is perhaps, after all, the libertine who is right and who practices the true philosophy of life. From this source have sprung in me certain surprises, certain exaggerated admirations. Sainte-Beuve, Théophile Gautier, pleased me a little too much. Their affectation of immorality prevented me from seeing how little their philosophy hung together (*le décousu de leur philosophie*)." There is a certain stiffly literal sense in which, of course, these lines are not to be taken; but they are a charming specimen of what one may call delicacy of confession. The great thing is to have been able to afford to write them; on that condition they are delightfully human and charged with the soft irony of which I have spoken — the element to which M. Renan alludes in a passage that occurs shortly after the one I have quoted, and in which he mentions that, "save the small number of persons with whom I recognize an intellectual fraternity, I say to every one what I suppose must give him pleasure." He says that he expresses himself freely only with people "whom I know to be liberated from any opinion, and to be able to take the stand-points of a kindly universal irony." "For the rest," he remarks, "I have sometimes, in my conversation

and my correspondence, *d'étranges défaillances*. . . . My inanity with people I meet in society exceeds all belief. . . . Devoted on a kind of system to an exaggerated politeness, the politeness of the priest, I try to find out what my interlocutor would like me to say to him. . . . This is the result of a supposition that few men are sufficiently detached from their own ideas not to be wounded if you say something different from what they think." We should not omit to explain that what we have just quoted applies only to M. Renan's conversation and letters. "In my published writings I have been of an absolute sincerity. Not only have I not said anything that I do not think, but, a much more rare and more difficult thing, I have said all that I think." It will be seen that M. Renan tells us a good deal about himself.

His Reminiscences are ushered in by a preface which is one of the happiest pieces of writing that has ever proceeded from his pen, and in which he delivers himself of his opinion on that very striking spectacle, the democratization of the world. He is preëminently a man of general views. Few men have more of them at their command; few men face the occasion for speech with greater serenity, or avail themselves of it with more grace. His prefaces have always been important and eloquent; readers of the first collection of his critical essays, published upwards of thirty years ago, will not have forgotten the enchanting pages that introduced it. We feel a real obligation to quote the opening lines of the preface before us; from the point of view of style they give the key of the rest of the volume. We must add that it is not easy to transport their exquisite rhythm into another tongue. "Among the legends most diffused in Brittany is that of a so-called town of Is, which at an unknown period must have been engulfed by the sea. They show you, in sundry places on the coast, the site of

this fabled city, and the fishermen tell you strange stories about it. They assure you that on days of storm the tip of the spires of its churches may be seen in the hollow of the waves; that on days of calm you may hear the sound of its bells come up from the deeps, intoning the hymn of the day. It seems to me often that I have in the bottom of my heart a city of Is, which still rings bells that persist in gathering to sacred rites the faithful who no longer hear. At times I stop to lend an ear to these trembling vibrations, which appear to me to come from infinite depths, like the voices of another world. On the limits of old age, above all, I have taken pleasure in collecting together such echoes of an Atlantis that has passed away." It may have been that M. Renan wrote these harmonious lines with the same ignorance of what he was about that characterized M. Jourdain; in this case he is only to be congratulated the more. The city of Is represents his early education, his early faith, a state of mind that was peopled with spires and bells, but has long since sunk deep into the sea of time. He explains in some degree the manner in which he has retraced this history, choosing to speak of certain things and to pass in silence over others, and then proceeds, by those transitions through which no one glides so gracefully as he, to sundry charming considerations upon the present state of mankind and the apparent future of our society. We call his reflections charming, because M. Renan's view of life always strikes us as a work of art, and we naturally apply to it the epithets which we should use in speaking of any delightful achievement. As a votary of the ideal, a person who takes little interest in the practical, a distinguished member of that beneficent *noblesse* of intellect of which we have spoken, it would be natural that M. Renan should tend to conservative opinions; and he expresses such opinions, in

various later pages, with exquisite humor and point: "In other terms, our great democratic machines exclude the polite man. I have long since given up using the omnibus; the conductors ended by taking me for a passenger of no intentions. . . . I was made for a society founded upon respect, in which one is saluted, classified, placed, according to his costume, and has not to protect himself. . . . The habit that I found in the East of walking only preceded by a forerunner suited me not ill; for one's modesty receives a lift from the apparatus of force. It is well to have under one's orders a man armed with a scourge which one prevents him from using. I should not be sorry to have the right of life and death, so that I might never put it into practice; and I should be very glad to own a few slaves, in order to be extremely mild with them and make them adore me." There is a certain dandyism of sensibility, if we may be allowed the expression, in that; but the author's perfect good-humor carries it off, as it always carries off the higher flights of his fastidiousness, making them seem simply a formal, a sort of cheerfully hopeless, protest in the name of the ideal. M. Renan is always ready to make the practical concession, and he shows that it is a great thing to have a fine taste, which tells us when to yield as well as when to resist, and points out, moreover, the beauty of passing things by. "One should never write save about what one likes. Forgetfulness and silence are the punishment that we inflict on what we find ugly or common in the walk that we take through life." This discretion helps M. Renan to feel that, though the immense material progress of this century is not favorable to good manners, it is a great mistake to put ourselves in opposition to what our age may be doing. "It does it without us, and probably it is right. The world moves toward a sort of Americanism, which wounds our refined ideas, but

which, once the crisis of the present hour is passed, may very well be no worse than the old *régime* for the only thing that matters; that is, the emancipation and the progress of the human mind." And M. Renan develops the idea that, in spite of all that the votaries of disinterested speculation may find wanting in a society exclusively democratic and industrial, and however much they may miss the advantages of belonging to a protected class, their security is greater, on the whole, in the new order of things. "Perhaps some day the general vulgarity will be a condition of the happiness of the elect. The American vulgarity [*sic*] would not burn Giordano Bruno, would not persecute Galileo. . . . People of taste live in America, on the condition of not being too exacting." So he terminates with the declaration that the best thing one can do is to accept one's age, if for no other reason than that it is after all a part of the past that one looks back to with regret. "All the centuries of a nation are the leaves of the same book." And in regard to this intelligent resignation, which fortifies itself with curiosity, M. Renan says several excellent things: "There will always be an advantage in having lighted on this planet as late as possible. . . . One must never regret that one sees a little better." M. Renan's preface is a proof that he possesses the good spirits which he notes as an ingredient of his character. He is a *raffiné*, and a *raffiné* with an extraordinary gift of putting his finger on sensitive spots; with a reasoned ideal of the millennium. But a *raffiné* without bitterness is a very harmless person.

The first chapters of this volume are not the most vivid, though they contain a very interesting picture of the author's birthplace, the little dead town of Tréguier, a gray cluster of convents and churches on the coast of Catholic Brittany. Tréguier was intensely conventual, and the young Renan was, as a mat-

ter of course, predestined to the church. "This strange set of circumstances has given me for historic studies those qualities that I may possess. The essence of criticism is to be able to understand states very different from those in which we live. I have seen the primitive world. In Brittany, before 1830, the most distant past was still alive." The specimens which M. Renan gives of this primitive world are less happily sketched than the general picture; the coloring is rather pale; some of the anecdotes — that of the little Noémi, that of the Bonhomme Système — are perhaps slightly wanting in point. He remarks somewhere, in regard to the opposition, about which so much used to be said, between the classic and the romantic, that, though he fully admits the latter, he admits it only as subject — not in the least as a possible form. To his mind there is only one form, which is the classic. And in another place he speaks of Flaubert, the novelist — "ce pauvre Flaubert" — as being quite unable to conceive of anything abstract. Putting these things together, we see a certain reason why M. Renan's personal portraits (with the exception of the picture of himself) should be wanting in reality. They are too general, too white; the author, wonderfully at home in the abstract, has rather neglected the concrete. "Ce pauvre Flaubert" would be revenged for M. Renan's allusion, if it were possible to him to read the episode of the Flax-Grinder — revenged (an exquisite revenge for an artist) by simply finding it flat. It is when he comes to dip into his own spiritual history that M. Renan shows himself a masterly narrator. In that region of abstractions, where the most tangible thing was the palpitating conscience, he moves with the firmest step. The chapters on the two seminaries in which he spent the first years of his residence in Paris, Saint Nicholas du Chardonnet and Saint Sulpice, are full of the most acute nota-

tion of moral and intellectual conditions. The little Breton seminarist moved too fast, and, to speak briefly, very soon transcended his instructors. He had a passion for science, and his great aptitude for philology promptly defined itself. He traces with singular art the process by which, young, simple, devout, dedicated to the church from his infancy, the object of maternal and pastoral hopes, he found himself confronted with the fact that he could no longer be a Catholic. He also points out well that it was the rigidity of the Catholic system that made continuance impossible, it being all of one piece, so that dissent as to one point involved rejection of the whole. "It is not my fault if my masters had taught me logic, and by their pitiless argumentations had converted my mind into a steel blade. I took seriously what I had learned — the scholastic philosophy, the rules of the syllogism, theology, Hebrew. I was a good scholar; I can never be damned for that." M. Renan holds, moreover, that little was wasted of his elaborate religious education. "I left their hands [those of the priests] with a moral sentiment so prepared for every test that Parisian levity could afterwards put a surface on this jewel without hurting it. I was so effectually made up for the good, for the true, that it would have been impossible for me to follow any career not directed to the things of the soul. My masters rendered me so unfit for all temporal work that I was stamped with an irrevocable mark for the spiritual life. . . . I persist in believing that existence is the most frivolous thing in the world, if one does not conceive it as a great and continual duty." This moral richness, these spiritual aspirations, of M. Renan's, of which we might quote many other examples, pervade all his utterances, even when they are in-

terfused with susceptibilities which strike us at times as those of a dilettante; with refinements of idealism which suggest to us occasionally that they correspond to no possible reality, and even that the natural corrective for this would be that reality, in some of the forms which we children of less analytic race are obliged to make our peace with it, would impose itself a little more absolutely upon our critic. To what extent M. Renan's nature has been reduplicated, as it were, by his intellectual curiosity may be gathered from his belief, recorded in these pages, that he would have gone much further in the exploration of the universe if he had not taken his inspiration from the historical sciences. "Physiology and the natural sciences would have carried me along; and I may certainly say it, the extreme ardor which these vital sciences excited in my mind makes me believe that if I had cultivated them in a consecutive manner I should have arrived at several of the results of Darwin, of which I had had glimpses. . . . I was drawn [instead] toward the historical sciences — little conjectural sciences which are pulled down as often as they are set up, and which will be neglected a hundred years hence." We know not what M. Renan may have missed, and we know not what may be the ultimate fate of historical conjecture and of the hapless literary art, in both of which he so brilliantly excels; but what such a volume as these mingled, but on the whole delightful, *Reminiscences* represents in the way of attainment, suggestion and sympathy is a sum not easily to be calculated. With his extraordinarily composite nature, his much-embracing culture, he is a most discriminating critic of life. Even his affectations are illuminating, for they are either exaggerations of generosity or ingenuities of resignation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

MR. JAMES, in his entertaining paper on Anthony Trollope, says that if Trollope "had taken sides on the rather superficial opposition between novels of character and novels of plot, I can imagine him to have said (except that he never expressed himself in epigram) that he preferred the former class, inasmuch as character in itself is plot, while plot is by no means character." So neat an antithesis would certainly never have found itself between Mr. Trollope's lips if Mr. James had not cunningly lent it to him. Whatever theory of novel-writing Mr. Trollope may have preached, his almost invariable practice was to have a plot. He always had a *story* to tell, and a story involves beginning, middle, and end, — in short, a framework of some sort. Of course if one had to choose between the frame and the portrait, one would naturally not prefer the frame. It would depend a good deal on the portrait, though. There have been delightful books filled wholly with character-drawing; but they have not been great novels. The great novel deals with human action as well as with mental portraiture. That "character in itself is plot" is true only in a vague sense. A plan, a *motif* with a logical conclusion, is as necessary to a novel or a romance as it is to a drama. A group of skillfully made-up men and women lounging in the green-room or at the wings is not the play. It is not enough to say that this is Hamlet and that Ophelia. It is not enough to inform us that certain passions are supposed to be embodied in such and such persons: these persons should be placed in situations developing those passions. A series of unconnected situations leading to nothing is inadequate. There must be a natural end to it all, else your novel

resembles a conundrum without an answer, or a jest without the point.

Mr. James's charming epigram seems to me vulnerable at both ends — unlike Achilles. "Plot is by no means character." Strictly speaking, it is not. It strikes me, however, that plot comes nearer to being character than character does to being plot. Plot necessitates action, and it is impossible to describe a man's action, under whatever conditions, without revealing something of his character, his way of looking at things, his moral and mental pose. What a hero of fiction *does* paints him better than what he *says*, and vastly better than what his creator says of him. Mr. James asserts that "we care what happens to people only in proportion as we know what people are." I think we don't care a snap what people are (in fiction) when we don't know what happens to them.

— The national characteristic of the modern Anglo-American is not self-assertion, nor money-worship, nor "constructiveness," but tolerance. Our British cousins perhaps surpass us in love of personal independence, and the French democrats in their hatred of red-tape pedantries; but their national life lacks the opportunities that have developed the cosmopolitan forbearance and plasticity of our representative men. Tolerance of the North American variety implies a sort of *amiable inconsistency*, and he who feels disposed to omit the adjective would be apt to deny his nationality in a border country like Texas, where the national virtue or foible contrasts rather strongly with the conservatism of other races.

A few years ago a party of prospecting Mormons encamped at Casa Blanca, the western terminus of the Brazos, Santiago, and Brownsville railroad. The

purpose of their expedition was pretty well known, and the French and Spanish settlers of the county, as well as the native Mexicans, eyed them with a hostile horror, and the Celtic proprietor of their camping-ground made himself as disagreeable as possible. Not so the Yankee depot-master. When the Saints convoked a prayer-meeting on the platform of an old gravel-train, he sent the depot-engine to bring up a train-section from an out-of-the-way switch, in order to leave the synod undisturbed; and in the afternoon, when the strangers put up a target at the river-shore, the railroaders not only crowded around their camp, but, at the invitation of the marksmen, fetched out their own rifles, and joined them in a shooting-match.

A few months later I visited a colleague who superintended the grading of the N. & H...ville narrow-gauge. The contractor had hired a gang of convicts, — “short-termers,” mostly, — who could be trusted with certain privileges, and seemed to be on quite familiar terms with their guards. They spiced their meals with political controversies, without sparing the short-comings of the administration, and without disguising their mistrust in the motives of certain time-serving party leaders. Here, as in the mixed army corps, the Caucasians and Ethiopians had separate camps, and four or five of the white division had been assigned to the mess of the overseer, who now and then permitted them to act as “deputy black-guards,” and managed to keep them both at work and in good humor. As soon as the track-layers had reached the next larger settlement, a “dummy,” with a home-made caboose, had been put on the road; but one morning the departure of the train was delayed a full hour, in order to decide a wrestling-match between a Scotch convict and a mulatto athlete of local renown. One second of the Gaelic champion acknowledged his defeat, but ascribed it to the

tightness of his striped trousers, and obtained a verdict admitting the superior “science” of his client. But after all that, I was somewhat surprised when, at the residence of Colonel F. (the managing contractor), I was formally introduced to another contemporary in striped jeans, a short-termor of marked conversational abilities, whose geometrical talents had procured him an appointment on the staff of the chief surveyor.

A Galveston newspaper describes an admiralty council on board of a Rio Grande river steamer, where a heavy-armed stranger had refused to unbuckle his “battery” before entering the dining-saloon. The committee offered to waive their objections to his horse-pistol, if he would consent to leave his cartridge-belt in charge of the purser; but when he rejected that basis of compromise, they finally agreed to let him keep his pistol and *one extra cartridge*.

Another armed stranger, the highway robber Cortina, who had crossed the Rio Grande during the Maximilian imbroglio, was permitted, not only to drill his cut-throats in the suburbs of Brownsville, but to enlist discharged United States soldiers, and issue proclamations which the Sultan of Fez and Morocco would have been too modest to sign.

But the most characteristic instance of Texas tolerance occurred in San . . . County, sixty miles west of Austin. During the confusion of a railroad accident an enterprising frontiersman had managed to possess himself of a choice library, packed in convenient boxes, and awaiting shipment on the platform of the freight depot. The loss either was not discovered, or was ascribed to other causes, and the pirate removed his plunder in a “prairie schooner.” He took the Houston pike-road, and had already traversed five counties, when his attempt to dispose of a part of his booty aroused the suspicions of the . . . ton citizens. A deputation of representative

burghers overhauled his cargo, and the suspect was requested to give an account of himself. This he positively declined to do, but (apropos of a boxful of Methodist text-books) mentioned that he was a follower of John Wesley, and advised his inquisitors not to dishonor their faith by harassing a peaceful fellow-Christian. He was then put under guard, while a committee of selectmen retired for a private consultation. That his freight was valuable and of illegal acquisition seemed equally certain; but after a brief debate it was decided to let the erring brother depart in peace, on condition that he would consent to *donate a portion of his cargo to the library of the district school.*

— I do not know why it should have struck me as a pathetic case, — the figure of the overgrown boy of a dozen years, resting his arms on the fence, and watching with great interest the drill of a juvenile militia. It was plainly to be read in his face that paper caps, wooden swords, and toy drums still dwelt in his desires, and that nothing but his unwarrantable haste in growing tall interfered with his assuming command of the little troop, and marching off in triumph at its head. I was touched with compassion for him, but reflected that he had plenty of company, and good company, in his disconsolation. At all the loopholes of human history appears the wistful face of the overgrown boy. One does not need to reach a very advanced age to discover in the countenances of old comrades and friends something that reminds him, “Ah well, we *were* both Arcadians!” Our friends have lost the route to the green country of their fond reminiscences, and who shall help them to find it? One sees that they are studying some futile plan by which they may eat their cake, and have it too! They are well enough satisfied at coming into full possession of discretionary power, at confirming themselves in the wisdom

and policies of the world, but at the same time they want to retain the freshness and flavor of their early feeling. They do often congratulate themselves upon their youthfulness of heart, — the earnestness of their asseveration arguing their fear of the contrary; but they can produce no charter that shall convince secular destiny of their right to enjoy the delightful irresponsibility of youth. *Noblesse oblige*; but our loyalty in duress cries out, —

“By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long.”

Is it not strange that, masters of our own choice (for so we account ourselves), we do not so much hold the position we have elected as the position holds us, inexorably dictating our walk and conversation, our habits, methods, and almost the thoughts we shall entertain! May we not unbend, may we not amuse ourselves? The genius of fitness and congruity keeps an eye upon us. Nowhere, outside of China, or some Celestial Empire, are there happy old men flying kites. Had Jaques, there in the idle Forest of Arden, undertaken to sample the varieties of dignity as he did those of melancholy, he would have found food enough for meditation and moralizing to last the longest summer day. I fancy him parceling out the various grades: one dignity of the legal profession, another of the clergy, another of the schoolmaster; one dignity of the merchant prince, and another of the honest, reputable beggar, — dignity differing widely in kind, but equally strenuous, equally binding, with all.

Rank imposes obligation, we have heard. There are those who obtain the patent of nobility by undertaking obligation. Such are not likely to be heard complaining because they sit alone,

“And hear the nations praising them far off,
Too far!”

They have expected nothing otherwise, having beforehand been advised: “In

what concerns you much, do not think you have companions; know that you are alone in the world."

— England need not be seriously alarmed by the inroads of American fiction while she has a novelist who can write such charming stories as *The Ladies Lindores*. Mrs. Oliphant has given us an admirable novel, with character, dramatic action, and plot. Without the last, indeed, the second is impossible. Mrs. Oliphant has also a neat wit of her own, which here and there lights up the page, as when, for example, she makes Lord Millefeurs say that Americans "are more piquant than any other foreigners." "French," he observes, "has become absurd and Italian pedantic; but it is amusing to talk a foreign language which is in English words, don't you know." Millefeurs, by the way, is a poor and inadequate name for an Englishman, and illustrates the author's fondness for French words. Every chapter is spotted with them. On two or three occasions we are told that Mr. Torrance has "*eyes à fleur de tête*," when an English equivalent would have been three times as easy and twice as sensible. In an English novel such words and phrases as *planté là*, *flétri*, *dessous des cartes*, *faire valoir*, *épanchements*, etc., are ludicrous to the reader who understands French, and perplexing to the reader who does not. They moreover give one a vague suspicion that the writer is under the glamour of a slight or a recent acquaintance with the alien language drawn upon. It is needless to say that Mrs. Oliphant's French is very good, and so is her English. Her English is so

excellent, indeed, that when she writes *who* for *whom*, or falls into so barbarous a tautology as "*from whence*," the reader pays her the handsome compliment of being astonished.

— I desire to correct a statement which is made in a recent number of the Club, — in the June number, I think. It is there said that the name Saint Petersburg is a misnomer, and that the capital city is named Petersburg after Peter the Great, and not St. Petersburg after the celestial gate-keeper.

I have, as I write, official documents, business cards, and letters stamped with the postmark of that city. In every instance the name is St. Petersburg. During a residence extending over some four years I never heard it or saw it otherwise. The name Peterbourg is applied only to a suburb of the Russian capital situate to the northeast of the great fortress.

Your article on the misspelling of geographical names is very timely, however. The French have misled us more than once in the matter of Russian names. They continually inject a *w* into Russian or Polish proper names, whether geographical or personal, and we blindly follow their lead. This is the more comical because the *w* is neither in the Russian nor French alphabet. Thus Warsaw should be Varschoff, and Moscow should be Moschoff. We discard the French spelling in Gortschakoff, which they spell Gortschakow. Another blunder is in the word *czar*, which is now almost obsolete in Russia, and which we perversely continue, not only to use, but to misspell. It should be *tsar*.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature. The series of the Riverside Hawthorne (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is completed by the publication of the last four volumes, American Note-Books, French and Italian Note-Books, The Dolliver Romance and allied romances and tales, and Tales and Sketches and other papers. The last of the twelve contains some novel matter, a story rescued from an annual, and Hawthorne's Life of Franklin Pierce, which will be read now solely on Hawthorne's account. Mr. Lathrop's biographical sketch is reserved, yet satisfactory, as enabling one to trace the incidents of Hawthorne's career. The etchings and vignettes, with occasional exception, have been admirably conceived and executed. — The complete series of Dr. Holmes's works, up to the present date, is closed by a volume to which he gives the title Pages from an Old Volume of Life. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) It is a collection of essays, some of which have been collected before, while some are for the first time brought forth from their lurking-places in periodicals. — A Breeze from the Woods, by W. C. Bartlett (The California Publishing Co.), is a collection of papers which takes its title from the first of the number. Mr. Bartlett is editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, and his book has the quality of California air in it, clear, racy, sharp, — one thinks of many adjectives, but scarcely of mellow. The papers are largely of out-door life, and are well worth reading for the freshness of their incident and comment. — An Inland Voyage, by Robert Louis Stephenson (Roberts), ought fairly to come under the heading of Literature; for though the inland voyage is made by Mr. Stephenson and a friend in two canoes on Belgian rivers, it is as the light and airy pleasuring of an agreeable writer that the book will be read. It is a vacation in itself to read the pages, even though one may think the writer a harmless egotist. — Recollections of my Youth, again, by Ernest Renan, translated by C. B. Pitman (Putnam's), belongs here rather than under Biography. The English scarcely retains the flavor of the original, but we suspect that the best translator would easily fall into despair in such work. — Surf and Wave, the Sea as Sung by the Poets, edited by Anna L. Ward (Crowell), is a full collection, containing besides what one would naturally expect many obscure pieces; but some which are obscure are not necessarily worthless.

Social and Political Philosophy. Land and Labor in the United States, by William Godwin Moody (Scribners), is an attempt at a survey of the industry and idleness of the nation. It is a humane census, made after recourse to a variety of individual testimonies, and aims at an inquiry into the conditions of life here and the influences affecting them. The writer struggles to find a way out for the workingman from the meshes which modern life casts about him, and is clear in his mind chiefly on one point, that the free-trade

gospel of England is a very bad spell indeed. — Dynamic Sociology is the title of a work in two volumes, by Lester F. Ward (Appleton), which is further described on the title-page as Applied Social Science, as based upon Static Sociology and the less Complex Sciences. Mr. Ward accounts for everything except man's consciousness, and so gets on cheerfully by standing on a carefully built false bottom. He builds up the man whom he sees to-day in an elaborate process, which reflects great credit upon the ingenuity of the maker. — The first number of Topics of the Time (Putnam's), edited by Titus Munson Coan, is devoted to Social Problems, and consists of eight essays, by English and French writers, upon World-Crowding, Secret Societies in France, the Nationalization of the Land, and other topics. Since some of the most vigorous writing in contemporary periodicals is expended upon these problems, the editor is enabled to offer an effective selection. — Hand-Book for Friendly Visitors among the Poor is compiled and arranged by the Charity Organization Society of New York (Putnam's), one of the associations which the social condition of our great cities and the multiplication of independent charitable agencies have brought into useful being. This little book will be serviceable to any one who deals with the poor, and contains besides general suggestions hints on domestic economy and sanitary and legal suggestions.

Biography. How to Get on in the World as demonstrated by the life and language of William Cobbett, to which is added Cobbett's English Grammar, with Notes, by Robert Waters (James W. Pratt, New York), is the title-page of a volume which ought to do something toward reviving the knowledge of a man who was a curious compound of virility and meanness. Mr. Waters's biography is somewhat in the nature of an apology, but it is readable, for Cobbett was not the man to inspire dullness. The grammar is rather a curiosity than a practical hand-book, and we should like to ask if Mr. Waters got his use of *demonstrated* from it?

History. The second volume of the revised edition of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States (Appleton) contains the third part of the subdivision, History of the Colonization of the United States of America. It takes up the history after the English Revolution, and carries it forward to the overthrow of the colonial system, which Mr. Bancroft makes to agree with the subjugation of New France. Some of Mr. Bancroft's rhetoric reads curiously to us now more accustomed to the dry style of scientific historians; but if one resigns himself to the author he may have the pleasure of being philosophical without much effort. By the bye, a question arises which may be merely a quibble but does not Mr. Bancroft jeopardize his copyright property by using a form of entry different from that prescribed by statute? — Brook Farm to

Cedar Mountain, by George H. Gordon (Osgood), is the first of a series of three volumes, the latter two of which had already appeared, in which General Gordon relates the history of the rebellion so far as his division was engaged. His volumes form an important part of the material from which the history of the rebellion will be written, all the more important that they were tested in portion by a prior reading to his old companions in arms. — The twelfth and closing volume of Scribner's valuable Campaigns of the Civil War is General A. A. Humphreys's *The Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, including the operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. It is therefore a narrative of Grant's army and the events which brought the war to a close. It is a compact military history, free from criticism or comment. — A supplementary volume in the same series is a *Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States*, by Frederick Phisterer. It comprises the numbers and organization of the armies, a chronological record of engagements and battles, and a *Record of the General Officers*. If accurate, it can scarcely fail to be a most useful hand-book.

Travel and Geography. Germany Seen Without Spectacles is the title of a volume in which Mr. Henry Ruggles, who spent two years there, records his observations on various subjects. (Lee & Shepard.) He means by his title to convey the notion that his report is that of a clear-eyed man, who sees things as they are; and he writes with a hearty interest in what he saw which carries him over what might otherwise be dull places. The book tells in a plain, direct fashion many facts omitted from other books of travel. After all, however, spectacles sometimes help vision. — *Sinners and Saints*, by a gentleman who announces himself as Phil Robinson, leaving us in doubt if he is Philip, Philemon, or Philander, is the record of a tour across the States and round them, with three months among the Mormons. (Roberts.) The States is Anglican for the United States. Precisely how the author went round the States is not told, but after one leaves the speculation-irritating title-page behind he finds himself in the company of a practiced and agreeable traveler, who extracts a great deal of sunshine from cucumbers, and labors industriously at giving the Mormons a first-class ticket to heaven. — *Italian Rambles, Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy*, by James Jackson Jarves (Putnams), is an agreeable volume of essays drawn from a long and varied experience and study. Mr. Jarves is at home in Italy; and he is at home there not merely as an antiquarian, but as one who is genuinely interested in the development of art as an expression of civilization: he has much, therefore, to say which is applicable to conditions in America, and he has many pointed observations upon current phases of artistic life. — *The Yellowstone National Park*, by Henry J. Winsor (Putnams), is a manual for tourists, being, as the title-page further explains, a description of the mammoth hot springs, the geyser basins, the cataracts, the cañons, and other features of the park. It has twenty-four illustrations, a plan of the upper geyser basin, and

route maps, with various other information desirable by the tourist.

Art. Mr. C. B. Curtis's historical and descriptive catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo (J. W. Bouton) is so much more than a catalogue that the term inadequately describes it. It is not simply a list of the paintings, but an elaborate and authentic account of them, involving the story of their conception, vicissitudes, and present condition. Many of the facts given are exceedingly curious, and throw much light on various points hitherto unsettled. Mr. Curtis deals with two hundred and eighty-one canvases of Murillo, and two hundred and forty-seven of Velasquez. To ascertain the present ownership and location of these was certainly a task which can be fully appreciated only by a collector. Mr. Curtis has been fortunate enough to trace all but forty-seven of Murillo's works, and twenty-one of Velasquez's. England, it appears, is richer than Spain in Velasquezes and Murillos, possessing nearly one half of their authenticated pictures. Seven examples of each of these great masters are owned in the United States. Brief biographical and critical sketches of the chief disciples and imitators of the two artists constitute an interesting and valuable feature of the book, which is unexceptionable in typography, and contains four etchings printed by M. Salmon, of Paris. Admirers of the Spanish school of painting owe a special debt to the author for the careful index with which he closes his volume. — *The Catalogue Illustré du Salon for 1883* (J. W. Bouton) contains three hundred pictures reproduced by process from designs prepared by the artists. The possession of this work is absolutely necessary to those who wish to keep themselves posted in French art. — *The current volume of L'Art* contains its usual variety of etchings, engravings, and letterpress. Several of the etchings are quite worthy of framing. Among the wood-cuts, the portraits of Herkimer and Doré may be pronounced admirable. The literature of L'Art is always admirable. — *Pianoforte Music, its History, with Biographical Sketches and Critical Estimates of its Greatest Masters*, by John Comfort Fillmore (Townsend MacCoun, Chicago), is a fresh and interesting work which is marked by a studious spirit and a thoroughness and reasonableness of treatment. The writer has not attempted impossible things, but he has done well what he set out to do, and the book will be found very acceptable to hearers as well as to players of the instrument which furnishes his theme. — *Some of Aesop's Fables, with modern instances, shown in designs by Randolph Caldecott* (Macmillan), is a clever book, in which modern and ancient satire are harmoniously disposed about the same theme. The pictures are in admirable taste; the antique ones being rendered with a pleasant modern humor, and the modern ones flavored with an antique grace.

Theology and Morals. *Meditations on Life, Death, and Eternity* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the reissue of a work which appeared in two successive parts shortly after the death of Prince Albert of England. It is a translation from the Ger-

man of Zschokke, though we believe the author never really put his name to the work. It was lifted into special notoriety at the time from its connection with the Prince Consort, who had a great admiration of the original. The meditations have not the mystic character of those of Tauler, but rather represent the practical, evangelical school of German piety, and while a little old fashioned now, will come to many with the force of plain sense. — Herbert Spencer's *The Data of Ethics* (Appleton) has been issued in a cheap form in paper, with a long introduction, in which Mr. Spencer answers his critics, especially Goldwin Smith. — *The Doom of the Majority of Mankind*, by Samuel J. Barrows (American Unitarian Association, Boston), is an arraignment of evangelical denominations upon the subject of eternal punishment. When one considers the full meaning of the subject, and the profound movement now going on in evangelical churches, the book scarcely seems to be the work of a friend. There is a time to hold one's peace, as there is a time to speak.

Education and Text-Books. Swinton's Readers (Ivson) consist of the orthodox series of five. We wish they were confined to three, and that teachers and pupils were then advised to use the skill acquired in reading upon books of continuous literature. We wish too that in the earliest books more attention had been paid to the purity of the English and less to carrying out the author's theory. — *The Reading of Books, its Pleasures, Profits, and Perils*, by Charles F. Thwing (Lee & Shepard), is a sensible little book, which takes up some of the obvious truths regarding education by miscellaneous reading, and presents them in a direct, intelligible manner.

Science and Medicine. *Plant Life*, by Edward Step (Holt), is a series of chapters, of a popular cast, on the phenomena of botany. It is an English work, which has been supplemented by a scheme of the Cryptogamia, compiled from the writings of De Bary, Farlow, Eaton, and others. — A revised edition has been published of James Orton's *Comparative Zoology, Structural and Systematic*. (Harpers.) The book was originally published in 1876. Professor Orton has since died, and it is now revised by Professor Birge, of the University of Wisconsin, who has mainly confined himself to such changes and additions as the advance in the science required. — *Tobacco, its Effects on the Hu-*

man System, by Dr. William A. Alcott (Fowler & Wells), is a reprint of an old tract, with notes and additions by Nelson Sizer. It has the misfortune of similar works of paying no attention to the other side. — *The Natural Cure of Consumption, Constipation, Bright's Disease, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds, etc.*, by C. E. Page (Fowler & Wells), is an attempt at impressing common-sense views of preserving and restoring health.

Fiction. *Tiger Lily* and other stories, by Julia Schayer (Scribners), is a collection of five stories of dramatic and sentimental nature. They show a vigor of feeling, and if crude in color are not without force and aim. — *Hot Plowshares*, by Albion W. Tourgée (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), is, in chronological relation to the well-known political novels of this writer, the first in the series; the scene opening in 1848, and closing with the Harper's Ferry affair. — *In the Franklin Square Library* (Harpers), the latest numbers are *Mongrels*, by T. Wilton, and *Honest Davie*, by Frank Barrett.

Books for Young People. *Nan*, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a small novel of a small girl, who had her childish troubles, but was triumphantly honest and misunderstood.

Humor. The famous New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English comes to us in two forms. It has been reprinted "verbatim et literatim," with an introduction by Mark Twain (Osgood), and in an abridged form under the title English as She is Spoke, or a Jest in Sober Earnest, with an introduction by James Millington. (Appleton.) One naturally wants the whole of this precious work. — *Co-Education* is a mildly satirical poem by Josephine Pollard, with illustrations by Walter Satterlee, which lose some of their excellence by the commonplaceness of the reproduction and printing.

Politics and Biography. *Underground Russia*, by Stepniak, formerly editor of *Zemlia i Volia* (Scribners), is a rather difficult book to classify. It presents a vivid and interesting statement, from the Nihilistic point of view, of the revolutionary situation in Russia, supplemented by a series of rose-colored sketches of several distinguished — and we may say extinguished — Nihilists, who figure as dreamy saints and poetical martyrs. The historical parts read like romance, and the romantic parts like history. The whole is well worth reading.